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Joseph A. Mudd

WITH PORTER IN NORTH MISSOURI

A Chapter in the History of the War Between the States

BY

JOSEPH A. MUDD

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DEDICATION

To the Missouri Confederate this book is lovingly and gratefully dedicated.

He braved incredible difficulties and dangers for the opportunity to enlist in the struggle for liberty.

He did his duty in camp, on the march, in battle.

He repined not at hunger, thirst and nakedness.

He hated oppression, cruelty and cowardice.

He gloried in the traditions of his State and his people.

He never forgot that Missouri is the sweetest word ever uttered.

He, in the rosy dawn of youth, threw in the balance life, friends, fortune, and everything that could make the future safe, comfortable and desirable; in the sober evening of his life, in plenty or in want, in sympathy or in obloquy, every heartbeat registers a new approval of the self-consecration made in the hour when wild enthusiasm fired his mind.

He has kept the faith.

ERRATUM

Page 277, 18th line from top
for "endorsed" read "endured."

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PREFACE

I write this little narrative because it is a modest, and I believe a truthful, contribution to the history of my native State; because the results created by the energy and skill of the chief actor ought to be recorded; because his character, embracing the highest ideals of honor and duty, deserves the tribute—and a greater one than I can render—and because no other on the fast diminishing list of those who followed him has accepted the task. I regret that the work was not undertaken when they were living who could give valuable information not now attainable and when my own facilities for its prosecution were better. My official and editorial duties have for years consumed at least twelve hours' time every day, and other matters have frequently encroached upon the two or three hours each evening allotted to this work.

As far as I have been able to ascertain, Colonel Porter made but one official report, and that was of the engagement at Hartville, Southwest Missouri, where he received his death wound. The official reports of the Federal officers were generally fairly accurate as to the movements of their own troops and the relation of events from their own point of view. As a rule, the newspaper accounts of the operations in Missouri were prodigies of untruth. To get as near the truth as possible, to gather up the missing links in the chain of facts that dropped out of memory, to make sure of facts which I think I remember and to learn of occurrences beyond my range of vision, I addressed letters of inquiry to every known survivor, Confederate and Federal. The responses,

in their number and interest manifested, were surprising and exceedingly gratifying. To stimulate the recollection of the writers on certain incidents, especially concerning proper names, and to reconcile conflicting statements, made necessary an extended and painstaking correspondence. All this had to be done before the serious treatment of the work was taken up, and this involved at times inconvenient delay.

The most unsatisfactory feature of the whole undertaking is the failure of my efforts to obtain the names of Porter's men. With almost ceaseless marching and fighting it was impossible to make a muster roll, and I never heard that one was attempted. There are six survivors of my company. Including the commander, Captain Penny, there were either twenty-one or twenty-two members. My memory is very clear about this, yet I could only recall fourteen names. One of the survivors has added one; another three, one of which I rejected. All efforts through correspondence and advertisements in newspapers to find the missing four or five names have been unsuccessful. The same proportion of success has been attained in a very few instances and in some of the companies the failure has been total. The name of every man who participated in Colonel Porter's remarkable campaign in North Missouri ought to be preserved. The inability to give them detracts from the historical value of this narrative.

The faults in arrangement and weakness of expression are due in some measure to haste in the preparation of the manuscript after the collection of the material. This was made on the representation of many comrades and not a few former foes that if they were to read of the events they helped to create forty-seven years ago the narration must be put before them quickly. The justice of this appeal dispels what vanity I might feel by the expenditure of labor and care on details.

Hyattsville, Maryland,
September 10, 1909.

THE PRECEDING YEARS

The decade of years preceding the War between the North and the South was a period of great political excitement in Missouri. Thomas Hart Benton, able, patriotic, egotistic, dictatorial, had, after refusing to be governed by the instructions of the Legislature embodied in the Jackson resolutions, failed of election for a sixth term in the United States Senate. Two years later he was elected from the St. Louis district a member of the Thirty-third Congress and before its expiration he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Senate; strong enough to prevent the re-election of David R. Atchison and to cause a vacancy in that line for two years. In 1856 he was one of three candidates for governor of the State, and received less than one-fourth of the votes cast. At the following session of the legislature he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Senate in his own line,[1] the term of Henry S. Geyer being about to expire, and also to fill the vacancy in the line of Barton. In all these contests the discussions of the questions at issue were characterized by a strength and a bitterness never before, or since, equaled. Benton's three score and ten years had not weakened the grasp of his great intellect nor had they cooled the fire of his personal resentments. At every step he met foes worthy of his skill and courage. James S. Green and John B. Henderson were his intellectual peers; then David R. Atchison, John B. Clark, Trusten Polk, James H. Birch and Robert M. Stewart, the giants in Missouri politics; of great ability, resourceful and vigilant were Lewis Vital Bogy, Claiborne Fox Jackson, Robert E. Acock, William Claude Jones, John Forbes Benjamin, Ferdinand Kennett, George

[1] See appendix A.

Webb Houston and Carty Wells. Benton's chief lieutenants were able, resolute and devoted. Frank Blair and B. Gratz Brown, Kentuckians and cousins, were men who despised popular applause, laughed at disaster and gained courage in defeat. With John D. Stevenson, Charles Sims, Thomas A. King, George W. Miller and Charles Jones, they fought a magnificent battle and lost. The Whig party in its last days numbered in its ranks the ablest men of its whole life in Missouri, James Sidney Rollins, Samuel Caruthers, Mordecai Oliver, Thomas L. Anderson, James Overton Brodhead, Robert C. Ewing, Robert A. Hatcher, Charles H. Hardin, Nathaniel W. Watkins, James Winston, William Newland and others. The fight of these men to maintain the life of their party and the bitter war between the Benton and the anti-Benton Democrats had not ceased before the Kansas troubles set the whole State afire.

The sentiment of the people on the question of slavery ~~might~~ may, to this generation, seem peculiar. In 1827 Senators Barton and Benton with about twenty leaders of the two political parties, representing every district in the State, held a secret meeting[1] to consider how to get rid of slavery. The action at this meeting was unanimous. Resolutions were drawn up, printed and distributed among those present. These in the shape of memorials were to be placed before the people all over the State on the same day, just preceding the next election, through all the candidates for office in each political party who were to urge the people to sign them. The members were certain that their combination had the power to succeed in their purpose. The details were to be completed before the day agreed upon and until then the whole matter would be a deep secret. Before the day arrived it was widely published in the newspapers that Arthur Tappan, a prominent merchant

[1]Switzler's History of Missouri, page 222.

of New York, the founder of the Emancipator and the Journal of Commerce, and the first president of the Antislavery Society, had entertained at his table some negro men and had permitted them to ride with his daughters in his carriage. This incident raised so great a storm of indignation that the memorials never saw the light. The majority of the slaveholders of Missouri were opposed to slavery, but they contended that it was a matter for their own settlement and they deeply resented outside interference.[1] They would settle it in their own way and at their own time. Congress, influenced by antislavery sentiment, had treated Missouri unjustly at its admission as a State of the Union and, in consequence, William Clark, the Virginian, who for seven years had filled with eminent success the office of governor of the Territory, was defeated for governor of the State by Alexander McNair, the Pennsylvanian, by a majority of 4,000, in a total vote of 9,000, because the latter was a more outspoken advocate of slavery.

In the settlement of the Territory of Kansas the development of its industries was secondary to the struggle to determine its political future. The country was intensely interested in the progress of this movement, but Western Missouri was the storm center of excitement. To offset and check the steady growth of bona fide settlements by citizens of Missouri and other Southern States the Massachusetts Emigrant Aid Society, incorporated by the legislature of that State with a capital limited to $5,000,000, as stated by Eli Thayer, the author of the bill to incorporate, sent men to Kansas instead of families.[2] A prominent church in Brooklyn was turned by its pastor into a bazaar for raising

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[1]Owing to the denunciations which the abolitionists of the North were heaping upon slavery and slaveholders, the Southerners not only refused to take any measures for ridding themselves of what a large number of them regarded as an evil, but they would not listen to arguments in favor of a policy with which, only a few short years before, they had been in full sympathy.—Missouri, a Bone of Contention, by Lucien Carr, page 176, referring to events in 1836.

[2]Webb's Battles and Biographies of Missourians, page 31.

money to buy Sharpe's rifles to make Kansas a free State. The plow marks the path to civilization, but the rifle is a more effective agent for the immediate settlement of issues. The first election in the Territory was held in 1854 and a pro-slavery delegate, J. W. Whitefield, a native of Tennessee, was elected and served through the Thirty-fourth Congress without protest. Massachusetts men arrived one day and voted the next, but more Missourians arrived the same day and voted. The following March a large number of Missourians went over, and finding they had three hundred men more than were needed to carry Lawrence, that number rode twelve miles farther and carried another precinct for members of the Territorial legislature. David R. Atchison, the president pro tempore of the United States Senate, said in urging Missourians to vote in Kansas, "If men a thousand miles off can send men to abolitionize Kansas, how much is it the duty of those who live within a day's journey of the Territory, and whose peace and property depend on the result, to meet and send young men over the border to vote." [1]

The church-provided rifle won. The blood it spilled, guilty and innocent, stimulated the appetite of revenge for ten years. Kansan, murder, rapine, are words of the same length and, according to Missourians, the second and third were found in the tracks of the first. There is abundant free-state evidence that armed men who balked not at the crimes of assassination, arson and robbery were arrayed against the majority and that the majority lost.[2]

When these operations were carried across the line into Southeast Missouri, Governor Stewart, a native of New York, who had no love for the South, ordered General Daniel M. Frost, of the State militia, to drive out the in-

[1] Webb's Battles and Biographies of Missourians, page 32.
[2] Consult Reminiscences of Old John Brown, by Dr. Geo. W. Brown, editor of the Kansas Herald of Freedom, and a very active free-state partisan. See also Life of John Brown, by F. B. Sanborn.

vaders. Frost found General Harney with United States soldiers already on the scene of disorder. The Kansas terrorist, finding himself threatened by a superior force of Federal and Missouri troops, disbanded his followers and abandoned the field of his activity. A year later the same terrorist and others still more bloodthirsty "came with United States commissions in their pockets and at the head of regularly enlisted troops"[1] and did work which paled their former crimes into insignificance. As against United States soldiers and as United States soldiers their work was the same, their instruments—the bullet, the rope, the torch—the same[2] and through it all the stimulus was plunder. In the meantime General Frost left on the scene of "the deserted and charred remains of once happy homes" three companies of rangers and one of artillery under command of Lieutenant Colonel John S. Bowen and order was maintained for a time.

The division in the ranks of the Democratic party, resulting in the naming of two candidates for the Presidency, produced great excitement and great bitterness in Missouri. These sentiments were increased by the apprehension of disaster following the very probable election of Lincoln. In 1856 no electoral ticket for Fremont was named in Missouri. Benton's organ, the Missouri Democrat, was somewhat favorable to Fremont,[3] but Benton announced that he would support Buchanan against his own son-in-law, and the Democrat placed the Democratic electoral ticket at the head of its editorial page. Still the election of Fremont was considered very probable. General D. M. Frost was a member of the State Senate in 1855 and he introduced in that body a bill to provide for raising a volunteer force of fifty

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[1]Carr's Missouri, page 259.
[2]See Appendix B.
[3]This is my recollection of the attitude of the Missouri Democrat. I have had no opportunity to verify its correctness. It seems that I remember it clearly.

thousand men to be used in "preventing our Northern and Southern brethren from flying at each other's throats, as they will probably do at the next Presidential election in 1856, or passing that, then certainly in 1860, unless the border States take action such as this to keep the peace."[1] A change of less than fifty thousand votes in Pennsylvania and Illinois in his favor would have given Fremont the Presidency. Missourians generally believed that the election of Fremont meant civil war. They were sure that the election of Lincoln did. At the August election, 1860, for State officers, James B. Gardenhire, the Republican candidate for governor, received six thousand votes while his associate for lieutenant governor, James Lindsay, received two thousand more. That there were so many "enemies to the State" inside of the State was a matter of surprise and deep mortification to the people. The people of today have but little conception of the intensity of political sentiment of that day. The general resentment was increased by the fact that Edward Bates, a native of Virginia and long resident in St. Louis, a man of high character, brother of the second governor of the State, was a candidate for the Republican nomination for President, and also that at the Presidential election in November the Republican vote amounted to seventeen thousand[2]—more than double the number cast in the preceding August. While not unexpected, the hoisting of the National Republican ticket by the Missouri Democrat caused great indignation. An incident, illustrating the temper of the people of St. Louis, I give from memory, not having the opportunity to verify it. A day or two after the ticket appeared some employee in the mechanical department of the paper inserted the word "Black," so as to make the line read, "The National Black Republican Ticket." The whole edition was worked off before discovery, to the

[1]Carr's Missouri, page 300.
[2]See Appendix C.

amusement of the Republican, the Douglas Democratic organ, and the Bulletin, the Breckinridge Democratic paper. The next day an offer of a reward for the discovery of the offender appeared in the editorial columns of the Democrat.

An element in the North, respectable in numbers and character, opposed war upon sovereign States. Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, late candidate for Vice President on the ticket with John Bell, of Tennessee, nominated on a platform of the "Constitution of the country, the union of the States and the enforcement of the laws," said in Faneuil Hall, Boston, February 2d: "To expect to hold fifteen States in the Union by force is preposterous. The idea of a civil war accompanied, as it would be, by a servile insurrection, is too monstrous to be entertained for a moment. If our sister States must leave us, in the name of Heaven let them go in peace." Similar sentiments were voiced by men of character and influence in New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, but Missourians knew current political history too well to misinterpret the purpose of the dominant party. They knew how little respect it had for the rights of States and for law. They knew that fourteen of the seventeen Northern States had on their statute books laws intended to nullify an act of Congress and which were in violation of the Constitution of the United States. They knew, too, that the most adroit leaders of the dominant party believed war was necessary for the perpetuation of power, and party was above law, above Constitution, above country, above everything.

Governor Stewart, a Northern man, in his retiring message placed all the blame for the condition of affairs upon the North. If the Cotton States persisted in secession they should go in peace. Missouri should take "all proper measures to secure the just acknowledgment and protection of our rights, and in the final failure of this, a resort to the last painful remedy of separation." Yet he stood for the

Union and when war came he gave it his support and welcomed its "greater severity." His course and that of other Democrats whose party affiliations had been with the Southern wing of the party, and who in the crisis renounced their associations, many of them with the new born zeal of the convert, forgetting humanity in their exercise of military authority, was a potent agency in the creation and maintenance of the hate that fired both sides.

Claiborne F. Jackson possessed the full vigor of mature manhood when he delivered his inaugural address as governor of Missouri. He was graceful in deportment, dignified and courteous among men, a born Democrat, strong in oratory, courageous in discussion and action, well read in political history, resourceful and strong in affairs. He loved the Union, but he loved more the South which gave him birth, and more than all, he loved Missouri, for forty years his home. His address was a comprehensive and forceful analysis of the situation. Like Governor Stewart, in his final message, he placed the whole responsibility for the impending dissolution upon the North; like him he hoped for the preservation of the Union under proper guarantees, but unlike Stewart, who declared that in the separation Missouri's place was in the Union, Jackson asserted that the duty and interest of Missouri pointed to the South. The two messages created a profound impression, as did the letter of Lieutenant Governor Reynolds, given to the public the day the legislature convened. This was an able review of the situation and an appeal to the legislature for energetic measures to protect the constitutional rights of the State. Among other propositions he exposed the sophistry of those who, like President Buchanan, contended that while there was no power to coerce a sovereign State, there was power to compel the citizens of a seceded State to obey the laws of the United States. "In our system," he said, "a State is its people, citizens compose that people, and to use

force against citizens acting by State authority is to coerce the State and to wage war against it. To levy tribute, molest commerce, or hold fortresses, are as much acts of war as to bombard a city."[1]

Thomas Caute Reynolds was of South Carolina birth and Virginia ancestry. In the campaign of slander, considered so necessary in that day, it was said that his accident of birth was his boast and chief claim for consideration. Nothing was farther from the truth. He was a man of great ability, a pleasing and forceful speaker, stronger in action than discussion, of uncommon good sense and prudence, of passionless judgment, indefatigable industry, stern integrity, conciliatory in disposition and manner, inflexible in principle and courageous in every thought and act. The most learned man in the State, Latin, Greek and three or four living languages were as familiar to him as his mother tongue. Skillful in diplomacy through education and through experience gained abroad, there was none fitter to swell the tide of secession.

In 1859 or 1860 Eugene Longuemare established the St. Louis Bulletin. It was a vigorous exponent of the Southern view of national politics. In the gubernatorial election of 1860, under the management of Thomas L. Snead, it opposed Jackson and Reynolds because they supported Douglas and was the active agency in the nomination of Hancock Jackson and Mosby Monroe Parsons. When after their election, Jackson and Reynolds demonstrated their loyalty to the South, the Bulletin became their champion. In February of 1861 Moritz Niedner acquired its ownership, changed its name to the State Journal[2] and placed J. W. Tucker, a South Carolinian, in editorial control. In the brightest and best periods of journalism in Missouri—Chambers and Paschall on the Republican and Gratz Brown

[1]Fight for Missouri, by Thomas L. Snead.
[2]See Appendix D.

on the Democrat—nothing ever equaled the strength and literary style of its editorials, which nearly monopolized its pages every morning. It appealed to the extreme Southern sentiment in Missouri. Its purpose was to drive out the reason of one element by the display of an ever-changing panorama of wrongs and tyranny, and of the other by the vitrol of invective to their decuticled persons. Some of its strongest editorials were poems—gems of thought and masterpieces of diction. I remember one. Its inspiration was the reputed utterance of Mr. Lincoln that "It might be necessary to put the foot down firmly" and it was a fearful and pathetic denunciation of tyranny and inhumanity.

In the new alignment of parties there were Secessionists, Conditional Union men, the largest division, and the Unconditional Union men, the smallest division. The last had cast its vote for Lincoln under the name of Republicans. As it numbered barely more than a tenth of the voters in the State and was composed mainly of Germans in St. Louis, many of them ignorant of our laws and theory of government, and accustomed to autocratic rule, it was deemed politic to discard for the time the old name for the new. The scheme of the leaders was to use the mailed hand of war to build up party power, by exerting sufficient force, from within and without the State, to overawe the Conditional Union men and by stimulating excesses to more surely break old party affiliations. Frank Blair cared little for party names. With him principle was everything. He was for the Union and was opposed to slavery—in Missouri—for economic reasons. He was willing to cooperate with the extremists because the success of the Union cause in Missouri demanded vigorous and relentless war, but he was not willing for it to be made the asset of any political party. "Give us a country first," he said, "we can see about the party afterward." His word was law until the forces he

had created were strong enough to sweep him aside. Perhaps it is true to say that no man was more responsible for the reign of madness in Missouri than Frank Blair. Certain it is that when the armies disbanded he, almost alone, broke its domination at great sacrifice and at great personal risk.

Fateful events followed quickly. Frank Blair and Captain Lyon were drilling the German political campaign Wide-Awakes into Home Guards. Lyon was a native of Connecticut, had gone from West Point into the army twenty years before the war and had served with credit in the Florida and Mexican wars. Politically he was an earnest Democrat until near the middle fifties, when he became saturated with anti-slavery fanaticism and from that time his hatred of Southern people was unbounded. In energy, grasp of the situation and bravery he was the equal of Blair. Blair respected law; Lyon respected the law that served his purpose. From the day he reached St. Louis with his company of regulars—about the first of February—until the clash of war came there was not an hour of calm in the city or State.

Among the Irish of St. Louis there was a large proportion of educated, intelligent, enthusiastic young men—the best blood of that isle of romance and poetry—whose hatred of the Home Guards was intensified by the antipathy of race and religion. These filled the ranks of the Minute Men under the leadership of Duke, Greene, Quinlan, Champion and McCoy. The rising sun on the day of Lincoln's inauguration revealed a rebel flag flying over the headquarters of the Minute Men. Angry crowds threatened, but there were men beneath it who hoped that blood would be spilled in the attempt to lower it. Had there been, the intention was to seize the arsenal, into which would have poured Frost's brigade, nearly every Irishman in the city and hundreds of other enthusiastic young men. The disappointment on one side and the derision heaped upon the other,

n consequence of this incident, added much to the bitterness of the factions.

The effort of Lyon—earnestly and ably seconded by Blair—was the assumption of military power in Missouri by the displacement of General Harney. Conciliation was Harney's policy. Lyon hated conciliation. The Union as it had existed was not the Union he wished preserved and perpetuated. The coveted power was gained and its exercise was able, energetic and tyrannical.

On the 17th of April Governor Jackson responded defiantly to the demand of four regiments of infantry under the first call for troops by President Lincoln. "Not one man will the State of Missouri furnish to carry on such an unholy crusade." On the 10th of May Camp Jackson—the point of a week's instruction for the militia ordered under the law—was captured and the slaughter of prisoners and citizens was Missouri's baptism of blood in civil war.

On the 11th of June there was an interview, at the Planters' House in St. Louis, between General Lyon and Blair and Governor Jackson and General Price. The interview had been arranged and Governor Jackson courteously informed General Lyon of his presence at the hotel and invited him to the proposed meeting. Lyon replied that the meeting would take place at the arsenal; Jackson answered that if there were a meeting it would be held at the Planters'. The proposition submitted by the governor was: "That I would disband the State Guard and break up its organization; that I would disarm all the companies which had been armed by the State; that I would pledge myself not to attempt to organize the militia under the Military Bill; that no arms or other munitions of war should be brought into the State; that I would protect all citizens equally in all their rights, regardless of their political opinions; that I would suppress all insurrectionary movements within the State; that I would repel all attempts to

invade it from whatever quarter and by whomsoever made; and that I would thus maintain a strict neutrality in the present unhappy contest, and preserve the peace of the State. And I further proposed that I would, if necessary, invoke the assistance of the United States troops to carry out these pledges. All this I proposed to do upon condition that the Federal Government would undertake to disarm the Home Guards, which it has illegally organized and armed throughout the State, and pledge itself not to occupy with its troops any locality not occupied by them at this time." In his proclamation the next day Governor Jackson stated that nothing but the most earnest desire to avert the horrors of civil war in the State could have tempted him to propose these humiliating terms. The interview lasted several hours and was terminated by Lyon—who had nearly monopolized the discussion—with the declaration: "Rather than concede to the State of Missouri for one single instant the right to dictate to my Government in any matter however unimportant, I would see you, and you, and you, and you, and you, and every man, woman and child in the State, dead and buried. This means war." He strode out of the room "rattling his spurs and clanking his sabre."

Referring to this interview, the capture of Camp Jackson and other notable events of that day, Professor Samuel B. Harding, University of Indiana, in his "Missouri Party Struggles in the Civil War Period," says, page 95, that while their effect upon opinion was no doubt great, politically they were a mistake. "At all events the policy of 'Thorough,' anticipating attacks and over-riding nice distinctions of law and constitutionality, had for its effects the conversion to secession of men like Sterling Price—the president of the convention, and one of the best and most popular men in Missouri—and the complete surrender of the legislature to Governor Jackson's designs."

Governor Jackson and his party reached Jefferson City

at two o'clock in the morning of June 12, and by daybreak his proclamation calling into active service the Militia of the State to the number of fifty thousand to repel invasion and to protect the lives, liberties and property of the citizens, was passing through the press. War had begun.

Amid all the preparation for the conflict the rabid press began the cry for blood. All over the State cruelties and outrages upon Union people were manufactured and forwarded regularly. The publication of these letters produced the same effect upon the sentiment in Missouri as the imaginary experiences of the mythical hordes of refugees from rebel fiends in the South did upon that of a more extended area, and were the beginnings of a method of feeding popular frenzy which ended with the exploits of "visiting Statesmen" of a later date.

The ignorant, who knew not that Washington was a rebel and that through rebellion this country gained its autonomy, were taught to believe that rebellion was the most odious and inexcusable of crimes and that every man who did not openly endorse inhuman methods of warfare was a rebel whose life and property were of right forfeited. But there were thousands of Missourians, the elite of the State, the pillars of its social fabric, who knew what rebellion meant, who knew that the blood of rebels coursed through their veins and who, loving the Union and desiring peace, stood ready, if peaceful measures failed, to declare themselves rebels as their forefathers had done, and to meet as their ancestors had met, the issue of that declaration with the last dollar, the last drop of blood. "Rebellion!" said Judah P. Benjamin, in taking leave of the United States Senate when Louisiana seceded, "the very word is a confession; an avowal of tyranny, outrage and oppression. It is taken from the despot's code, and has no terror for other than slavish souls. When, sir, did millions of people, as a single man, rise in organized, deliberate, unimpassioned rebellion

against justice, truth and honor? Traitors! Treason! ay, sir, the people of the South imitate the glory in such treason as glowed in the soul of Hampden; just such treason as leaped in living flame from the impassioned lips of Henry; just such treason as encircles with a sacred halo the undying name of Washington."[1]

This foreword is not intended as a treatment of the situation in Missouri during the period under consideration. No single event is mentioned that did not tend to substitute passion for reason. For four years and more there was a maelstrom of resentment and hate in the heart of every Missourian. This had been growing for ten years and there was nothing like it, before or since, in this country. Only among the mountaineers of East Tennessee was there a weak imitation of its intensity. A knowledge of the extent of this sentiment and its horrid ferocity is necessary for an appreciation of the difficulties encountered by Colonel Porter and of the endurance, courage and skill that enabled him to harass, for more than half a year in Northeast Missouri, a vigilant and active foe, twenty times superior in numbers and a hundred times superior in equipment and to draw from that territory five thousand Confederate soldiers whose record left no stain on the proud name of their State.

[1]Memoirs of a Senate Page, by Christian F. Eckloff.

CHAPTER II

JOINS MISSOURI STATE GUARD

Had there been a spark of selfishness in the character of Joseph Chrisman Porter, he would have turned a deaf ear to the call to arms. No man had more interest in the preservation of peace. No man's future seemed brighter. On the dial of his life the hand stood at the two score mark. Vigor quickened every impulse of brain and muscle. He was a tiller of the soil and it had responded generously to his industry. A beautiful home grew up and it was filled with the romping tumult of nine bright and happy children. A cultured and loyal woman was queen there. The flowers, the waving corn, the trees, the birds, spoke of peace, of nature, of God; and everywhere were contentment and happiness. Troops of friends surrounded him, among them his aged father, who had carefully taught him the precepts of duty. But the demon of war came.

The History of Lewis County rendered scant justice to the Confederates who operated in Northeast Missouri, but it could only speak in praise of Colonel Porter's military efficiency: "On the morning of the 5th of July, Judge Martin E. Green set out on horseback from his farm for Canton, carrying on his arm a basket of cherries for a friend in town. A mile or so from the place he was informed of the presence of Federal troops under Palmer and, turning about, he rode straight for the secession camp at Horse Shoe Bend. A few days after his arrival he was elected colonel of the battalion or regiment. Captain Joe C. Porter was chosen lieutenant-colonel; both officers were not regularly commissioned until later. No better selections

for commanding could have been made than those of Colonels Green and Porter. Although both were farmers and without actual military experience, neither having ever set a squadron in the field, yet they seemed from the first at home in their new vocation. The occasion brought them forth. These quiet farmers developed into military leaders, with real genius and strong ability and, had not both fallen by Federal bullets, would have come out of the war with the stars of major-generals. Green became a brigadier, renowned for his strong good sense, deliberation and steadfastness of purpose, as well as for his calm bravery and other manly qualities. The war brought to notice no braver, better soldier than Joe Porter. With an indomitable will and courage, he combined energy, sagacity and dash, the elements which make the true and successful soldier to an uncommon degree."[1]

Colonel Porter participated in all the battles and movements of the regiment in Northeast Missouri and Northwestern Arkansas. General Thomas A. Harris, commanding the Second Division of the Missouri State Guard, in his report to General Price, referring to the field fortification at Lexington, says: "None contributed more to the zealous and efficient prosecution of the work than Lieutenant-Colonel Porter of Colonel Green's regiment, who, although severely wounded in the head by a ball, continued to afford the most untiring example to the men by his zeal and self-sacrificing services." And of his division in the siege and capture he mentions for gallant and distinguished services Colonel Green, Lieutenant-Colonels Brace,[2] Hull and Porter. Hull, of Lincoln County, like Porter, had been wounded in the head.

After the bloody battle of Elkhorn Tavern, or Pea Ridge

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[1]See Appendix E.

[2]Of Monroe County, and afterwards one of the supreme judges of the State.

as it is commonly called, where he successfully conducted an important movement under orders from General Green. Colonel Porter was selected by General Price, with a number of other brave and skillful officers, for the work of recruiting men in North Missouri. It was not to his liking, but a thought of self never entered his mind and he never hesitated in obeying an order. He reached his home in the early part of April and, after a few days, spent with his family, began preparations for the work entrusted to him. With the exception of his large circle of relatives his neighbors were Union men of a very pronounced type and the territory of his proposed operations was garrisoned with Federal troops. Secrecy, judgment, continued activity and skill were necessary to success, and Colonel Porter made the completest use of these instruments. His presence first became known outside of his friends and adherents on the 17th of June, when with forty-three men in the Western part of Marion County, he captured a detachment of Colonel Lipscomb's regiment of State militia taking the equipments and paroling the men not to re-enter the service until exchanged. From then until his death wound there was no more rest.

MRS. O. M. WHITE

The daughter of Colonel Porter, who bears a striking resemblance to her father

CHAPTER III

CAPTAIN PENNY'S COMPANY

As previously stated, the proclamation of Governor Jackson calling out the Missouri State Guard for six months' service to repel Federal invasion, was issued Wednesday, June 12, 1861. I was in St. Louis at the time and well remember the great excitement it caused. I reached home early in the afternoon of Saturday and found Lieutenant John Q. Burbridge, of the Louisiana military company, and afterwards commanding a brigade in the Confederate army, drilling a squad. He had come to Millwood for volunteers and I immediately enlisted and left next morning for the seat of active operations.[1] At the expiration of the service I did not enlist, as many did, in the Confederate army, but preferred, for physical reasons, to enjoy a respite of a month or so at home.

Lincoln County, for the first year of the war, was tolerably quiet. There were Union and Confederate meetings, great political enthusiasm and fierce discussions, but there was a spirit of tolerance which gave what it demanded—the right to hold and to express political opinions. The militia officers were my friends and the friends of my relatives who were, without exception, intensely Southern in sentiment. However, before the spring of 1862 had well set in, the signs of the times seemed to indicate that the safest place for me was in the Confederate army. The revelation was not altogether unpleasant, and I resolved to take the first opportunity to travel the path that led to duty. It was much longer in coming than I expected.

[1]See Appendix F.

I made many wild-goose chases into western Pike and Ralls and eastern Montgomery and Audrain following reports that here or there might be found the nucleus of a company that could escape to the Confederate lines. Every man to whom I had been directed had the same answer: "There is nothing of the kind in this neighborhood. Your informant must have referred to some other man of my name." One afternoon, about the middle of June, sitting with Jim Reeds in front of the store of Joseph S. Wells in Nineveh, now Olney, I told of my unsuccessful efforts. Reeds was a prosperous farmer who lived one and a half miles northeast of that village.

"You might have been," he said, "on the right track. You might have been talking to the neighborhood guide whose duty it was to show you the camp. The trouble was you were unknown and you didn't have the credentials."

"What kind of credentials are required?"

"The current password, the sign of recognition and such other signs as may be called for."

"Where can these signs and the password be had?"

"I can give them to you. I am the guide for this end of Lincoln County."

"Let me have them."

He imparted them with minuteness and care, but I have long forgotten them. At the end of the lesson he said:

"I have given you the secret work because I know it to be safe to do so, and it may be useful to you hereafter. You can at this time get into a camp without it. There is a recruiting camp within two miles of where we are sitting. If you come up Wednesday morning I can take you to it."

"Wednesday—day after tomorrow—will be the 18th, just a year and three days after I enlisted in the Missouri State Guard. I shall be on time."

The camp was about one and a half miles west of Nineveh in a pretty forest belonging to General John South, a fine

old gentleman past three score, whose name was a true index to his political sentiment. When we reached the sentry I was struck with his youthful appearance. I afterwards learned his name was Joseph N. Haley and his age sixteen. I should have guessed it two or three years less. He was a quiet, modest boy, always obliging, always in a good humor, and careful in the performance of every duty. Captain Sylvester B. Penny—Wes Penny as he was commonly called—whose acquaintance I had made on the march to Price's army a year before, was in command. I had scarcely spoken to him before up came Green Berry Rector, who, extending his hand, said:

"Aloysius, you didn't expect to find me here."

"I did not, Green. In fact, you are the last person I expected to see in this company. How did you happen to be here?"

"Oh, I have been thinking about it a long time."

"Why did you not tell me of your intention?"

"My mind was only made up right lately about the war and what I ought to do and I preferred to work out the whole thing myself without any persuasion or influence, and if I have made a mistake nobody can be blamed but me."

Green was born in the house in which his great grandfather, Noah Rector, a soldier of the Revolution, died eight years later at the age of one hundred and two. It stands a mile west of south of where I was born—he the older by one year. We had never attended the same school and had never been playmates. His associates were few. Except his blind old ancestor and his mother he had never known a near relative. His world had been very small, but his modest, cheerful demeanor gave no sign of yearnings for a larger. His morals were above reproach. He was intelligent and his education was better than his sphere and his opportunities. He had a rich vein of quiet humor and a quick appreciation of the grotesque. He had never talked

of the war and I never knew how he regarded it. Two of his distant relatives of the same name were in the Federal militia and all the others were of pronounced Union sentiment. I assured him of my gratification in seeing him a Confederate soldier and said I knew we should be good friends.

There were Mose Beck, of near Truxton, and Davis Whiteside, of above Auburn, whom I knew; Sam Minor, of near Prairieville; Bob South, of Price's Branch, nephew of General South and a connection of Captain Penny, and Ben Vansel, of Middletown, whom I did not know.

I remained about an hour and made arrangements for joining the Company the following Tuesday, June 24, when the camp would be, as Captain Penny informed me, nearly two miles farther west. Three or four days were spent at the latter camp; a few scouting expeditions at night, and several interviews with Jim Reeds and Jim Ricks, both very active local agents, the latter especially enthusiastic, filling in the time. I was surprised one afternoon to see Frank McAtee, of near Madisonville, Ralls County, ride into camp. His parents, like mine, were natives of Maryland, and had, some years before, with their two daughters and three sons lived a mile east of my father's. I kept up my acquaintance with them in Ralls County and knew them to be enthusiastic in the cause of the South. It took Frank a day and a half to reach our camp. At Madisonville he ran into a detachment of militia commanded by his former music teacher, Lieutenant Jeff Mayhall, of New London. Frank was a sleek talker and he easily convinced his inquisitors that he was on the way to visit relatives in Pike County. Thomas M. Robey, who had grown up to a little past the middle of his teens in my neighborhood, came into camp the next morning and that night we left for a camp about six miles east of Middletown, and not far from the present village of Marling.

Sunrise revealed the fact that the camp was most pleasantly located. Presently the captain suggested a short walk. Out of hearing of the camp he said:

"I am going home and shall be gone four or five days. A few recruits I think I can get and some other matters will take that long and I wish to bid my parents and sisters farewell, because I'm in for the war. Matters will be safe here for a week and maybe for a much longer time. I don't think I'll get away with enough men to justify two commissioned officers; so I want you to be first sergeant and I'd better appoint you now, so that you can have charge while I am absent."

"Captain, I propose to work in harness, but I'd much rather not be an officer of any kind. The idea of commanding men older than myself is exceedingly distasteful to me. Appoint Mose Beck; he is the oldest man in the company. At least, he and Vansel are the oldest men. Ben and I have struck up quite a liking for each other, but I think Mose better suited for the position. He is a man of good judgment, of undoubted bravery and, yourself excepted, I'd rather follow his lead in battle or in the march than that of any man likely to be in the company."

"If I appoint him will you agree to do the clerical work and all the duties except commanding?"

"Most willingly."

"That will be the arrangement, then."

Ben Vansel left for his home a few miles away shortly after the captain, to remain as long as the camp was here, but he returned for an hour or so each day. The good people of the neighborhood kept us plentifully supplied with everything good to eat, and further to show their good will, gave a dancing party at Mrs. Show's[1] in our honor. It was a very pleasant affair. Of all the ladies

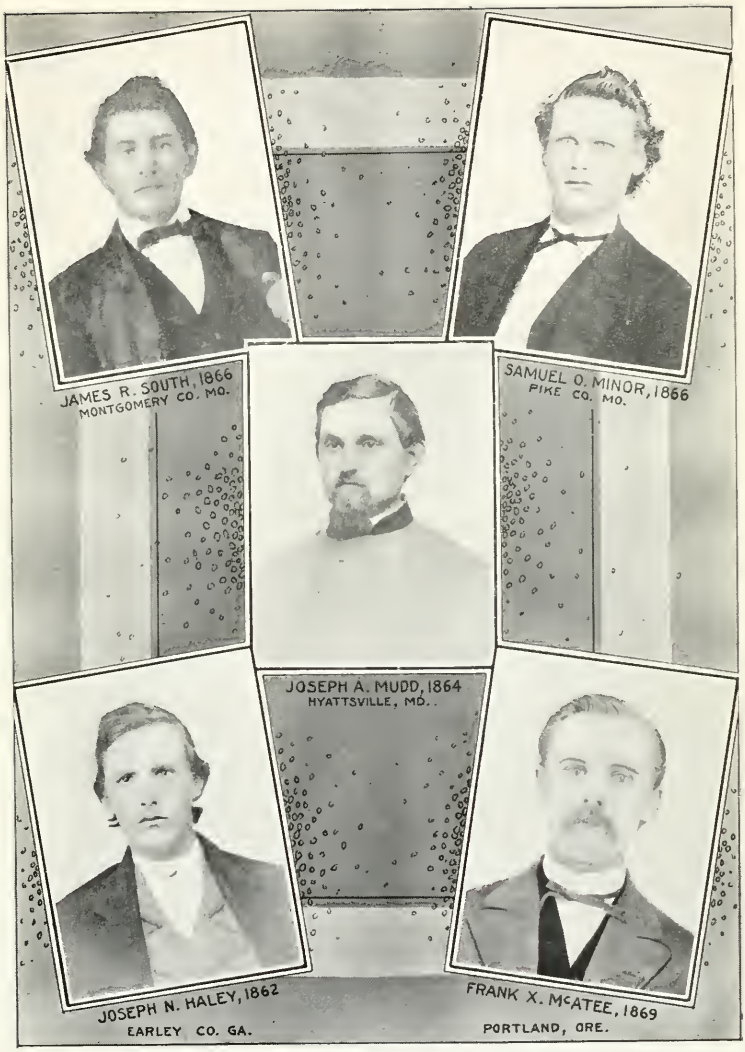
[1]This name rhymes with how, not with hoe.

present I only remember one and she a very pretty one—Miss Lulu Whiteside, now of Denison, Texas, the wife of J. W. Fike, a gallant Confederate soldier—her uncle, John Bowles, I met shortly afterwards as a lieutenant under Porter. Among the young men invited to meet us were Tom Moore and Henry and Jim Lovelace, who informed us that they were going to join our company. The two brothers I had never heard of, nor had I ever seen Tom Moore, but his father's brother, a rich farmer of my neighborhood, deceased ten years, had married a relative of mine. All three proved to be the very best material.

Mrs. Show's oldest son, Morgan, was much in evidence at the dance. I was glad to hear him say, in reply to a question from Vansel, that he would not join our company. He was a member of my company in the six months' service a year before. He was a brave soldier, but a bad man; quarrelsome and utterly reckless—the black sheep of the family. Some fifteen years after the war he killed his brother, Parren, in a family quarrel and while on bail was killed by another brother—Marshall Show, who is now a preacher in Virginia.

When Captain Penny returned he brought with him Arthur W. Clayton, Andrew Nolan and four or five others. Not one of the six survivors remembers how many of these men there were, their names or anything about them. Nor does anyone remember Clayton or Nolan being in our company except Sam Minor who sends their names along with Morgan Show. I know that Sam is mistaken as to Show.

The guide for this locality was Chapell Gregory, who lived just over the line in Pike County and about two and one-half miles southwest of Louisville in Lincoln County, the father of J. S. R. Gregory, a prominent farmer of Lincoln County, living three miles northeast of Louisville and known over the three counties as "Doc" Gregory. Mr.



FIVE OF THE SIX SURVIVORS OF CAPTAIN PENNY'S COMPANY

Gregory was seventy or more years of age, but active and vigorous. He was almost as well known as his son, was, like him, an intelligent, educated man of scrupulous honesty and of intense political convictions. Between eight o'clock in the evening and three in the morning we made thirty or thirty-five miles and camped until next night near Madisonville, and about three miles from the home of Samuel McAtee. Frank, who had left his bed in the early hours of the morning a few days before and sneaked away on his father's best horse, claimed to be too tired to leave camp. I rode over to Mr. McAtee's, chatted an hour with his two charming daughters, Miss Lizzie, now deceased, and Miss Rose, now Mrs. Thiehoff, of Hunnewell, Shelby County, a widow with seven sons, three daughters and two sons-in-law, all strong in the inherited political faith. On my departure Mr. McAtee accompanied me to the front gate. In a serious tone he said the loss of his best horse was an embarrassment and that if misfortune came to Frank, to whom he looked to take his place, in all probability before many years, the blow would be terrible. "But," he added brightly and almost triumphantly, "looking at it right, it's only my share, and I give it freely. Tell Frank his father expects him to act the man."

The next guide took us to about six miles west of Palmyra and at sunrise we went into camp in the edge of a pretty forest. At nine o'clock, after a refreshing sleep, Captain Penny directed Ben Vansel and me to go to the nearest house and get breakfast for the men; the guide had told him, he said, that the man's name was Young and that he was all right. The distance was only one-fourth of a mile, but we mounted our horses, as much for safety as for convenience. The house stood on open, level ground and for two miles or more the view was unobstructed. The road past the front gate was wide and showed sign of much travel. Hitching on either side of the gate we entered the

house and Mr. Young soon made his appearance. He appeared about sixty years old—strong physically and mentally.

"Mr. Young?"

"Yes."

"Are you related to John Young who visited the vicinity of Millwood during the winter?"

"He is my son."

"Where is he now?"

"He's not at home."

"Mr. Young, there are twenty-two of us in the woods a short distance from here on our way to the Confederate army. I am directed by our Captain to ask you for a breakfast to take to the camp."

"You can't get anything here. I have almost been eaten out of house and home by the Federal militia, and if it were known that I fed bushwhackers they wouldn't leave me a horse, a hog or a chicken."

"I enlisted in the army a year ago, and I have learned to obey orders no matter how disagreeable they are to me. I am ordered to get a breakfast for twenty-two men."

"I am not responsible for your orders. I have to be responsible for what I do. Your horses are hitched in the main road that leads to Palmyra. The Federal militia pass here every day. If I were to furnish the breakfast it would take an hour or more to cook it. The Federals will very likely be along while you are here, and if they do there will be trouble for me. My sentiments are known to them and I have been accused more than once of harboring bushwhackers."

"Such an accident would give us more trouble than it would give you, but we've got to risk it. We haven't had anything to eat since yesterday morning; and without that reason we'd have to take the risk. It's orders. I don't wish to prolong this interview, Mr. Young. You are an

old man; I am a boy. Don't make me say to you what I have never said to my superior in age, and what I hope I shall never say."

"I have no control of your language."

"Mr. Young, I have told you in respectful language what we came here for. Now you force me to tell you that you will have to furnish what we ask, and for your sake and for our sake, please let there be no unnecessary delay about it."

"You have the power to enforce your demands and there is nothing for me to do but to submit."

At this Mrs. Young and her two daughters, who had been interested listeners, left the room and presently Mr. Young began a pleasant run of conversation. We suspected all along the sly old fellow had been fishing for some evidence of coercion. After much less delay than we expected the announcement came that the breakfast was ready. We found two large baskets filled almost to the handles—ample breakfast for fifty hungry men. Mrs. Young admonished us to return the baskets as some other hungry boys might come along. Miss Young said they had taken the liberty to put in some delicacies which they hoped the boys would enjoy. The ladies insisted on helping us with the baskets. In doing this the younger one whispered to me:

"Don't mind papa; come back twice a day as long as you stay here."

When we had passed out of hearing I asked Ben if he had received a parting message.

"Yes, Miss Young told me she hoped this breakfast would nerve us to kill troops of Yankees."

I remember the details of this incident clearly, but what I remember best about it is the number of men I gave as wanting breakfast. My memory is not clear as to whether the twenty-two included one or two guides. It is possible that the guide of the preceding night had gone out and returned with the guide of the coming night. If one guide, the

membership of our company, including one recruit received after joining Porter, was twenty-two; if two guides, twenty-one.

We broke camp at nine o'clock in the evening and with a guide who knew every inch of the way, every path, every tree, made an easy run of twenty-five miles to the camp of Colonel Joseph C. Porter on the North Fabius, not many miles from Monticello, the county town of Lewis County. The guide had so arranged that breakfast found us in heavy timber and that the camp was reached an hour after sunrise. It was Wednesday, July 9. The contents of Mr. Young's baskets sufficed for two meals and a generous luncheon, which we now consumed. While the boys were spreading blankets for a much needed sleep, Captain Penny, with me accompanying, reported to the colonel. Colonel Porter was about five feet, ten inches high and rather slender. His eyes were blue-gray; countenance most agreeable and voice low and musical. He received us courteously and pleasantly. His conversation never drifted away from the commonplace. I scanned every feature, every tone, look and play of muscle. If our company should remain with him any great while I should like to know his capacity as a leader. The effort was nearly fruitless. There was repose that might indicate reserve power and there was an occasional gleam of the eye as if to read one's very thought. I remembered reading of a rich woman with an idolatrous love for pearls, but whose short wearing rendered them dull and lusterless. Then they would be passed to another woman whose wearing would restore their natural health and vigor. Was this a man whose association would dull or brighten the human pearl? Something told me that he would brighten it and bring out all its energy and endurance. But we should see. Captain Penny explained that he wished to act with the regiment for a while and if in a reasonable time it could join the army in Arkansas, which was much

desired by our men, we would with what recruits we could gather constitute one of its companies. In the meantime he would ask for his squad what consideration the colonel could give it, on the field or on the scout, and he felt that he could personally guarantee the confidence would not be misplaced. I could see that Colonel Porter was impressed with the Captain's earnest, modest demeanor. We then terminated the interview, which had lasted about twenty minutes, and returned to our fellows.

CHAPTER IV

THE PLAN OUTLINED

Shortly before noon the next day Captain Penny told me that Colonel Porter wished us to take a ride with him.

"What's up?"

"I don't know."

Knowing that Captain Penny, while a very prudent man, was always ready for anything necessary to be done, no matter how desperate, I debated while saddling up whether his reply referred to the whole subject or only to the details. It was a beautiful day—one of warm sunshine, of invigorating air gently fanned by the wind, of sweet scented leaves dancing on the boughs of giant hickory, elm and walnut trees—never a greater inspiration for the daring reconnoissance, the rollicking gallop over a picket or the wild dash in the face of superior numbers. My imagination reveled on these scenes and I wondered if they were as funny as the actors loved to paint them.

"Colonel, shall I get my gun?" when we reached the spot where he was awaiting us.

"No, only our side arms and we'll not be likely to need them. There are no Federals nearer than Palmyra and unless the situation changes from what it was an hour ago we shall not be disturbed. A good friend of mine, two miles down the road, insists on my dining with him today."

Our gait was a slow walk. I paid but little attention to the froth of conversation which preceded the taking up of a serious subject. The words of the Colonel as we rode past the camp sentinel completely filled my thoughts. How could he know the situation in Palmyra an hour ago?—or

three hours ago, if "an hour ago" was a convenience of expression? What could be accomplished with one line of communication? and how was it possible to establish and maintain a sufficient number to be worth the while? When we reached the road where three could comfortably ride abreast Colonel Porter began to tell of his plans.

"I want every one of my men to know what is expected of him. Mudd, when I asked you yesterday if you had seen service you told me you were on Bloody Hill at Wilson's Creek. Then you know what Missourians will do, and I am sure you, Captain, know equally as well. There are thousands and thousands of men in North Missouri whose ancestors fought at Long Island, at Saratoga and King's Mountain; the sons and the grandsons of the men who fought with Jackson at New Orleans, with Gentry in the Everglades; the men and the sons of the men who marched and fought with Doniphan and Price in New and Old Mexico. They are the material for the making of the finest soldiers in the world. What the Missourians did at Bloody Hill they will do, whenever necessary, anywhere. The great majority of these are ready, when the opportunity comes, to join the Confederate army. I want every one of them, and if I am spared I am going to get every one of them. The magnitude of this work is appalling. I did not ask for this detail, nor did I say aught against it because—and I think I can say it without undue egotism—I felt that I could accomplish its purpose as well as any that were named and better than some. In truth, though, this detail was very distasteful to me. The intense vigilance and the fearful hardship of the life I do not mind, but there are two reasons why this business is extremely distasteful to me. As you know the cry of every Union newspaper in the State is for blood, and their readers join in it. Rebels and guerrillas are the mildest terms they apply to us; they call us assassins, cut-throats, incendiaries, robbers, horse-

thieves and everything that is vile and despicable. They call upon the Federal troops and the militia to shoot us down on capture. It is reported that my namesake, Judge Gilchrist Porter, has given instructions to grand juries in his circuit to indict every Confederate soldier who impresses a horse in the day time as a highway robber and if the impressment is done at night the indictment must be that of a horse-thief.[1] Now, no soldier knows what the fortune of war has in store for him. If I am captured and shot like a dog, in the minds of my Union neighbors—most of my neighbors are Union men—and of the Union people in the State my name will be regarded as that of a criminal. It will take years, possibly, to remove that impression and those years will be years of suffering and reproach for my family. Another reason is that I should hate to die in a little skirmish. I hope to live through this war. I have much to live for and life is sweet to me. If I have to lay down my life I wish to do it in a great battle. It is a soldier's duty to obey orders, and I have never questioned one.

"When I came from the army last April I went to an old man in Knox County whom I had known well for many years. He is a stay-at-home man, keeps his opinions to himself, but I knew him to be intensely devoted to the cause of the South. Moreover he is a man of the strictest integrity and I can rely upon him in anything he engages to do. I told what I expected to accomplish and what cooperation I must have to achieve success. When he proffered his assistance I explained the danger of the position I wished him to take and was much impressed with his answer. He said he considered it a sin, bordering on suicide, for a man to go into danger unless it was necessary; if it was necessary no man, understanding his duty to God and his country, could refuse to go into danger without sin.

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[1]See Appendix G.

His own work he said would be measured only by his ability. He is one of the best of my men. As mapped out between us he was to acquaint himself fully with the roads, paths, streams, woods, fields, and prairies, especially their appearance at night, of as much of his immediate neighborhood and beyond as he could cover; select, with my assistance or suggestion, other men to do likewise with adjoining territories, preference being given to elderly men as less liable to suspicion. These men are known to me and to each other as guides. Then there are couriers whose duty it is to bring information. There are more of these, as wherever practicable they live not over five miles apart, so that the relays are short enough to allow rapid riding and in the event of meeting Federals or the militia to avert suspicion by being not very far from home. Some of the guides and some of the couriers are called organizers, but they are what might be termed recruiting agents. Each man's duties and his location are known to all the others. They have signs and passwords which are changed at stated periods."

"Mudd," said Captain Penny, "you remember Jim Reeds gave you the sign and password before he brought you into our camp?"

"Yes."

"In this way," Colonel Porter resumed, "I have something more than the eastern half of North Missouri, excepting St. Charles County and nearly all of Lincoln and Warren Counties, covered by trustworthy and efficient agents. I can travel from Clark to Chariton or from Putnam to Lincoln or Pike, by easy stages or by a furious march of day and night, and never be without a guide who knows every foot of the way, even when it is too dark to see your hand before you. If I have a bout with the Federals on the Iowa line, in three or four days our people on the Missouri river would have a correct account of it. This is necessary because the papers describe every battle as a Fed-

eral victory and their accounts of my movements are calculated to discourage our enlistments.

"In every locality I can learn where needed supplies may be had. In a certain corn crib, so many feet from the door, is a quantity of lead, powder and percussion caps brought out from Hannibal in the bottom of a capacious pair of saddle-bags topped over by a number of small packages, such as tea, rice, candy, spool thread, and the like, by some decrepid old farmer whose honest face was proof against suspicion of deceit. Almost invariably there would be a quart bottle of the best whisky half hidden beneath the other goods and, when it was discovered by the Federal picket, the sly old fellow would say, 'I'm sorry you found that, but since you have, take a pull. Touch it lightly, it's got to last me until I go back to town and I don't know when that will be,' all the while hoping they will drink enough to become intoxicated. In the bottom of the feed trough of a certain stall, apparently used but really unused, in a certain stable is another lot of ammunition, and so on. At every point, if I need one horse or a dozen, I can get the best without the loss of an hour's time. You see we have the best horses in the State—far superior to those of the Federal cavalry. Whenever practicable I get horses and all other supplies from Southern men."

"Well, whenever possible, I'd get them from Union men," said Captain Penny. "I believe in treating them as their militia treats our people. Of course I except their house burnings and murders of defenseless citizens; but when it comes to property I'm in favor of meting out to them the same measure they mete out to us. A great many Union men are Union men only because the property of Union men is safer in this State than the property of Southern men. I consider it a base sentiment to put property before principle."

"Captain, it's not safe, it's not just, to judge the motives of any man."

"I know that. No man, I think, is less apt to judge any one individual than I. To judge men in the abstract is different. Even so, what am I to think of a man who tells me that were it not for his property in slaves he wouldn't be a Union man? Again there are prominent men in my county—and in nearly every county in the State—whose attitude in politics is responsible for much of the secession sentiment, and now when the pinch comes they desert the cause and leave the men they once led to bear the grievous oppression of a militia made reckless and irresponsible by the cry of blood that is heard all over the State. John B. Henderson is more responsible than any man in Pike County for the solidifying and the intensifying of the support of the South in our part of the State, and where do you find him today? Pike County sent him to the legislature in 1848, when he was not yet twenty-two years old. Dick Wommack, of Lincoln County, was a member in 1848; four years ago he was likewise a member and was seeking election for another term. In a speech at Auburn I heard him say that although the Jackson resolutions passed the House of Representatives by nearly two to one and the Senate by nearly four to one, it was his opinion that had it not been for the efforts of Claib Jackson in the Senate and Henderson in the House, they would not have been adopted without some toning down in their declaration in favor of the South. Wommack himself was a very earnest supporter of the Jackson resolutions, and now he is a captain of the militia.[1] Then again, the Federals are not only impressing very liberal amounts of supplies from Southern men, but they are assessing upon them payments of money. General Halleck assessed and collected

[1]See Appendix H.

last winter from Southern men of a certain neighborhood nearly $12,000 in cash and that same kind of robbery is going on in many other parts of the State[1] If we live off the Southern men we help to make them the prey of friends and foe."

"There is a good deal in what you say, but I cannot bring myself to think as you do about it. When the Federal Government with its unlimited resources pounces down on some Southern man of moderate means and takes a horse or two, a fat beef or two, a liberal share of his wheat, corn and hay and repeats the visitation in a few months, the contention is that he is punished for his crimes. This is an outrage on law, on humanity. It makes crime in conviction of public duty which until now was nowhere in this land considered a crime. The exigencies of war may seem in the minds of some to call for this course of action. This view is wrong. War must supersede law to some extent, but this function should be confined to the narrowest limits. The law does not permit me to take a man's horse, or his corn, without his consent, yet I must sometimes do it, or else the purpose which I was sent here to accomplish will fail. If I apply this necessary procedure to the property of Union men exclusively, I virtually constitute myself a judicial tribunal and declare the personal opinion of Union men a crime. I cannot do that. To my mind the Union man and the secessionist are equally entitled to their opinions and, other things being equal, equally entitled to respect and immunity from oppression. The fact that the Federal forces in Missouri go far beyond military necessity in the oppression of Southern men is no reason why I should similarly oppress Union men. To the cause of the South I shall cheerfully give everything I possess, my last dollar, my life if the fate of battle so decrees, but I shall not give

[1]See War of the Rebellion.

my conscience, my self-respect. There are dishonest Union men and I despise them; the great majority of the Union men are honest in their convictions. I accord to them the same freedom of choice and the same right to choose as I demand for myself. The majority of the people of this State are on the side of the South. On moral and intellectual lines the division of sentiment is sharp, and I am proud to know that the best blood of Missouri—which is the best in the world—is on our side. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but exceptions only demonstrate its force. I shall do nothing to bring the blush of shame to this proud people. Every act of mine shall conform to the high standard of honor maintained by the Confederate soldier, from the general in command to the humblest private. Suppose we reason on a lower plane. What good can be accomplished by the gratification of the brutal passions of man? Have the militia gained anything by their house-burnings, robberies and murders? If they have gained one man, that man is a curse to them. On the contrary, they have helped me materially in recruiting for the Confederate army. If a Southern man believes his life safer in the Confederate army than at home he'll go to the army. Could we gain a single recruit by imitating the conduct of the militia? Not one. To us it would be a losing game, all around. The purpose of war is to destroy armies, not non-combatants, women and children, and he who thinks differently does not understand war. My quartermaster and my commissary are instructed to give scrip, whenever possible, for everything I take. If the Confederacy establishes itself—and there can be no reasonable doubt on that score—this scrip will, I think, be redeemed. If the South is conquered this is worthless and everything I take will practically be contributed. It is not just or fair to make a man contribute to a cause he does not approve of. It is just and fair to expect or require—to

put it a little stronger—the Southern man to contribute to the support of the Confederate army. It is putting a part of the proceeds of his labor against our hardships and the risk of our lives. I cannot always confine my assessments to Southern men, but I do so whenever possible, and I think I am right.

"As I said, in every locality I know where to get what I want. I also am told in every locality how many men are ready for me. These are disposed of according to what is best under the circumstances. If there are only a few, with a chance for more, and it is safe to do so, I leave them to complete the work; if conditions are different I take them with me. I enrolled a hundred and ten men in Callaway County the other day.[1] They made good selection of officers and they will take care of themselves, see to things generally and take a suitable opportunity to get across the Missouri river and reach the Confederate lines in safety and, if possible, without meeting any hostile force on the way. I adopt this plan whenever practicable. I do not want too many men with me. A large number would be too heavy a burden on the people and would place a great many more difficulties in the way of our success than the advantage occasionally to be derived from it would be worth. You must remember that with the exception of a few who saw service last year my men are entirely undrilled. If you think but a moment you will see that it is impossible for my men to receive any practice or instruction in the drill. This is a very serious disadvantage and the disadvantage is serious in proportion to our numbers. You know very well that a company of well drilled soldiers will, all other things being equal, easily drive a regiment of undrilled men off the field. The Federal troops in the State, the militia and even the home guards are immeasur-

[1]See Appendix I.

ably superior to my men in this respect. Did I not have the supremest confidence in the courage of my men, I should never meet the enemy in North Missouri.

"The question as to whether I should fight at all or not has been carefully considered. My lieutenant-colonel, Frisby H. McCullough, whom you have not seen and who is seldom with the command, being actively and successfully engaged in recruiting, thinks we ought not to fight. He is the most fearless of men, the most honorable and the gentlest. He views with horror the possibility of exposing peaceful communities to the vengeance of the militia, who are bloodthirsty only when dealing with unarmed men. I possess the same sentiment. He thinks that much of the unnecessary cruelty of war can be prevented by a policy of declining battle. I wish I could think so, because the idea of a bush fight or a small skirmish is very distasteful to me. I cannot, however, agree with Colonel McCullough as to the effect of battle upon the brutality of the militia. In a few cases his apprehensions might be correct, but in a majority I believe a dread of battle would have a restraining effect. You know bloodthirsty men are generally cowards. I have heard it said, though I don't know whether truthfully or not, that last September the Federal officer in command at Boonville, learning of the Confederate approach, arrested a number of citizens, held them as hostages against the attack; and his threat of placing the prisoners on the breastworks being communicated to the attacking force, caused it to withdraw from certain victory. So you see brutality and cowardice not infrequently go together. The Boonville commander's stratagem would be a favorite with our Missouri militia if it were practicable in the conditions here, but it is not practicable. Were there not a single Confederate soldier or a guerrilla or a bushwhacker in Missouri the murdering, robbing and house-burning would go on just the same; in a diminished

degree here and there, maybe, but elsewhere making amends for lost time. There are some independent companies, claiming to be Confederates, but without any authority whatever, making war upon Federal soldiers, militia and Home Guards and, if certain reports are true, upon Union men in this State. I regret this very much, but, if I am correctly informed, the men who organized and are leading these companies with such reckless disregard of consequences would be at home today, peacefully attending to their affairs had not they or their families been the victims of inhuman cruelty of the militia. I don't know what I might do if I were treated as they are said to have been treated, but I like to think that nothing could induce me to violate the amenities of war. As far as I have been able to judge the Federal troops coming into this State, except from Kansas, have been disposed to respect the laws of war. I am sorry to say that the Missouri militia, with some honorable exceptions, are a disgrace to the State. I believe they need but little incentive to outrage humanity on any and every occasion.

"I propose to give battle whenever the circumstances are favorable, because I am satisfied that in doing so I shall greatly stimulate enlistments. I have another reason for occasionally—and perhaps much oftener than occasionally—giving battle. The greater activity I display the more Federals I shall keep from the front. I believe that with 1,000 men—say five of us with an average of 200 each—we can keep at least 5,000 Federals scattered in Missouri and at the same time keep squads and companies continually going to the Confederate lines. In speaking of fighting when the circumstances are favorable, I do not mean that we shall have the advantage in numbers. We shall generally—perhaps always—be outnumbered and sometimes greatly outnumbered. Nothing can be gained by attacking a smaller force and but little by engaging an equal force, and I prefer

to avoid such engagements. In fighting our numbers or half our numbers there is always a possibility of losing as many men as in fighting twice our numbers, and I am not going to throw one man's life away."

The last ten words were spoken in a low tone and so slowly and earnestly that we were greatly impressed. I felt that Colonel Porter was a man to be followed anywhere with unquestioning loyalty.

"Colonel, I think," said Captain Penny, "it the highest duty of an officer to be as careful of the lives of his men as of his own."

"It is. To sacrifice a man is murder and murder is as much a crime for a general as for a private. Apart from moral considerations it is practically—mathematically, I might say—a mistake. My conscience shall be clear of that crime and my judgment clear of that blunder. I once read of an unsentimental man who, having lost his wife, declared that he would rather three of his best cows had died. I confess I had rather lose every horse in my command than one man. Neither shall I sacrifice a horse. In fighting I shall always choose my ground. If I cannot choose my ground I shall not fight."

"Think there might not come a time when you'd have to fight without being able to choose the ground?" asked Captain Penny.

"Such a thing is not impossible, but it is very improbable. Of course, no precaution can absolutely prevent accident, but with my watchers everywhere—on whom I rely implicitly—I feel that our chances of being surprised by the Federals are not more than one to the thousand. If we are surprised and the conditions are not favorable we can get out just about as well as we could in a defeat. I know my limitations and I believe there are few who can bring men out of a defeat any better than I. Without this belief

I should never attack, nor allow an attack by, a force three or four times as large as mine."

"Without being obliged," asked Captain Penny, "would you fight a force of Federals—I am not referring to State militia now—still, some of them will fight—would you fight a force of Federals four times as large as yours?"

"Certainly; expect to do it many a time. I should not willingly do it with a thousand men. I may say I should not do it at all with a thousand. With my present numbers I should, and I think it would be good generalship. However, I should be sure, as an old farmer friend used to say, that 'the sign was right.' I should lure the enemy on; leave what we would consider unmistakable evidence of demoralization. A pious looking farmer on the roadside would happen to be doing some work in his front yard. He would strengthen the impression already formed of our situation, and he would say that by actual count he found our number to be whatever I thought advisable. If the force is large he will magnify my number two, three or four times. If the force is small he will reduce my number half or thereabouts and say that I am hourly expecting a junction with some other Confederate, to be definitely named as occasion requires. If there is a bridge near where I intend to fight, our rear guard would pretend to be trying to tear it up or to fire it as the enemy comes in sight. Then, at the proper time, pretend to have just discovered the enemy's presence; mount and bring them in, all unsuspicious of what awaits them, as my men—the best horsemen in the world—know so well how to do. A volley into the advance guard; no bullets wasted; a shift of position, say half a mile nearer, and another volley; then steady work if the enemy wants it, but always keeping our weakness of numbers hid; shoot to hit, and our men know what firearms were made for; and if we don't do some damage to a thousand Federals, I am the worst mistaken man that ever lived in Missouri.

Whatever the issue of the battle, the commanding officer will realize that the rebels are no mean foe and there will be a loud call upon General Schofield for re-enforcements. This call will be all the louder if, when he thinks we are surrounded, we double on our tracks, ride six or eight miles at night down the bed of a stream, go singly twenty or thirty yards apart through heavy timber or thick bushes, strike a road, make thirty or forty miles at a furious gait and give a Federal troop a dozen volleys for breakfast. We will do all these things, and more, if I am spared; but I don't like the business, and when I enroll for the Confederate service the last man I can get, I shall gladly leave this field and join the main army."

There was a slight tone of sadness in the Colonel's words. He was silent for a while, then looking up pleasantly, remarked that our host might be annoyed by our tardiness and quickened the pace.

I had seen but little of life. Until my enlistment at the call of Governor Jackson, home and college had been my world. A lack of physical tone manifested in irregular, and sometimes prolonged, periods of bodily weakness, begun in poring over books and ended by a residence in the delightful Cumbri valley, State of Vera Cruz, in the time of Maximilian, perceptibly narrowed the opportunities of that little world and weakened confidence in my ability to measure men. In spite of this diffidence I said here is a man I can trust with my life; meek but unyielding, gentle but persistent, modest but self-reliant, mild but enthusiastic, unselfish but determined, kind but fierce in duty, charitable but exacting in the demands of public good, cool but responsive to the appeal of passion, preferring repose but ready for superhuman action, loving peace but walking resolutely before the Juggernaut of war. Under his vigilant, directing care there would always be a conservation of resources; nothing wasted, and, least of all, human effort and human

life. Nothing would ever be done for the advancement of personal fame, but everything for the success and the glory of the Cause.

A small clearing in the forest, enclosed by a low rail fence with a log cabin near the road, marked the end of our ride. As we dismounted a middle-aged, white-faced blonde, hatless and coatless, with a strange but rich voice, with unexpected courtesy and grace, bade us welcome and escorted us to seats in the shade of a spreading oak. Near by and under the huge branches of the same tree stood the table, the appointment of which—the immaculate cloth, the dainty dishes, the product of excellent cookery—strongly contrasted with the surroundings. I had never before seen a native of England and here was a Yorkshireman, as I found by inquiry made at the first opportune moment. He possessed some education and was facile in conversation. His ready fund of anecdote, expression in quaint idiom and broad dialect, provided amusement and entertainment. The subjects and trend of his remarks gave no clew to his views on the political situation. My unconcern about that point precluded the most casual questioning and Captain Penny appeared equally indifferent. Our host's allusions to the war were altogether personal. He was evidently a sincere friend and admirer of Colonel Porter and his hospitable attentions to Captain Penny and myself were a tribute to that friendship. His wife, a plain looking, quiet woman, with motherly good nature showing in every feature, in every movement, attired in a neat brown calico dress, sunbonnet of same material and blue gingham apron, added real pleasure to the occasion. The names of these two people have faded out of my memory, but not the picture of contentment and peace outlined by them, their log cabin and their little clearing in the woods.

CHAPTER V

CAPTURE OF MEMPHIS

I have a dim recollection that we changed camp in the next two days—perhaps twice; but there were no events of interest enough to be retained in memory. Frank McAtee writes me that Minor Winn, of Marion County, whom he had known in Hannibal, came into camp and joined our company. I cannot recall the circumstance and but little connected with him; Joe Haley and Sam Minor remember him well. On Saturday morning John Young—the only son of him from whom four days before Ben Vansel and I persuaded a good breakfast—told me of an exciting scout the night before.

"We ran into the Federals," he said, "before we knew it. It was so dark that you couldn't see your horse's head. It was a regular mix-up. We knew they were Federals by the way they talked. The revolvers cracked pretty lively for a few minutes. We did what damage we could in a hurry and then got away. I am pretty sure I got one fellow; I ran my pistol arm between his horse's ears and to where he ought to be and let drive. It was too dark to see whether he fell or not, and when the sergeant said 'Come,' we came."

"Anybody hurt?"

"A few scratches and two horses wounded."

An hour later when a squad of Captain Cain's company came in it reported that our own men had furnished both sides of the mix-up and that the casualties were about equal.

Early Sunday morning we broke camp and made a fairly rapid march northward. By noon twenty miles or more

had been traversed when Colonel Porter called a halt and gave minute instruction for the work before us. We were within about two miles of Memphis, which we were going to take. The column when re-formed would be in four sections. The first, second and third sections would at the signal make a dead run and reach the north, west and east entrances to the town, respectively; ours, the fourth, would close up the south road. Sentries would be posted to stop all egress, and the remaining men would report in front of the court-house for assignment to duty. This duty would be the bringing to the court-house of every man in Memphis for parole; or, if the militia company be found at its armory or under arms, to attack it at once. The last mile would be made rapidly and in absolute silence. These directions were carried out to the letter, without a hitch and with great rapidity. There was a wooden bridge over a ditch across the road, not far from the town; here John Young was stationed to see that no one rode across it for fear the noise would give the alarm. When our company reached it, John, in a bantering way, said, "Boys, you are going to see the elephant." I reminded him that some of us had already seen it.

The surprise was complete. We had the town in our grasp and were ready for business before any of the inhabitants knew there was an armed rebel in Scotland County. The boys were much amused at the astonishment shown by the people. Our first work was done at the armory, where we got about a hundred muskets, in fine order, with cartridge boxes and much ammunition. We also secured a number of Federal uniforms. A blouse fell to me, which I wore only for comfort. My share also included a musket, accoutrements and a quantity of cartridges.

The gathering in of the male population for paroling had already begun. Of all military duties arrests were to me the most disagreeable. The fourth man I brought in kept

telling me what a good Southern man he was. I stood it silently as long as my little stock of patience lasted when I blurted out, very rudely, I am afraid, "Keep your sentiments to yourself; they are nothing to me. I am only obeying orders—very distasteful orders—and one man is just the same to me as another man." My prisoner seemed much crestfallen and uttered not another word. The next place visited was perhaps the most pretentious home in the town. A young lady was standing on the porch; a very pretty brunette, modest, but easy in manner, dignified yet courteous. I don't recall why I made no arrest here, but I do remember that I was so attracted by the beauty and the behavior of her who stood before me that I did what I did on no other occasion that day: Ask the name and political sentiments of the people. In a low musical voice came the answer, "The name is Smoot and we are Southern." This lady still resides in Memphis and she is the wife of Dr. J. E. Parish.

On the way from the Smoot residence to the square for further orders, I noticed a number of our boys in front of a white-washed frame of one story, or perhaps a story and a half, and went up to discover the cause of the excitement. In the short space between the house and fence were three women and just outside the gate stood half a dozen or more boys giggling at and occasionally replying to, the talk of the virago, some of which was rather far from being refined. She was the oldest and coarsest looking of the sisters. She showered upon the boys and upon everything Southern all the maledictions in her knowledge. To a particularly furious expression Sam Minor made a witty reply which so incensed her that she let loose a horrid volley. Captain Penny was passing and heard what she said. He was a modest man, to whom anything coarse or vulgar was unbearable. He rode up to the fence and said, "Madam, aren't you ashamed to use such language?" Without a word she

picked up a heavy barrel stave and flung it with tremendous force and great precision, striking the captain squarely in the breast and almost knocking him out of his seat. As soon as he recovered his breath he turned his horse and rode away.

"I wish I'd killed the hell-hound. If I had a pistol I'd done it, too."

Of all present I knew only Sam Minor. There was one, the oldest in the squad, who seemed to take the matter seriously. He here put in with:

"I've a great mind to kill you. The likes of you ought to be killed for the decency of the community."

"You cowardly son of a ——, you are afraid to shoot at a woman."

"Am I? Well, here goes," bringing his revolver to a level and cocking it.

I was almost sure he was bluffing but I couldn't risk the possibility of an act that would disgrace our command. With a bound I was on him and in the next moment he was disarmed. The ease with which he was handled convinced me that he intended no harm. The woman deluged me with abuse for my interference and I politely informed her that I had business elsewhere.

The second of these sisters is not now living. Her husband, at the breaking out of the war, was glad to escape the environment of his home and enlist in the Federal army. He was killed at the battle of Blakely in Alabama, which was fought after both Lee and Johnston had surrendered.[1] The other two sisters disappeared, and no one knows whether they are living or dead.

Before I could get my orders after leaving the scene of the little tempest a man came to Colonel Porter showing in his face subdued excitement and timidity. He was leading

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[1]See Appendix J.

a horse and was accompanied by a physician on horseback. He at once told what he wanted.

"Are you Colonel Porter?"

"Yes."

"Colonel, I have come to town in a great hurry for a doctor. My wife is momentarily expecting to be sick and I am anxious to get back without unnecessary delay. Your sentries let me in when I explained my business, but they wouldn't let me out."

"They are instructed to let everybody in but to let nobody out. What is your name and where do you live?"

The answer to this I have partly if not entirely forgotten, and I have failed to get the slightest clew to what would supply the missing link in the chain. I have a dim recollection that the name was something like Parsons or Harper, that he lived two or three miles northeast of the town and that the physician's name was Sanders. The colonel, with a piercing gaze, asked bluntly, but not unkindly,

"What is your politics?"

The very life blood seemed to leave his veins. His face assumed an ashy whiteness and for a moment motion and sensation were paralyzed; then his eye sought the earth as if he hoped it might open and hide him from some awful fate. Only a moment and self-control came, but it was the effect of the resignation of despair. In a manly tone, not lacking in courtesy and quiet dignity, he said,

"I am a Union man."

It seemed that the next word would be, "Now bring the hangman's noose," but there he stood awaiting with breathless interest the colonel's answer. Presently it came.

"And I believe an honest man. If I let you go will you give me your word of honor—I don't ask your oath—that you will give no information about me for three days?"

"That is as little as you could ask. It is perfectly fair. I willingly give my word and I shall keep it."

"I believe you will. Doctor, have you given your parole today for the same purpose?"

"Yes."

"Orderly, see that these men are passed out of our lines."

In all my life I never saw a deeper gratitude depicted on a human countenance. With both hands he gave the colonel's extended hand a long embrace, saying,

"Colonel Porter, I shall never forget your kindness to me this day."

"It gives me more pleasure than it does you. I hope the madam will have a fortunate time."

The little group of Memphians present heard this interview with amazement. Perhaps they might have been willing for a whole hour to admit that, after all, the terrible rebel chief had a heart and soul.

Everybody brought to the court-house was required to take an oath not to give information for forty-eight hours and in addition every militiaman and suspected militiaman was paroled not to take up arms against the Confederate States during the war unless exchanged. It is not probable that a single militiaman escaped parole, as there were men to indicate them who were well acquainted with the entire membership. One of these men was particularly officious and it seemed to us that he was extremely imprudent. He was so reckless in his remarks that some of us thought he must have been under the influence of liquor. When Captain Dawson was brought in this man said to Colonel Porter, "Don't you ever let him come back here again. He's a bad man. He's very brutal and tyrannical in dealing with Southern men."

There were no more orders for me and I strolled about a bit. I have no idea how Memphis looks now, as the three hours spent there on that beautiful Sunday afternoon were the occasion of my first and only visit. The impression then was of a pretty village filled with the pleasant homes

of intelligent people. A thousand thoughts on the happiness of peace and the diabolism of war surged up to be dispelled by the commonplace philosophy, "It has to be."

I had not been on the street long before I saw that something was wrong with Stacy's men. They were hot after somebody and they seemed to be trying to hide their purpose as much as possible. I heard one whisper to another,

"Have we got him yet?"

"No, damn his murderous soul; but it will be hell with him when we do get him."

"Who is he?" I inquired of the first man, but he gave me a searching look and, with his companion, moved off without a word. I learned afterward that the object of their wrath was Dr. Wm. Aylward and that they got him.

I returned to temporary headquarters and saw Captain William Dawson, the commander of the militia company, and his captors, who had just arrived from the captain's home, a mile or so out of town. After the sergeant had turned him in he detailed to me the incident of his capture.

"Oh, he's true grit. He met us at the door with his pistol and opened fire so unexpectedly that it threw us into some confusion and our one or two shots went wild. I think his sight must be bad because he missed every time and yet he was perfectly cool. He had emptied his revolver and ran to the bottom of his garden before we got down to business. There a bullet in his neck halted him and he surrendered. When we started off he asked to be allowed to go by the house and bid his wife good-by. His wife was a handsome woman and everything was nice about his home. After bidding her farewell he said, 'I never expect to see you again, but I'm going to die like a man.' He thinks we are going to kill him and he is as glum as you please, but he keeps a stiff upper lip."

Generally the attitude of the people of Memphis to us was rather sullen. Frank McAtee says a young lady whom

he described as beautiful came out of a handsome house as he was passing and gave him half a pie, which he accepted with thanks and a keen appetite. I had a more pleasant but not so profitable experience in the same line. While passing in front of the Lovell hotel, then kept by Mr. Lovell's daughter, Mrs. Martha Cox, the latter came out and asked me to invite about twenty—I forget the exact number—of the boys to dinner, with the statement that more could take their places when they had finished. One long table occupied nearly all of the space of the dining room, from which a door opened directly on the street. The seats around the table were quickly filled. While preparing to enjoy the inviting spread some of the boys were telling of the capture of the armory of the militia. Mrs. Cox's oldest daughter, a bright little girl in her tenth year, was an attentive listener and she interrupted with,

"You didn't get their flag."

"Oh, yes, we did."

"You didn't get the great big United States flag, because they don't keep it there."

"No, we didn't find it."

"I know where it is. I'll show you where it is."

"Now, Virginia," said her mother, "behave yourself."

"I'll show you where it is," persisted the child, "I want you to take it. I don't like the Union soldiers. You are the men I like."

"Virginia, you'll only get us into more trouble."

"Come on, I'll show you where it is," and she darted out. Sure enough, it was found where the little enthusiast said it was kept. She was the first to enter the hotel on our return. She danced up to her mother in great glee, saying:

"Mama, they've got it."

Mrs. Cox had only a smile of approval for the little rebel. We who had gone out found our places filled and had to wait for some time. I finally secured a place at the table, but in

MRS. MARTHA COX AND HER DAUGHTER VIRGINIA

less than a minute the word was given at the door to "fall in." I arose and thanked Mrs. Cox for her kindness.

"Do you have to go now? Can't you stay long enough to get your dinner?"

"We have to obey orders, and the orders are to fall in. I see that some of the men are already mounted."

"Are you going to have a battle?"

"I cannot say. We never know what we are going into."

"Really? Well, I hope no harm will come to you all."

Mrs. Cox was a woman of very pleasing appearance and demeanor. She died many years ago. She had four children, William A., aged eleven years, now living in the State of Washington; Virginia B., aged nine, now in an institution for the blind in St. Louis; George A., aged seven, living in Missouri, and Mary L., aged four, now the wife of Mr. Zack T. Work, Livingston, Montana. Mrs. Work, always called Mollie, says the first event in her memory is that she was sitting on a fence beside Grandpa Lovell, singing a rebel song, and soldiers telling her grandfather to make her stop singing that song, but that she only sang the louder. A little later one is that her mother was making a quilt border with red and white cloth, which looked to her so much like a rebel flag that she hoisted it out of a second-story window, where the soldiers saw and captured it. When they discovered what it was they returned it to her mother. Little Virginia was nearly blind when she piloted us to the flag, but I was not aware of the fact, so bright looking was she and active in all her movements. It appears that her expertness was only manifested in places with which she was familiar and that her memory of localities and the position of objects was remarkable. She is now only just able to distinguish day from night.

The Rebellion Record, volume 5, page 40, says: "July 13 a party of rebel guerrillas entered Memphis, Mo., captured

the militia troops stationed there, drove out the Union men, and robbed the stores."

An editorial in the Missouri Democrat (now the St. Louis Globe-Democrat) of August 1, 1862, denouncing "the murder of Dr. W. W. Aylward," goes on to say: "Our informant states that there was a general pillage in the town of Memphis of whatever the banditti wanted, money, clothing, arms, etc. Some of the citizens were kept prisoners for a few hours in the court-house. The clerk was obliged to give up the possession of his office and all the indictments on file for horse stealing and similar crimes were torn up in his presence. These and many other particulars of a kindred nature are narrated to us by a gentleman of the highest respectability, himself personally cognizant of many of the facts by presence on the spot. The number of Porter's band that entered Memphis was, by careful count, one hundred and sixty-nine."

The gentleman quoted was as short on veracity as he was said to be long on respectability. If indictments were torn up — which I do not believe — they were indictments for political offenses, for in that day some of the courts were willing instruments of military rigor. It seems incredible that a provost guard in the short time of a hurried occupation of a county town could find the indictments or any other special papers among the records without the connivance of the clerk in charge. Again, consider the absolute futility of destroying an indictment when a new one could be speedily had where conviction was probable. But everything went in those days. The only papers worth while destroying were the bonds forced from citizens because of Southern sympathy. There was no pillaging or robbing. It was right to take the military property of the Federal militia, and even something of that was returned. Beyond this not a thing was taken except ammunition from the store of a man reported to us as a Southern sympathizer. Jacob Baxter of our command went to an acquaintance who kept a store then and does now,

Mr. A. P. Patterson, and told him that he must have all the ammunition in his store. Mr. Patterson unlocked the door and gave what was required. While the estimate of our number was only exaggerated one-third, instead of fourfold or more, as was commonly done, it was next to impossible for anybody in Memphis to make a "careful count."

The "Vindication of General McNeil," a long letter written to the New York Times, December 10, 1862, by William R. Strachan, published in the Palmyra Courier and copied by authority of the War Department into the "War of the Rebellion," series I, volume 22, part 1, page 861, says: "Porter, at the head of several thousand of these guerrillas, went into Memphis, also not garrisoned, seized a Dr. Aylward, the prominent Union man of that community, and hung him, with a halter made of hickory bark, until he was dead." "Several thousand of these guerrillas" and "a halter made of hickory bark" show the fertile imagination of the ex-provost marshal and his indifference to facts upon which to base a vindication. Fancy a guerrilla using a hickory-bark halter—and in a country where that material was scarce and rope plentiful.

A prominent citizen of Memphis who well remembers our occupation of the town writes, in answer to my inquiry of what the people thought of our behavior there, "Colonel Porter's men acted very kindly to all, so far as I know, except the taking of Captain York's saddle, which was returned." The naming of the Federal officer is probably wrong. Captain York was mortally wounded in an engagement between Colonels Porter and Lipscomb two weeks before the occupation of Memphis.

In the Memphis Democrat of July 2, 1908, Mr. Patterson, giving some of his recollections of our visit, mentions this incident: "A wounded Federal captain, whose name I have forgotten, was staying with Thomas Richardson, a merchant living here. The captain had a fine military saddle

and outfit and word came to me that one of Colonel Porter's men had taken the captain's saddle. I at once turned to Colonel Porter and told him the circumstance. He spoke to one of his soldiers and told him to go down to the house and guard it until he left, and also to have the saddle returned. The guard remained there till Porter left the town, and the saddle was returned. Colonel Porter left Memphis about 6 p. m., and went to Henry Downing's farm, eight miles west of Memphis." The error in this statement is the hour of our evacuation. We left Memphis not later than four o'clock in the afternoon.

It is said that some of the Memphians are still sore over their arrests. The only regret I have concerning the events of that day is my harsh language to the individual who persisted in describing how good a Southern man he was.

CHAPTER VI

THE MURDER OF AYLWARD

The hanging of Dr. Aylward during the night following our capture of Memphis was editorially branded by the Missouri Democrat "as foul a piece of assassination as ever was committed by Mexican bandits," and every other bloodthirsty organ in the State of Missouri echoed this ferocity of expression. The same papers copied with intense approval the communication of Colonel Glover to Major Benjamin, dated April 10, 1862, at Edina, the concluding paragraph of which reads: "My instructions are not to bring in these fellows," referring to bushwhackers, which term was made to cover everything Confederate, authorized or unauthorized, "if they can be induced to run, and, if the men are instructed, they can make them run," and hundreds of morsels like this: "We captured and killed one Francis Taylor, a guerrilla and thief of the worst sort," in the report of Captain Leeper to Colonel Woodson, of the Third Missouri Cavalry, which is found in "War of the Rebellion," series I, volume 21, page 684.

Colonel H. S. Lipscomb, of the Eleventh Missouri Militia, started from Shelbina, April 2, 1862, with military supplies and an escort bound for Shelbyville. Near Salt River he was attacked by Stacy, and two of his men and a citizen who had been overtaken by the escort and was riding by the side of the colonel were killed. Later in the day Stacy himself was attacked, two of his men killed—one after being thrown from his horse and surrendering. These facts are gathered from the History of Shelby County, and this extract, page 729, tells the sequel: "Captain John F. Benjamin was

almost beside himself with rage and excitement. He had a room full of Confederate prisoners in the Sheriff's office upstairs in the court-house. The most of these, if not all of them, had not been regularly enlisted and mustered into the Confederate service as regular soldiers, but were partisan rangers. Benjamin declared he would shoot three of these men instanter in retaliation for the three Unionists killed that day. Among the prisoners was one Rowland Harvey (alias 'Jones' or 'Major Jones'), of Clark County. A few days before this he had been captured near Elliottsville, on Salt River, by a scouting party of the Eleventh Missouri State Militia, led by Benjamin himself. Harvey was a lieutenant of a band of Confederate partisans of which Marion Marmaduke, of this county, was captain. Captain Benjamin selected Harvey as the first victim. He was an elderly man, and it is believed was a reputable citizen. But now he was given a hard fate and a short shrift. It is said that the guard opened the door of the prison room and pulled out Harvey as a fancier thrusts his hand in a coop and pulls out a chicken. He was hurried downstairs, taken out into the stockade, southeast corner of the yard, and tied to one of the palisades with a new rope before he realized what was being done. He seemed to think the proceedings were intended merely to frighten him. In two minutes a file of soldiers was before him, and he was looking into the muzzles of six Austrian rifles. The command *'fire!'* was given—there was a crash of guns—and in an instant the unfortunate man was a corpse. He could not fall to the ground, for he was lashed to the palisade, but his limbs gave way and his head dropped on his breast, while his body hung limp and twisted. By Benjamin's order the body was taken down by some Confederate sympathizers and carried into an old log building in the rear of J. B. Marmaduke's store, on the southwest corner of the square. Here it was prepared for burial and interred by the same class of citizens in the Shelbyville cemetery, where

its ashes yet lie. Another prisoner captured at the same time with Harvey was John Wesley Sigler, a young man of Shelbyville. He had a close call. Benjamin selected him for the next victim from among the now terror stricken prisoners huddled together in the Sheriff's office; but now more rational-minded men interposed and better counsels prevailed. It was urged that it would be better to wait and see what the result of Donahue's and Holliday's scout would be—maybe they would exterminate the band that had done the murderous work. Wait and see. This was done, and soon came Donahue bearing in a wagon the corpses of Carnehan and Bradley, and these were tumbled into the room where Harvey lay, all ghastly and gory. Then Benjamin's wrath was mollified and no one else was shot." William Carnehan was the man killed in the fight and James Bradley was the man killed after capture. They were both citizens of Shelby County.

J. B. Threlkeld, now of Shelbina, who had enlisted in Captain Preston Adams' company of Colonel Green's regiment, been in the battles of that regiment, including the capture of Lexington, and left General Price's winter quarters the latter part of December with Lieutenant Oliver Sparks, bearing dispatches to several recruiting officers in North Missouri, was captured with seven others by Benjamin's men and put in prison at Shelbyville. He saw Harvey shot. He says, "Benjamin then came to the prison, had a man named Dockton and myself called up and told us that because we were the only men he had as prisoners that had been in the Southern army he was going to send Lieutenant Donahue and thirty men after Stacy and if they did not succeed in killing two men, as soon as they returned he was going to take us out and shoot us as he did Harvey. They caught and killed Carnehan and Bradley, so Benjamin came to prison that night and released us from a death sentence by telling us what had happened. A few days after he had Harvey shot, Benjamin went to St. Louis, leaving in com-

mand his first lieutenant, who was a worse man than Benjamin. There were eighteen of us in a room ten by fourteen feet. You know we were crowded. There was a young man from north of Palmyra and he and I were great chums. One day we got to joshing one of the guards. The fellow got mad and reported us to the lieutenant, who came with two more guards and told them 'I put you here to guard these prisoners and if they say a word to you shoot them down; if you don't you are not the boys I take you to be.' My chum told one of the men, who must have weighed over two hundred pounds, that he didn't look like a man who would shoot another for talking. He stuck his bayonet in my chum's thigh. It was a nasty wound. I told him he was a damned coward to do such a thing. He cocked his gun, put it to his shoulder and swore he would shoot me. I told him a coward would not shoot a white man in the face. I then told him that if he and I lived through the war and met after it I would remind him of that day. We met in 1868 and I made my word good."

An extract from page 731 of the history before quoted: "His"—referring to Colonel John M. Glover, commanding the Third Missouri Cavalry—"men were instructed to enforce Halleck's and Schofield's orders against bushwhackers and to shoot them down, and they obeyed with alacrity. Glover's troops penetrated into Adair, Scotland, Clark, Lewis and Shelby Counties and killed seven men who were accused of bushwhacking. The names of some of these were William A. Marks, a relative of Colonel Martin E. Green;[1] William Musgrove, William Ewing, ——— Standiford."

An extract from pages 732-3: "On the 8th of June a scouting party of the Eleventh Missouri State Militia, commanded by Captain W. W. Lair, made a prisoner of Major John L. Owen, who lived near Monroe City, in Marion

[1]Afterwards brigadier-general in the Confederate Army.

County, and shot him. Owen had been a major in the Missouri State Guard under General Price. He had taken part in the fight at Monroe City, when he burned the depot, some cars, and destroyed other property amounting to about $25,000. Returning home in December, 1861, he found an indictment for treason hanging over him, and so he could not come in and surrender. He continued to hide out until he was captured. He was found in a patch of brush near his residence early in the morning. Near him lay his blankets and a revolver. Captain Collier and the Shelby County company made him prisoner and took him to his family. Here they assured his wife they would take him to Palmyra and would not harm him. Half a mile from his house they set him on a log against a fence and put eight bullets through him—caliber 54. The shooting was done by the immediate orders of Captain Collier, although Captain Lair was present. These officers are now both residents of Shelbyville, and Captain Collier states that when he left Palmyra he had strict orders to enforce the terms of General Schofield's 'Orders No. 18,' enjoining the 'utmost vigilance in hunting down and destroying' all bushwhackers and marauders, who, the order said, 'when caught in arms, engaged in their unlawful warfare,' were to be shot down 'on the spot.' The action of Captains Lair and Collier was approved by their superior officers, but condemned by very many people who regarded the killing of Owen as an atrocious murder. It was said that he did not come within the purview of Schofield's order in that he was not engaged in 'unlawful warfare' at the time of his capture, and that he was unarmed. Three or four members of Collier's company have assured the writer that Owen did have a pistol near him when captured, which he admitted was his, and this was construed to be the same as if he was 'in arms.' "

Captain Collier was easily surfeited by the work which whetted the appetite of the average Missouri militia officer.

Referring to the ten prisoners shot at Macon City, September 26, 1862, the history says, page 734: "Edward Riggs was a young man. He was captured during the campaign against Porter, and confined for a time at Shelbyville, while Captain Collier commanded the post. McNeil gave Collier order to shoot him, but Collier postponed the carrying out of the order some days until a letter from the proper authorities came, notifying him that his resignation (which he had previously sent in) was accepted and he was out of the service. McNeil (Collier?) turned Riggs over to his successor, Captain Lampkins, informing him of the circumstances, but Lampkins said, 'Well, nobody has given *me* any orders to shoot him;' and so he turned him over to somebody else, and so at last he fell into the hands of Merrill. It cannot now and here be stated why these men[1] were shot. General Merrill stated at the time and still declares that 'each of them had for the third time been captured while engaged in the robbing and assassination of his own neighbors, and therefore the most depraved and dangerous of the band.' It was further alleged that 'all of them had twice, some of them three, and others had four times made solemn oath to bear faithful allegiance to the Federal Government, to never take up arms in behalf of the rebel cause, but in all respects to deport themselves as true and loyal citizens of the United States.' It was further charged that 'every man of them had perjured himself as often as he had subscribed to this oath, and at the same time, his hands were red with repeated murders.' For the sake of General Merrill and all those who were responsible for the execution of these prisoners, it is supposed that these charges and allega-

[1]They were Dr. A. C. Rowe, Elbert Hamilton, William Searcy, J. A. Wysong, J. H. Fox, David Bell, John H. Oldham, James H. Hall, Frank E. Drake and Edward Riggs. The last two were citizens of Shelby County. James Gentry had been sentenced, but a night or so previous to the day set for his execution he made his escape from the prison where he was confined and got safely away. He was then and still is a citizen of Shelby County.

tions were sustained by abundant proof. Surely unless they were, the general could never have been so cruel as to consent to their execution."

The administration of military affairs in Missouri was characterized by much vigor, but more ferocity. The instructions were, "Exterminate the rascals;" "Kill every prisoner who runs and if he doesn't run, make him run," and many others of the same meaning. A convenient excuse was: He violated his parole, he robbed, he murdered. The very men who gave these ferocious instructions to their subordinates were denounced by the rabid press of Missouri as "too lenient" and petitions went to the government, some of them at the instance of members of Congress, for the removal of General Schofield and the appointment of a general who would treat the rebels with "greater severity." This movement was not altogether inspired by an insatiable thirst for blood. Political power was the purpose to be attained and conditions seemed to indicate that confiscation, the bullet and the torch were the surest means.

Whoever has the time and the opportunity to search the records can ascertain how many reports of officers of Federal militia in Missouri there are describing the shooting of prisoners. Without special investigation I have seen many. In addition to this ghastly list there is a longer one—much longer—and on it are the names of citizens all over the State of Missouri who sympathized with the South and who, for such sentiments, were killed by the militia. In my native county of Lincoln I can recall twelve names, all reputable citizens, ten of them men of education, culture and high social standing. One of these I knew from my infancy. His only son, my intimate companion for years, against his father's sentiment and against the sentiment of his every associate, espoused the Union cause and entered the Federal army, from which he never returned. The father had never done an overt act against the Government. When taken

from his home at night he said to the officer in charge, "If you think I was concerned in the Long Arm prairie business," referring to a recent skirmish a few miles north of his home, "and will give me time I can prove to your satisfaction that I was not." "You are going to be shot," was the only answer. These lamentable occurrences were not the slightest justification for the murder of a prisoner by a Confederate, but they put a demon in the heart of many a Missourian who hitherto had never harbored a cruel thought.

I am willing that every killing of a prisoner by any command claiming, rightfully or wrongfully, to be a Confederate shall be termed murder. If the other side claim that its killing of prisoners is a punishment for the crime of rebellion the concern is not mine. Right people will rightly judge. I abhor the law of retaliation. Colonel Porter abhorred it. General Lee abhorred it.

Captain Tom Stacy was a man of many admirable traits. He was warm-hearted and generous. He went into a storm of bullets to relieve an enemy to whose appeals his comrades had turned deaf ears, and laid down his life in the act. He was as brave as Richard Coeur de Lion, as gentle as a woman and as vindictive as a savage. If one of his men were captured and killed he murdered the man who did it if he could catch him, or, failing him, the nearest man that he could catch to the man who did it. Two of his men were captured and killed. Dr. Aylward said on the street in Memphis on Saturday, July 12, 1862, that he had bayoneted these two rebels. Aylward was a passionate man,[1] thor-

[1]Dr. William Aylward lived about nine miles northeast of Memphis, and was farming and selling goods when the war broke out. He was assistant surgeon of Colonel Moore's command while it lay at Athens in Clark County, and at other points in 1861. He afterwards moved to Memphis and began the business of keeping a hotel. He was a staunch Union man and a great hater of those who sympathized with the Southern cause. He was also a politician who was very outspoken and even abusive in expressing his sentiments and was extremely excitable. He was charged by his enemies with cruelly mistreating some prisoners which Colonel McNeil's forces had captured in a skirmish near Downing in Schuyler County.—History of Scotland County, page 521.

oughly saturated with rebelphobia and fond of boasting of what he had done or would do to the sympathizer. It is not believed that he did what he boasted of doing. It may be that he never said he bayoneted the two men. Whether he said it, or said it not, a then resident of Memphis asserted that he did say it and told the circumstances of his saying it to a member of Stacy's company. One of the two men who were captured and killed had a brother and the other had a cousin in Stacy's company. These two were resolute men, and the killing of a brother and a cousin, under the circumstances, was not calculated to make them less resolute. Every member of Stacy's command was a resolute man, and Stacy himself was a resolute man.

The editorial to which reference was made at the beginning of the chapter continues: "He was a prisoner in the hands of Porter's band, at a dwelling or farm house about seven miles west of Memphis, which is the county seat of Scotland County. He was in the house and in bed, the house guarded by guerrillas. At midnight or later, a squad entered the house, required him to get up and dress, on the pretense that Porter wanted to see him at his camp near by. He was hurried in dressing, with oaths and curses. His hands were pinioned behind him. In passing out he asked the owner of the house to go with him, but one of the party held a pistol to his head and forbade him to stir. Outside the door the victim was heard ejaculating prayers for a minute, but his words ceased in a gurgle of gagging or strangulation. Next morning his body was found in a wheat field a short distance off, where it had been thrown with the mark of the rope about his neck, which, however, was not broken. Traces on a tree indicated that he had been suspended there, but there is uncertainty whether his life was taken at the door of the house, when he was led out, or by strangulation in hanging. His pockets were rifled.

"Dr. Aylward was a man of intelligence and respectabil-

ity—obnoxious to the guerrillas on account alone of his active and determined loyalty."

The capture of Memphis was so quietly made and its occupation so free of noise that many of its inhabitants were ignorant of the situation until they were invited to proceed under guard to the court-house. Dr. Aylward was in a house in town, whether in his own house or a neighbor's is unknown to us, and whether he saw any of our men before leaving the house is also unknown. When he came out he asked a member of Stacy's company, Mr. W. S. Griffith, now living in Butler, Missouri:

"What men are these?"

"Who are you?"

"My name is Aylward."

"You are the man we want. We are Captain Stacy's company, of Colonel Porter's command. I'll take you to Captain Stacy."

When Griffith, with his prisoner, reported to Stacy, he was ordered not to take Aylward to the court-house, but to guard him and to keep quiet about the matter until we went into camp after evacuating Memphis. At the camp on the Downing farm Stacy and Griffith took Aylward to Colonel Porter and were told by him to select a suitable guard for the night. Stacy selected as guards the brother and the cousin of the two men who were captured and killed. He did not tell them why they were selected. The telling was not necessary; they were good guessers, and Stacy knew that they would guess right. The next morning the guards reported that the prisoner had "escaped in the darkness of the night." Mr. Griffith says that when he heard what the guard reported he had his opinion as to how he escaped, and he heard afterwards that Aylward had been found in a ditch with his neck broken.

It is unfortunate that Aylward's alleged conversation was carried to Stacy's men. His execution on evidence so insufficient was unfortunate and inexcusable. It is regrettable that

the affair happened during the time Stacy's company was a part of Colonel Porter's command. It is one of the infirmities of human nature that excesses are followed by excesses in retaliation. It was so in the dawn of history; it will be so in its twilight. War breaks down many of the obstacles that hedge this savage impulse in the hearts of men, and their restoration in the consequent peace is a process of years. During the war a Union man murdered without the slightest provocation a Southern man in my native village in the northwestern part of Lincoln County, and went unwhipt of justice. Fifteen years later the murderer on very slight provocation was himself murdered. A trial jury was hard to find. The sheriff, a gallant Confederate officer, went into the southeastern part of the county and summoned every man to be a witness in the case of Blank, indicted for the murder of Blank, and every man protested that he knew nothing of the circumstances of the homicide. "Then," said the wily sheriff, "you are the very man I want as a juror, and you can't disqualify yourself." A very large panel was summoned. At the trial so many disqualified themselves on the oath that their minds were made up, past all possibility of change, that the judge accosted one of them—an intelligent and prominent farmer of Clark township, Mr. Bart Pollard—with the inquiry if his opinion were based on his knowledge of the facts in the case. "No, sir; I know nothing of the facts." "How, then, can you swear that your mind is made up and cannot be changed by the testimony?" "Well, your honor, I don't care anything about the testimony. When I heard that Blank was killed, I said, 'Justice was done; he ought to have been killed twenty-five years ago.'" The defendant was acquitted and nineteen-twentieths of the people of the county approved the verdict.

CHAPTER VII

THE PAROLING OF CAPTAIN DAWSON

The time between the hanging of Aylward and the engagement at Vassar Hill was filled by leisurely marching thither and hither, scouting to learn how the affair of Sunday had whetted the temper of the enemy, considerable rest and the business that Colonel Porter always had in hand. A small squad under Lieutenant Wills had a lively experience. At the end of a lane was a much larger force of Federals. The back track was hurriedly taken when it was found that the other end of the lane was occupied by a force which, while smaller, was several times too large to be attacked. The boys bolted the fence and struck across the open field. They were all riding race horses, but that did not prevent the vigorous use of both whip and spur. The lieutenant rode the prettiest and most active and high-spirited animal I ever saw—a dapple-sorrel mare, which tried to keep her head in the clouds. She led the others, and coming to a narrow lane between two high rail fences she arose without apparent effort and sailed over both, to the amazement of the boys and the lieutenant as well. Wills said he could only account for the wonderful feat by the supposition that having never before been under fire she was intensely frightened at the hail of the bullets. The severe run was the only mishap to the squad.

Late Monday afternoon we resumed the march after an hour's rest, but went eastwardly instead of westwardly, as we had done in the afternoon. Captain Penny headed the column and I was riding on his left. We had gone about two miles and were in a lane when I called the captain's attention to a number of horsemen a hundred yards ahead of us, and by

drawing our bridle reins brought the column to a halt. The gathering darkness made doubtful the identity of the force and prevented a satisfactory estimate of its number. The outline of a farm house was visible and in front of it the troop were standing partly dismounted. We had been marching silently, as was our custom, and in the stillness we heard one of them voicing our own perplexity by saying, "I wonder who those men are." A little streak of physical cowardice developed in me when I happened to think that, heading the column, I would be in direct line of a volley should the force in front be Federal and our status be discovered, and in order to give the man behind me a chance I rode carelessly to the fence as if in an ordinary breaking-of-ranks movement. Then realizing that in the light of my experience the position I had vacated was the safer one, an equal streak of moral cowardice kept me from returning. Many a man has gone to danger and to death through moral cowardice. Only a few near the head of the column knew the reason of the halt. Colonel Porter came forward to discover the trouble. On his order I rode half the distance between us and the unknown and called out:

"Whose command are you?"

"Whose command are *you?*"

"Captain Penny's."

"We are Captain Cain's."

"We wanted to know whether or not you were Federals before we came down on you."

"And we wanted to be sure you were Federals before we let drive at you."

Captain Cain had finished the business of his scout in less than the expected time and was making for the point where he knew our next camp would be.

We encamped about eight o'clock. It was here that Mr. A. P. Patterson, the brother-in-law of Captain Dawson, accompanied by the Rev. H. P. S. Willis, a Presbyterian

minister, visited Colonel Porter in behalf of the captain's release. The two had been acquainted with Colonel Porter for some years. In a communication to the Memphis Democrat, Mr. Patterson says: "On Monday, July 14, next day after Colonel Porter left Memphis, Mrs. Dawson suggested that I should go and see Colonel Porter and try to effect his release, so Rev. Willis and myself started up to Porter's camp about five o'clock p. m. Porter was then, I think, at Cherry Grove Springs, about seventeen or eighteen miles west of Memphis. Seven miles west of Memphis Jacob Miller, a picket guard, fell in with us and promised to take us into camp, as we would reach the camp after dark. We arrived at the camp about ten o'clock and were shown to the tree under which Colonel Porter was lying. We at once stated our business, and that was to effect Captain Dawson's release. Porter told us he would exchange him for any Confederate prisoners. We told him there were none nearer than Palmyra, and from this we drew the inference that there was little chance for his release. I then expressed a desire to see Captain Dawson. Porter ordered a soldier to bring him. The soldier went and said to Dawson, when he had roused him, 'Captain Dawson, the colonel wants to see you!' As these were the same words he had heard the previous night spoken to Dr. Aylward, and about the same time of the night, no doubt the captain thought he realized the significance of the words, 'the colonel wants to see you.' In a few minutes the guard brought him to the tree under which we were sitting. Captain Dawson told Colonel Porter that he had no apologies to make for shooting at his men and no favors to ask. Porter looked at him and said, 'Captain Dawson, I have no charges against you, sir, except that you are a Federal soldier; your shooting at my men was a brave act and I honor you for it.' [1] Dawson then

[1] If conditions were reversed, and a Confederate soldier were to empty his revolver at a Missouri Federal Militia squad and fail to escape, how long would he live after capture?

went back to his bed on the ground. * * * W. G. Downing, who now lives in Montana, and who was then a boy at the home of his father, Henry Downing, relates a little incident which occurred the morning Colonel Porter left the Downing farm. Mr. Downing greeted Captain Dawson, and asked him if he wished to send any word to his family. He said, 'No, except that if I have to die, I will die like a man.' As Dr. Aylward had disappeared, he expected that he would go the same way. Colonel Porter assured me that Captain Dawson would not be hurt. It has been said that it was rumored next morning that Dr. Aylward had escaped, and that Porter never knew any better. That is a mistake, as what follows will show. I had promised Mrs. Aylward before leaving Memphis that I would make inquiry about Dr. Aylward. About the last thing before leaving Colonel Porter I said, 'Colonel Porter, I promised Mrs. Aylward that I would make inquiry in reference to Dr. Aylward.' He hesitated a moment, and then said, 'He is where he will never disturb anybody else.' I understood what that meant and dropped the subject at once, and I often wonder at my temerity for asking the question under the circumstances. The cowed condition of the people at that time was a phenomenon that is hard to account for. On our way up to Porter's camp and back we did not meet anybody on the road except the picket, who piloted us in, and no one in Memphis knew that Dr. Aylward was hung till we returned Tuesday morning."

Nevertheless, it is true that Colonel Porter did not know, when he was talking to Mr. Patterson, that Dr. Aylward had been hung, but evidently, like Mr. Griffith, "he had his opinion" about his escape.

Mr. Patterson and Mr. Willis after leaving our camp, spent the night with a Baptist minister, the Rev. Mr. Lyon, who lived on the road a short distance from our camp. On Friday morning Colonel John McNeil, with three or four of his officers, were in Memphis and stopped at the Tull

Hotel. This was before Captain Dawson reached home. Mr. Patterson called on him to procure an exchange for Captain Dawson. McNeil's reply was,

"No, I am going to fence this county with fire."

The next day there was a drizzling rain and nearly all day Wednesday there was a steady, but not very heavy, downpour. We were camped the whole day in the woods near a farm house. In the afternoon I called to see Colonel Porter, but neither he nor any other officer was in. Captain Dawson, his guard and one or two loungers were the occupants of the room. I took a seat on the captain's bench and about three feet from him, and engaged in small talk with the boys. Captain Dawson was as gloomy looking and as taciturn as he had been since his capture. After I had been sitting there nearly an hour I became conscious that he was scanning my face. Presently he asked in a low tone, in which he could not quite conceal his intense feeling,

"What are they going to do with me?"

"Going to parole you in a day or two."

"Will they?" and in spite of himself he manifested an increased interest.

"Yes; heard Colonel Porter say so. What did you think we were going to do to you?"

"I didn't know."

He relapsed into silence and did his best to maintain his appearance of stolid indifference, but I could plainly see that a load had been lifted from his heart. His silence didn't last over five minutes and he began an extended, and what I thought a very pleasant, conversation by asking my name. When I told him he said there were Mudds in Scotland County—very respectable people—but they were all Union men.

"I have heard of them, but I never saw any of them. I was never in Scotland County before last Sunday and I suppose you were not overmuch pleased to see me, or rather,

us, then,"—he enjoyed the joke more than I expected. "They are from Kentucky while my family is from Maryland, whence the Kentucky families emigrated seventy-five years ago. There are several Kentucky families of my name in Lincoln County but only one is Union."

I said this to show a friendly feeling more than anything else and my willingness to talk seemed to please him. His personality as revealed in our talk was much more agreeable than I had supposed. I felt that he had been unjustly represented to Colonel Porter. Before I left him I assured him he need have no fear concerning his treatment by Colonel Porter.

It is my recollection that Captain Dawson was paroled on Thursday afternoon, July 17. Of all the comrades in communication with me, two or three say either Thursday afternoon or Friday morning, but the great majority say, unhesitatingly, Thursday afternoon.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BATTLE OF VASSAR HILL

When we were ready to ride out of camp about the middle of the forenoon of Friday, July 18, Colonel Porter directed a close order to the companies and, sitting on his horse in easy hearing of every man, told us the Federals were following us. He did not know their strength, but he would know inside of an hour. If they push us too closely and they don't outnumber us more than five to one we shall try their mettle. "I am not going to fight," he continued, "without choosing the ground, and what I wish you particularly to understand is that I am not going to risk the life of one of you uselessly. I'd run to death every horse in the command rather than lose one man. I can get all the horses I want; I cannot get all the men I want." He then began an appeal to the patriotism, the courage and the fortitude of the men. His harangue was short—but I think I never before heard such eloquence. It was the eloquence of intense earnestness for duty, for love of country, of home, of the great State that gave us birth, of its institutions and its traditions. It stirred the hearts of his hearers as they were never stirred before. There was no demonstration, no applause; the men silently filed down the road in the order assigned for the march, but every one felt that he could follow his leader and that his leader could go anywhere.

The march was fairly rapid. Colonel Porter must have obtained satisfactory information within five or six miles after leaving camp. At the bridge over the Fabius Creek, which crossed the road in a heavily wooded locality, a guard was left to tole the Federals in. They were directed to

make believe they were trying to tear up the bridge and then to fly down the road as if the furies were after them. We went about two, or perhaps two and a half, miles farther, crossing a mile or so of bottom land with little timber and into the dense woods on the hill. We found an ideal spot for our horses, hitched them, left a sufficient guard and came back to where thick bushes skirted the road's edge. I was, I think, the end man on the right. We were instructed to lie down and keep so quiet that our volley would be the first danger signal to the Federal advance. We on the extreme right were to fire the first shot as soon as the head of the advance column reached our front and immediate firing was to run down our line to the left as far as necessary. The program was carried out to the letter. I was so fatigued that I asked Ben Vansel to rouse me in time should I fall asleep. It didn't seem very long before I was awakened by the sound of firing down the road whence we had come.

Our rear guard dashed by and on to where a sentry had been stationed a third of a mile beyond our position to guide to our corral and, after hitching horses, to our line. Less than a minute later, it seemed, the Federal advance guard galloped into sight. When the foremost men reached our spot our guns gave the signal and the others down the line, ready since the enemy came in sight, responded so quickly that the firing seemed done at one command. The surprised guard melted away under our fire. Muskets and double barrel shot guns are dreadful weapons in the hands of men who know how to shoot, and the distance was only ten feet. The History of Shelby County says, page 744: "Out of twenty-one men of his advance guard all but one were killed or wounded." This is not quite correct. Three men at the head of the guard were left in their saddles. They halted momentarily at our fire; the leader—a handsome young fellow, who I lately learned was Sergeant Edward P.

Kelsey, now living in Jersey City—gave us a searching look and, without a word or command, drove spur and with his two comrades went flying down the road away from the main body. In the safety zone they found a dim road which led them out of our range back to their command.

The word was now passed along for us to noiselessly change our position to a new one with same relation to the road and half a mile northward where we could again strike the enemy unawares. The same instructions as to firing were given and we were directed to string out the line so that in single file the men would be from six to ten feet apart. The first volley was, as before, to be delivered on signal, but all subsequent firing was to be done only by order. We did not go the expected distance and consequently the second surprise was not equal to the first; but the new position was an ideal one, as it enabled us to give the attacking force a much exaggerated idea of our strength.

While we were shifting our position a man came out of the wood from our left and began telling the three or four who gathered around him of an exciting adventure. I learned that his name was Durkee. I had seen him on the march riding a fine dapple gray mare. He and an inseparable companion whose name I have forgotten were the most notable men of the whole command; six feet or more, perfect form, classic features, refined in manner and conversation. Durkee was genial and companionable; his friend was retiring and taciturn almost to melancholy. They were members of Captain Caldwell's company. Durkee was on the rear guard to tole the enemy in. His mare was severely wounded, became obstinate and refused to move. With bit and spur he managed to get her to the edge of the road where he was made the target of the enemy's advance guard.

Captain James E. Mason, commanding Company I, Merrill Horse, now living at Athens, Michigan, writes me: "I

remember I was in the advance guard. We come on to Porter's rear guard and charged them as they were about to tear up the bridge. We did not wait for the main command to come up, but charged them after they left the bridge. I remember seeing the man on the gray horse. Several of the boys fired at him; I was about to fire at him when he threw up his hands and cried, 'Don't shoot, I surrender.' I passed on, leaving him for those in the rear to take care of, but I learned afterwards that he made into the brush and escaped."

We had scarcely taken our new position before we delivered another volley with some effect into the advance led by Captain Mason. He says: "When we were fired upon at the angle of the road Stillson's horse fell on him and he was taken prisoner. My horse was hit at the same time in the jaw and, becoming unmanageable, ran into the woods to the left. I returned to the command in time to participate in the several charges that we made to dislodge your command after our main command came up. With Rogers' command we had, if I remember correctly, about three hundred men. Our estimate of your number was about seven hundred."

The battle was on now in earnest. The enemy made charge after charge with a persistency and a pluck that was surprising to us. After each repulse they gave us, at about one hundred yards distance, a furious fire from their carbines, but as, under orders, we immediately dropped to the ground after each charge the bullets rattled and snipped the twigs four of five feet above us. We did not respond to these volleys. We had always to be economical with our ammunition. Colonel Porter had laid particular stress upon his order not to fire, excepting our first two volleys, which were done on signal, until he gave the command. He only gave the command to fire when the Federals were right on us. The order was minutely obeyed with one exception.

One of our boys, down the line out of my sight, losing his head, fired too soon and, when the Federal was about to ride him down, had an empty gun in his hand. This he clubbed and striking his assailant a powerful blow on the neck, killed him.

Not one of our company was touched, and from our position I could see none of our men killed or wounded. Near the close of the action Captain Stacy, whose company was stationed farther down our left, passed along the road in our front and in a few minutes passed back. I saw that he was wounded in the breast and I thought I could see that he was done for.

Comrade W. S. Griffith, of Butler, Missouri, who was shot in the thigh during the enemy's fourth charge and was thought to be mortally wounded, as the hemorrhage, so profuse that it caused him to faint four times, was ascribed to the severing of the femoral artery, writes: "Captain Stacy's wound was three-fourths of an inch from the left nipple. When he was shot he had a hand spike in hand prying a dead horse off the leg of a Federal who was begging us to roll the horse off him. He and I lay on the same pallet until we started. He told me we had to die, as the doctor said we could not be saved. I knew but little of the battle after I was shot. When we got ready to start Dr. Marshall and another man helped me on a horse, leaving Stacy still on the pallet. They rode on either side of me, holding me on until we reached the Fabius River, which we swam. I was then laid in a wagon and hauled all night to near Sharpsburg, in Marion County. Here my brother took charge of me. My father and mother met him and they hid me in the woods for weeks. I was attended by Dr. Rhodes, of Warren, who died twenty-five years ago, and who had fifteen years ago, and now, maybe, a son practicing medicine in Warren. Stacy was raised in Miller township. Marion County, near Hannibal. He left a wife, who was a Miss Sparks, and two small children. The Sparks who was

killed in the battle was no kin to Mrs. Stacy. We had twenty men in our company. We had no lieutenant, as we wanted to get enough men for a full company first, but I heard that William Hilleary acted as captain after Stacy's death. He lived near Warren, Marion County." Sam Griffith was a good soldier in the days when good soldiers were needed, and he is a good man today.

In one of the intervals between the charges of the enemy a Federal soldier was heard piteously crying for water. Frank McAtee had a canteen with a little water in it, and he went in the direction of the voice, followed by Sam Minor. They found the man, carried him to the shade of a tree, and Frank gave him his last drop of water. The grateful enemy asked them to relieve him of his jacket. They were about to comply when the bugle sounded another charge. Hastily turning the man on his side, they split the jacket from neck to tail and made tracks for their places in line. Just before our last volley Andrew Nolan and Sam Minor each picked a Federal soldier to shoot. When they fired both Federals fell. That night when cartridges were drawn Sam found two in his musket, showing that he did not fire at the enemy in the last volley, as he supposed. He says he is glad that he does not know that he ever killed a man.

There is some difference of opinion as to the number of times the Merrill Horse charged us. According to the best information I can get from the survivors who fought on either side it was seven times, and my own recollection is that it was not less than that number. Some little time after the last charge their bugler sounded "rally" loud and long. I remember wondering to myself if they would ever get enough. I was willing that they should feel that they had enough. Suppose in the charge they were about to make they should discover our weakness in numbers? If so, there would be a hot time and a bad quarter of an hour for us. The ludicrous side of it

came up and I must have smiled. Ben Vansel sharply accosted me.

"Mudd, what are you laughing at?"

"Am I laughing? Well, not very heartily. I was thinking. Ben, hear that bugle sounding 'rally?' They must be coming again, and as they are so much longer about it than heretofore, they are going to make this the most desperate charge of all. Suppose they were to find out how few men we have, wouldn't there be fun?—not for us. Ben, I'm not slow of foot and I have the swiftest horse in the command. You know what that means when it becomes necessary to get away."

But the Federals had enough. After a little while we advanced one or two hundred yards and waited a half or three-quarters of an hour. Finding there would be no further attack we retraced our steps over the battlefield, picked up a number of sabers and revolvers, released Stillson from his uncomfortable position, holding him as a prisoner, attended to our two severely wounded men, and made for our horses to continue our march. We had in this engagement one hundred and twenty-five men. The History of Scotland County, page 534, says our "loss was two dead, Frank Peake and a man named Sparks, and Captain Stacy was wounded and died at Bible Grove two days after the battle." This information was given to the historian by Mr. William Purvis, who then lived and yet lives three-fourths of a mile southwest of the ground and was there the next day. It is correct as far as it goes. In addition to this statement, Sam Griffith was severely wounded—thought then to be mortally—Lucian B. Durkee had three or four slight wounds, received while toling the enemy in, and two or three others received wounds too slight to interfere with duty. Sparks was a boy seventeen years old. He was shot in the forehead and died in his father's arms.

Major Clopper's official report as given in The War of the Rebellion, series I, volume 13, page 163, is:

CAMP NEAR PIERCE'S MILL, *July 19, 1862.*

SIR: I beg leave to report that yesterday I encountered Porter's forces conjoined with Dunn's, at 12 m., and fought and routed them after a desperate and severe fight of several hours. They had an ambush well planned and drew my advance guard into it, in which my men suffered severely. My killed and wounded amounted to eighty-three men, forty-five of which belonged to my battalion, Merrill Horse; the balance, thirty-eight, to Major Rogers' battalion, Eleventh Missouri State Militia. Among the wounded of my officers are Captain Harker, slightly; Lieutenant Gregory, Lieutenant Potter and Lieutenant Robinson. I cannot find adequate terms to express the heroic manner in which my command stood the galling and destructive fire poured upon them by the concealed assassins.

I have not time to make an official or detailed report of the action; but will do so upon the first favorable opportunity. Colonel McNeil joined me last night with sixty-seven men. The enemy's is variously estimated at from four hundred to six hundred men. Have now halted for the purpose of burying the dead and taking care of the sick. Will pursue the enemy at 11 a. m. this date. They are whipped and in full flight. The forced marches I have been compelled to make and the bad condition of the roads and constant rainy weather have had the effect of exhausting my horses and men.

The enemy were well concealed in dense underbrush and I must give them credit for fighting well. They will not meet me on fair ground.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN Y. CLOPPER,

Major Commanding Battalion Merrill Horse.

LEWIS MERRILL,

Colonel Comdg. Saint Louis Division, Saint Louis, Mo.

"Porter's forces, conjoined with Dunn's," is a good one. We could with equal propriety say we fought "Clopper's forces, conjoined with Mason's." If Major Clopper ever made the promised detailed report it has never come to light; nor has any report from Major Rogers. Possibly the reason why Major Clopper omitted to state our securing a prisoner after the battle was over was that it wouldn't look well beside "fought and routed them." Still, considering the "temper of the times," it was a very fair report.

Mr. D. G. Harrington, a prominent ranchman of Bennett, Colorado, then a sergeant in Company H, Merrill Horse, writes: "About the 17th or 18th of July we were joined by another battalion and left Sand Mill or Sand Hill with over five hundred and fifty men after Porter and Poindexter and fought them a few miles from Memphis, where we lost something like thirteen killed and twenty-nine wounded. Estimated loss of the enemy, thirty-seven killed and forty-three wounded." Mr. Harrington gives a very interesting account of his battalion of Merrill Horse in Missouri, but a part of it has no relation to our command.

Captain George H. Rowell, of Battle Creek, Michigan, historian of his battalion, to whom I am indebted for a full and, according to my recollection, very accurate account of so much of Merrill Horse history as relates to this narrative and also for his great patience in helping to straighten out the kinks in the recollections of both of us, writes: "You ask for a full report of the doings of our grand old regiment during that memorable campaign. This is hard to give, as the regiment was divided into several detachments when the order was given to take the field against Porter; one detachment at Columbia, which was the headquarters of the regiment; another, Companies H and C, under command of Major John Y. Clopper; another at Glasgow, under command of Major C. B. Hunt, and another at Fayette, under command of Captain James E. Mason. The regiment was composed of troops from different

States: Companies H and I from Battle Creek, Michigan; A and B from Michigan and St. Louis; C, G and K from Cincinnati, and D. E and F from North Missouri. Two companies were afterwards joined, but not until after the Porter campaign. Major Clopper's command was stationed at Sturgeon, on the North Missouri Railroad, and when the order was given to take the field against Porter the Fayette detachment was ordered to Clopper, and with four companies strong we took the field. I had just been promoted from second to first lieutenant, First Sergeant Jasper L. Gregory succeeding me as second. The command of the company devolved upon me, as the captain was absent, sick. On the 18th of July we encountered the enemy a few miles from the village of Memphis. We had been reinforced by a company of State militia, but the Merrill Horse engaged were three companies, C, H and I, with possibly a few belonging to Company A. About two and a half miles from where we encountered the enemy in force and in ambush we came to the forks of the road, and, not knowing where the enemy were, Clopper divided his command, sending me to the right with my company and six citizen guides, while he himself with the major part of his command took the left-hand fork. The road was densely wooded for a mile or more, but when coming to a small stream we found a few scouts from the enemy standing on the bridge, which were immediately charged by my advance guard, and a regular steeplechase ensued over the fourth of a mile or more of bottom land, destitute of timber, between stream and wooded hills beyond, where the enemy lay in ambush waiting and hoping for our destruction. My advance were already in the woods engaged with the enemy and had suffered some casualties, and Edward D. Stillson was captured. Ascertaining the position of the enemy in the thick bush, I at once charged him mounted with the full company, but could not dislodge him; charged him once more mounted, and in retiring determined to dismount the company and fight

as infantry. At this juncture Major Clopper came up with his command and, seeing where the enemy were, ordered me to wheel and charge again, but I, understanding the difficulties, said, 'Major, for God's sake don't order these mounted companies in there again; it will be nothing but slaughter in the thick brush.' His only answer was, 'Wheel about and charge!' which I did, he, Clopper, ordering two other companies which had come up with him to charge with me, also the company of militia beforementioned. The result was a slaughter. Killed in Company H, Edward Funnell and Miles R. Sherman; severely wounded, Second Lieutenant Jasper L. Gregory, First Sergeant Edward P. Kelsey, Corporal Joseph C. Lewis, Privates Adelbert Monroe, James H. Harper and some others slightly. Killed in Company I, Privates Walker and Hines; wounded, First Lieutenant John Robinson, First Sergeant Lucian B. Potter and several others whose names I do not remember. Several killed and wounded in other companies of the command, including those from the company of State militia. Our killed and wounded in the Merrill Horse, about forty; don't know the number in the militia. It was a drawn battle, the enemy hastily leaving the field as soon as the opportunity offered. I should judge the fight lasted about two hours, and closed about four o'clock in the afternoon."

Captain Rowell's statement coincides very nearly with my recollection. From his point of view it is as near the truth as is possible after so many years. He says he kept no diary and that his memory at the age of seventy-seven is defective, but evidently his memory is defective only about recent events—an infirmity which annoys all the relics of those stirring days. He gives the effective force under Major Clopper as two hundred and eighty men, which I am satisfied is a very fair estimate. He underestimated the numerical strength of Major Rogers' battalion, which he calls a

company, and there is something strange about his opinion of it. He says: "I feel that neither you nor I know accurately about its numbers. It is but little consequence anyhow; the Merrill Horse did the fighting except one volley fired by this militia company. I was close to this company when they formed in line in front of your ambush and I am positive they would not have numbered over fifty, and would swear my impressions were a less number. To me that militia company is a good deal of a myth. They appeared on the scene that morning for the first time; they made one appearance during the fight and then vanished into nothingness. I never heard of them before or after."

Major Rogers dismounted his battalion. I did not catch sight of his men during the action, they being too far to the left of my station to be seen through the thick brush. In talking with the boys who faced the infantry, as we called them, I found that they had a very contemptuous opinion of their opponents and if I remember correctly—and the scant notes I made shortly after the affair bear me out—two volleys, if not one, sufficed for them. I cannot account for the fact that our boys and a competent Federal officer should have the same identical opinion concerning this battalion, except as to numerical strength and both be wrong. When I began collecting material for this work and came across Major Clopper's official report I was astonished to find that he gave Major Rogers' loss as thirty-eight and his own only forty-five. The testimony of those living near the battlefield confirms the correctness of this total. Be it as it may, Captain Rowell is right when he says Merrill Horse did the fighting. The others were not a factor in the engagement. Lieutenant Gregory corroborates Captain Rowell's statement. He had been on picket duty all Thursday night and instead of breakfast next morning he spent an hour in sleep. In his dreams he saw a battle brought about

in which he received a severe but not fatal wound.[1] He says that at a house opposite the mill—he being with the advance—a boy cried out, "Hurry up, they are going to hang father." It is very probable that the boy was acting under our instructions. We didn't scruple using such means to deceive, and didn't believe it any harm to mislead the enemy at every turn. At the overtaking of Durkee and when the latter offered to surrender, "Kelsey," the lieutenant writes, "said, 'We take no prisoners,' and attempted to shoot him, but his revolver wouldn't go and the man slid off his horse and got into the woods." If this remark was made by Kelsey—and Durkee said a remark of this kind was made—it was made by Sergeant Kelsey, who died at Lansing some years ago, and not by Sergeant Edward P. Kelsey, now of Jersey City, because the latter led the advance guard and had passed Durkee before he offered to surrender.

Sergeant William Bouton, now of St. Louis, who has given me much valued information, writes: "A little of the story of the fight as I saw it; I carried the guidon on that day—a most useless office. A guidon is useless in bushwhacking or guerrilla fighting. The advance guard of about ten men was led by Sergeant E. P. Kelsey. E. D. Stillson, who was taken prisoner, and Ed. Funnell, who was killed, were in the advance. More damage was done in that first volley to our company than by all the rest, and our company suffered more than any other on that account. When your picket was driven

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[1]Such dreams were common during the war. In the fitful slumber between the hours of sentry duty the night before the battle of Wilson's Creek I dreamed that the enemy poured upon us at sunrise and in the bloody battle that followed I received a minie ball in the center of my forehead. I am the least superstitious person in the world and from my infancy have been a hardened infidel as to unlucky days, events and signs, but in spite of every effort I could not shake off the impression. The first part of my dream came true; that was a coincidence. Would the second part also prove to be a coincidence? Not necessarily, I reasoned. Every man near me was shot down and that, I reasoned, lessened my chances of being shot, but for two hours or more in the riot of carnage that spot in my forehead actually pained me. After a while the bullet came, but it split the sole of my shoe and the pain in my forehead wore away.

in and the advance rushed headlong after them the company followed at a trot. When we had crossed the causeway and reached the little log house on the left of the road both sections of the advance met. We moved up the road at a walk mounted. When the head of the column drew your fire there was a halt. About a dozen men in front dismounted without orders, took cover as best they could, where they could see something, and used their carbines in a way that compelled my admiration, as it did yours. You can credit that less than a dozen men—for part had to hold horses—with all the effective shooting that came from our side. I was at the middle of the company, had that guidon to hold, and could see nothing. Some of your bullets made fine music, and one came near enough so that I felt its breath. Company I came up soon in column of fours. The lieutenant in command, who had been a sergeant in the regular army, led them alongside of us in the small brush at the left of the road. I am sorry I cannot recall his name, for he was a good fellow and got wounded at the head of his company." [Second Lieutenant Lucien B. Potter was the only wounded commissioned officer in Company I.] "Other companies came up one at a time. One company attempted to pass farther to the left, among the tall brush, but it was too thick for them to keep in ranks and they fell into disorder. At last came our gallant major. He had not sweated his horse trying to be first at the fight. Soon his bugler sounded 'recall' and we fell back to the little log house. I was near enough to a group of officers discussing plans to hear the lieutenant of Company I beg the major to dismount his men and enter the brush before he got to your position; advance, creep, if necessary, and give his men some chance to fight. He would not take the advice. He had a plan of his own. He formed us in column and marched us slowly down that hill (no reb could make him run). 'Right turn!' along the edge of the marsh. 'Fours left wheel!' 'Halt!' 'Front!' and we sat there with our backs to the brush and our faces to

the open marsh in that sunny afternoon. By and by some stragglers came—there will always be stragglers from the best of troops—and told us that the rebs had gone. Then I was part of a detail sent over the ground to see if there were any wounded or any dead still there, or any property which we could bring off. I knew a good deal more of the character of the ground then than I had learned before. There was one butternut shot through the back whom Porter had failed to take along."

In a later letter Captain Rowell says: "We retired leisurely from the wooded eminence to the bottom lands. This was done to collect our forces, which were much scattered, and it was here that the 'rally' was sounded to call our forces together. It was while congregated in the bottoms referred to that our outposts reported that the enemy had left. I do not think that either hostile force was anxious to renew the engagement; I know that we were not, and from the alacrity with which you mounted and left the field without bidding us good-by I infer you were of the same opinion."

The History of Scotland County, which is generally very unfair to the Confederate side, says, page 520: "In this engagement there were eighteen Union soldiers killed outright, and five died within a few days from the effects of their wounds, making twenty-three in all, and all these were buried on the Maggard place, near where they fell. Some of them were disinterred and moved away by their friends, and the balance, thirteen in number, were afterwards taken up by order of the Government and interred in the National Cemetery at Keokuk, Iowa. * * * * The Confederate loss was small, as they fought on the defensive from a concealed position, and fled as soon as they were likely to be driven out into an open field fight. The discrepancy between the estimates of the strength of Porter's forces, as made by the neighbors in the vicinity of the fight, is somewhat amusing. The estimate of the Union sympa-

thizers is that given in the foregoing report (Major Clopper's), while the friends of Porter estimate his strength at less than one hundred and fifty men. But the writer is satisfied that the persons making this low estimate did not see Dunn's command at all. The Unionists lost thirteen horses killed, and a few others that were wounded and ran away, while the rebels had only two horses killed. William Purvis, who removed the dead horses from the field the day after the battle, relates that thirteen days after the fight he found a horse belonging to one of the Union soldiers, in a deep ravine near by. The horse was reined up and was 'as poor as a skeleton,' having had nothing on which to subsist during that time, but the leaves of the trees and the moisture caused by the dews. He took the horse to Memphis, and the letters which he found in the saddle bags enabled him to find the owner who was among the wounded then at the hospital at that place."

As for the likelihood of being "driven out into an open field fight," there never was the slightest danger of that and besides there was no open field as far as we could see in our rear, and we had no intention of being driven forward toward the enemy where there was an open field. Under the circumstances it was better for us to wait, and we waited. The idea of anybody estimating our strength by seeing us and not seeing "Dunn's command at all," is ridiculous. My relations with Colonel Porter were such that I knew exactly how many men we had all the time. We had a hundred and twenty-five men in this engagement and I am positive that this figure will not miss the number actually engaged over two either way.

The History of Shelby County, page 744, says: "The Federals—Merrill Horse—charged repeatedly, without avail, and if Rogers had not come up when he did, with the Eleventh, which he dismounted and put into the brush, they would have been driven from the field. As it was,

Porter retreated. The Federal loss in this engagement was not far from thirty killed and mortally wounded, and perhaps seventy-five severely and slightly wounded. Merrill Horse lost ten men killed and four officers and thirty-one men wounded. The Eleventh Missouri State Militia lost fourteen killed and twenty-four wounded. Among the killed was a Mr. Shelton, of Palmyra, and Captain Sells, of Newark, was badly wounded. Porter's loss was six killed, three mortally wounded, and ten wounded left on the field. Among the mortally wounded was Captain Tom Stacy, who died a few days afterwards. His wound was through the bowels, and he suffered intensely. He was taken to a house not far away and visited by some of the Federal soldiery, who did not abuse him or mistreat him. His wife and family lived in this county at the time. His widow, now a Mrs. Saunders, resides in the western part of the county. After the fight at Pierce's Mill, Colonel Porter moved westward a few miles, thence south through Paulville, in the eastern part of Adair County; thence southeast into Knox County, passing through Novelty, four miles east of Locust Hill, at noon on Saturday, July 19, *having fought a battle and made a march of sixty-five miles in less than twenty-four hours!* Many of his men were from Marion County, and some of them are yet alive who retain vivid remembrances of this almost unprecedented experience. It must be borne in mind, too, that for nearly a week previously it had rained almost constantly."

The Eleventh Missouri State Militia was partly recruited in Shelby County, and John F. Benjamin, one of its majors, was a resident of Shelbyville. We had only two men killed, one mortally wounded, and we took every wounded man from the field.

The Missouri Democrat of July 25, under several heavy headlines, one of which is "The Rebels Routed and Scattered," says: "On the 18th inst. Major John Y. Clopper,

in command of a detachment of Merrill Horse, about three hundred strong, and a detachment of Major Rogers's battalion, Eleventh Missouri State Militia, about one hundred strong, attacked and after a very severe fight entirely routed Porter and Dunn's combined bands of guerrillas, six hundred strong. The fight took place near Memphis, and was brought on by a small advance guard being fired upon by the enemy, who were concealed in a heavy brush and timber across the road, where they had halted and chosen the ground for their fight. They were immediately attacked by Major Clopper, and after a desperate conflict were completely driven from the field, leaving a large number of their dead and wounded on the ground. The severity of the fight is well illustrated by the fact that five successive charges across the open ground on the concealed enemy were repulsed and the sixth, resulting in a hand to hand struggle, in which one man of the Merrill Horse was killed by a blow with the stock of a musket across the back of the neck, breaking his neck. At the time the messenger left the ground all of our killed and wounded and missing had been found, amounting to eighty-three, and twenty-seven dead guerrillas had been discovered upon the field, yet the search among the thick brush for the dead and the wounded of the enemy had just commenced."

Major Clopper was, I think, generally considered by his superiors to be a good officer. General Schofield, in a dispatch to McNeil, dated July 11, says: "Major Clopper, of Merrill Horse, with about 400 men, is ordered to cooperate with you. He will reach Macon City Monday night. He is a fine officer and has an excellent battalion. He must not be trammeled by being placed under command of an incompetent officer. If you think it desirable to increase his force, send a battalion of Colonel Lipscomb's regiment, under command of one of the majors. This, I think, would be the better course in any case." [1]

[1] War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 13, page 467

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In his general report of operations in Missouri from April 10 to November 20, in speaking of a number of officers who "showed on numerous occasions gallant and officer-like qualities," General Schofield mentions Majors Clopper, Hunt and Caldwell.[1]

Notwithstanding this, Major Clopper made a botch of it at Vassar Hill. He sacrificed the lives of brave men to no purpose. Had he acted on the advice of Captain Rowell we would have mounted our horses earlier than we did. Desiring to know whether his subordinates held my view, I addressed a number of them on the subject. Mr. D. G. Harrington, who carries fifteen wounds and seven scars from lead for which I may have been responsible, and who cherishes no hard feelings and can shake the hand of him who wore the gray as well as of him who wore the blue—a sentiment that does him honor—thinks it unbecoming to criticize the ability of his officers. Sergeant Bouton says: "I was not in the confidence of Colonel Merrill and don't know what he thought of the major previous to the fight at Memphis. I don't know what sort of racket was worked by which his desirable absence was secured. I know he left us between the 28th of July and the 6th of August, and I did not hear that anybody cried. A printed muster roll of Company H, made during October or November, 1862, shows that his connection with the regimental staff had not been severed at that time. They began to muster in colored troops soon after that, but I never heard, until your first letter made the statement, that he ever became colonel of anything." Lieutenant Gregory says: "When Major Clopper ordered mounted men to charge in ambush I think he did not show good judgment." Captain Rowell says: "The general consensus of opinion in the regiment was that Clopper's management was bad, and that he uselessly sacrificed good men without understanding the position of the

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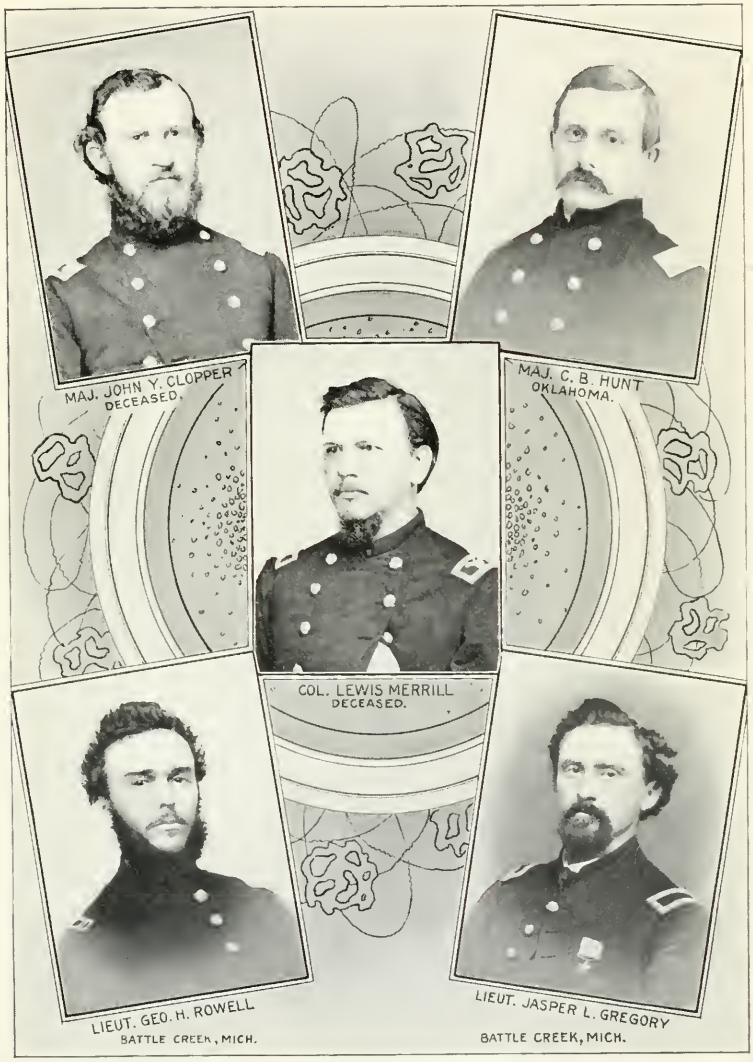
[1]War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 13, page 14.



OFFICERS OF MERRILL HORSE

enemy. We here understood that he died several years ago."

One week after the battle of Vassar Hill Colonel Merrill sent the following to Major Clopper: "Effect a junction with Shaffer and attack them before they unite. Do not delay too much in the matter. Pay more attention to your advance guard; make them more watchful and keep them better in hand, so that they do not dash in on the moment unsupported. If you find the enemy in brush or thick timber dismount and fight them on foot. Artillery would only cause enemy to scatter. I want them exterminated. Do not let your movement be too much delayed. If the enemy wants Renick, let them have it. Don't put too much faith in stories of conductors or scared runaways." [1]

I call this engagement the battle of Vassar Hill because it is commonly so called in Scotland County. The place has been called Vassar Hill since its first settlement by a man named Vassar. Philip Purvis owned and occupied it at the time of the battle. Colonel Porter called it the battle of Oak Ridge and many of our boys know it by that name. This designation is appropriate but not distinctive or local. The Federals call it the battle of Pierce's Mill. The mill is about a mile and a half northwest of the battle field. The Jacob Maggard farm, where the Federal soldiers were buried, was a mile and a half northeast of the battle field.

[1] War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 13, page 511.

CHAPTER IX

EDWARD D. STILLSON PRISONER

The horses of our company were nearest the road. The prisoner was brought up, furnished with a horse, and as I had already mounted, Colonel Porter directed that he be turned over to me. Telling him to follow me, I took a position on the road near the opening in the bushes through which the regiment would have to pass. Stillson was on my left. In the five minutes which elapsed before the head of the column came in sight I took a physical and mental inventory of the man: Anywhere from twenty-one to twenty-six years old; five feet, ten inches; one hundred and seventy-five pounds; full face, piercing but pleasant eyes, honest countenance, expression indicating force of character. Yank, if we are thrown together any length of time, we shall be friends and I am glad we've got you; your presence will be a divertissement in camp and on the march. When the regiment was riding in twos past us he was all attention. When the last man had passed I directed him to "fall in."

He looked up in astonishment.

"Are they all of you?"

"All; that is," apparently correcting myself, "all that are with us today."

"Great God! How'd you come to whip us?"

"We always come to whip the Federals. It's a habit we've got into."

"Do you know how many men we had?"

"No."

"There are five hundred men in our battalion of Merrill Horse, and with us was a battalion of militia numbering, I

think, about four hundred men. You haven't over a hundred and fifty."

"Not that many. We had a hundred and twenty-five men in the battle and that is the number which we are now following, our losses not quite equalling the number of camp guards. The remainder of our men—and we've got a plenty to give your men all the trouble you want—are not with us just now, but we may join them in a day or two."

I was sure that he over-estimated the number of his men, but I did not tell him so. In my younger days I delighted in nothing so much as teasing other people. I chaffed him unmercifully in reply to his every inquiry as to how we got the better of the fight and he seemed to be sorely puzzled. Presently he turned squarely on me; his earnest gaze aroused my sympathy and made me sorry for my levity.

"Will you answer me an honest question?"

"Yes."

"Were you ever under fire before?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never was. I want to know if we didn't fight well?"

"I know," said I, "exactly how you feel about it. My first battle was at Carthage, the fifth of July, last year. After it was over I was curious to know if it was really a battle. Our first lieutenant had served through the Mexican war. I asked him how it compared with the battles he had gone through and he said it was bigger than any fought by Taylor or Scott. Then I knew I had been in a battle. Now you wish to know if your men stood up to the racket. Well, let your mind be easy on that point. Your men fought well. Veterans would not have done any better; in fact, not always so well."

"Well, how is it, then, that you whipped us?"

"Because your commander is a fool."

"I thought Major Clopper was a very good man."

"I didn't mean to say that he is a fool. I should not have used that term. What I meant is: He does not understand this business, and we do."

He did not quite catch my meaning, but I gave no further explanation. I was heartily ashamed of myself for the word I used in speaking of his major and told him so.

"Oh, I understand that," he said. "How many men did you lose?"

"Two men killed; two men severely wounded, perhaps mortally; one or two slightly wounded."

"That all?"

"I think that's all. That's all I saw and I think I saw all our loss. Our company was in the thickest of it and we hadn't a man touched."

"Did you know what our loss was?"

"No, but from what I saw of the field after your men left it I am sure it was heavy."

"Really? How many men do you think we lost?"

"I do not know."

"Do you think we lost fifty?"

"I should say you lost more than fifty. Possibly you had as many as fifty men killed. At any rate I am sure your killed and wounded amounted to more than fifty."

"I cannot account for it."

I could. I was on the point of enlightening him when I saw the impropriety of giving information that might be used with advantage by the enemy. So I said:

"Did you ever figure on the relative merit of quality and quantity?"

"I don't know what you are trying to get at."

"Don't you acknowledge that one Southern soldier is equal to two Northern soldiers?"

"I do not. I should rather say that one Northern soldier is equal to two Southern soldiers."

"Did you ever see it demonstrated, or hear of it?"

"No, but Northern men are better physically. This comes of their more bracing climate and their habits of life: Labor on the one side, leisure on the other."

"That is a matter governed by facts of which I am inclined to think that neither you nor I have a clear conception. If, naturally, the Northern soldier is better than the Southern soldier, or the Southern soldier is better than the Northern soldier, there must be a reason for it. I don't care to go into that discussion now, but the point I wish to make is that the more principle there is behind the soldier the better soldier he is, and here we have all the advantage. Again, we are defending our homes and our property; you are invading and despoiling."

"I don't agree that you have the principle on your side. I contend that the principle is with us. The difference between invasion and defence is so small that it is not worth considering."

As I was only leading up to a question, I did not press the point.

"Do you know," I said, "that the newspapers and the Federal commanders of districts in Missouri are responsible for the reckless manner in which the Confederates or, as you term them, the guerrillas and bushwhackers, fight?"

"In what way?"

"By continually crying for blood, confiscation, the torch, no quarter for armed rebels, traitors, robbers, thieves, marauders, murderers, assassins, cut-throats, sneaks, cowards. Is that line of policy calculated to make passionate men observe the rules of civilized warfare? Did you ever hear of us paroling a prisoner?"

"No, I never heard of your taking a prisoner before now."

"Don't you know that we and every other body of rebel cut-throats always lose prisoners?"

"No."

"Don't you believe what the papers say of us?"

"There are a great many wild statements made, but I should hate to believe all of them are true."

"What do you expect we'll do to you?"

"I'll answer that question plainly and honestly. When my dead horse pinned me to the ground I called upon our men to relieve me. I know they heard me but no one came. On second thought I didn't blame them. The rain of bullets was terrible." I was about to interrupt him here to say that the rain of bullets was terrible only from his side, which fired a hundred bullets to our one, that our bullets were fired not for moral but for physical effect, but I restrained myself.

"In a slight lull in the firing the idea came to me to ask your men and I did. Presently a large man came with a stout stick. As he bent over me I got a good view of him. He seemed about thirty; had coarse black hair that hung over his shoulders, black mustache, coal-black eyes and rosy face. What I noticed particularly was a long black ostrich feather in his hat. His kind words of sympathy and musical voice strongly contrasted with his fierce look."

"Do you know that that man has been denounced in the papers as the blood-thirstiest cut-throat and murderer in North Missouri, and that, as a matter of fact, his ready, unerring revolver has carried terror into many a Federal squad?"

"Who is he?"

"Captain Stacy."

"Well, I know he's one of the gentlest men I ever met, and I'm sure one of the bravest. When he was trying to pry my horse up the storm of bullets was particularly furious. I don't see how it could have been greater, and yet he did not bat an eye. He made a great effort to lift my horse, but could not, and he dropped the stick and walked off. As he did not say anything in going, I thought he would come back but he did not."

"Possibly that was when he was shot."

"Was he shot?"

"Yes, and I'm afraid past recovery."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Well, as I was saying, and in reply to your question, I was much impressed by his manner. Again, when we were waiting in the road for your men to pass I carefully scanned the countenance of every man. I may not be the best judge, but I said to myself these men are not murderers. I am willing to trust you; I am willing to trust every man I saw ride past me. You can't make me believe I am not safe in the hands of your men."

In drawing this out of him I had no other motive than idle curiosity. I was not satisfied as to whether he was telling the truth or using diplomacy to make the best of what he thought a bad situation. I afterwards knew that he meant every word he said.

At this point in our conversation the Middle Fabius was reached. It was a mile or two above the ford on the Memphis and Kirksville road. The stream here was perhaps ordinarily fordable, but now it was swollen by recent rains. It was narrow enough to be spanned by a fallen tree, over which Colonel Porter walked. Others, carrying our little stores of ammunition, walked over on the log. I noticed Frank McAtee with a large pair of saddle bags over his shoulder carrying full seventy-five pounds of ammunition. He was seventeen years old, small for his age, and the load seemed heavy for the ticklish passage, but Frank was active, sure of foot, and got over bravely. It was not safe to walk the log, and lead one's horse. When Stillson and I, bringing up the rear, came to the Fabius three-fourths of the men were on the opposite shore and the stream was full of swimming horses and their riders and the remainder were preparing for the plunge. The situation was of some interest to me. I had heard it said that some horses were incapable of swimming. I knew that some men were, and I was

one of them. I also knew that Charlie had never been in swimming water. I was ashamed to ask anybody to lead my horse while I walked the log, and besides the prisoner had to be looked after. There was no alternative, the trial had to be made. I found courage in the thought that Charlie had never failed me in anything, and he wouldn't be Charlie if he failed me now. And he did not. Stillson enjoyed the incident as much as anybody. The crossing was made without accident and with but little delay. Captain Tom Stacy had been left at Bible Grove, where he died two days later. Every wounded man, except Sam Griffith, was able to swim over unaided. Even with the help of two comrades it was a nervy thing for Sam to attempt, weak and faint as he was from loss of blood, but he had the necessary nerve and more.

Our gait had been a moderate trot, but now we quickened it considerably in order to reach a suitable place for feeding before dark. It was half an hour to sunset when we drew up in an ideal spot for a meeting had the enemy been hot on our trail. The word was passed around that we should have a hard night's march and therefore horses must be unsaddled and well rubbed down; further, that a load of corn would be in camp by sundown.

The prisoner was assigned to two guards for the night as soon as the camp was reached. After the unsaddling about a dozen of us crowded around him.

"Boys," said I, "this is Mr. Edward D. Stillson, of Battle Creek, Michigan, late of Company I, Merrill Horse, but now of Colonel Porter's regiment, Confederate States Army."

"How do you do, Mr. Stillson?" said Jim Lovelace, bowing low with mock gravity. "Welcome to Missouri. May you never leave it. Hungry? We'll have supper in a minute—maybe."

Very few in the crowd were in the humor for jollying. Myself excepted, not one had ever before seen a Federal soldier made prisoner. They were hot and resentful over

the vile epithets heaped upon us by the press and the soldiery and over the threats to hang us on the nearest tree or to shoot us down like dogs on capture and they proposed to tell this prisoner what they thought of it. Half a dozen or more began, but that was a waste of words and all dropped out except the most forceful and fluent talker.

"What did you want to come to Missouri for? Did Missourians ever interfere with the people of Michigan? Why can't you let us alone? There's not a county in the State which has not been a scene of murders, robberies, house-burning and other infamous crimes by the cowardly, blood-thirsty militia. Is it the purpose of your people to come here and continue the horrible work?"

After a little more on this line the speaker gave a ten minutes' analysis of the Southern view of what led to the war and of the present attitude of the two parties in the struggle. It was a fair presentation of facts, but was made with so much feeling that invective almost obscured argument. Had it been an interesting discourse upon a non-irritating subject, Stillson could not have given it a more respectful attention.

"Men," he replied, "I admit the justice of a good deal of what you say. But the points you make and which I admit cut but little figure in the case as we view it. For the sake of argument I might admit much more and still the case as we view it would be but little affected. If as you say the North was more responsible for slavery than the South, ought I be deprived of my voice in the disposition of the issue as it exists now because my ancestors or the ancestors of my neighbor did wrong? But to put it more directly: If, as you say, sentiment of the North is a menace to the institutions of the South and we are wrong in that, are we still wrong when, in an issue which overshadows that issue, which overshadows all issues, we stand for what we believe to be the best for us, the best for you, the best for the whole

country? We are for the Union of all the States. The preservation of the Union is regarded as our highest duty and the only test of patriotism. It is worth all the sacrifice we can make. We are willing to give to it our last man and our last dollar. It is not a war of conquest, it is not a war of hate, not a war of section against section; it is a war for the preservation of the Union. For the sake of peace we are willing to surrender everything but the Union, and we will never surrender that. You men make a grievous mistake if you think the North will ever consent to the disruption of the Union. This war can have only one ending; we have the men and the resources, and we are bound to win."

I was then an intense partisan of the South; I am today. Stillson's words gave me an impression of the people of the North different from what I had before and they were the beginning of that change in sentiment that has made me equally a partisan of every section of this country. I believe I was the only listener who noted what he said. The others seemed to note only how he said it. They only saw a manly man, earnest, sincere, respectful, yet yielding nothing.

"Damn a man," said the ringleader, "who won't stand up for his own side. Yank, do you play cards?"

"Euchre is about the only game I play."

"Who's got a deck?"

Everybody but me, who was an indifferent player, made a rush to get in the game with the Yank. The ringleader with a series of vigorous but good-natured kicks and cuffs narrowed the list to the requisite three, appropriating to himself the partnership with the Yank. One of the guards insisted that by virtue of his position he had the right to a hand in the game.

"Get out;" said the ringleader, "you ain't a circumstance."

"If I can't play I'll take the prisoner over to the other end of the camp."

"Scat, you are no guard. Whoever heard of a guard without a gun?"

"If Bill and I haven't got our guns, we are responsible for the prisoner."

"Well, if you are responsible, you stand behind Henry and let Bill stand behind Jack and see that they don't cheat the Yank. And remember that the first duty of a Southern gentleman is hospitality; so after the game you go up to Captain Hickerson's restaurant and bring him a tenderloin steak cooked rare, with truffles and two bottles of claret—don't forget the claret, the Yank is no Puritan I bet you—and if you can tote it bring me an extra bottle."

The good nature of these remarks appeared to greatly amuse Stillson. In a moment, however, he became more sober and said:

"Men, there is one more word that I want to say. You spoke of the behavior of the militia of this State. I know but little of your local conditions, but I should hang my head with shame if I ever heard of Michigan men being guilty of an inhuman act."

"Put it thar," said the ringleader, affecting the backwoods pronunciation, and extending his hand. Stillson took it readily but winced with the severity of its grip.

The game was a spirited one. The four men were well matched. Stillson made two or three adroit plays that gave him and the ringleader the first five points.

"Two Confeds let a Yank beat 'em. Well, I'd sneak out of sight if a Yank beat me at anything—even running. Boys, suppose the Yank was as slick with his gun as he is with his cards, wouldn't he be an ugly customer?"

The word to saddle horses was passed along.

"Yank," said the ringleader, "I am sorry to break up this pleasant game. I don't know when I had a better one."

"I have enjoyed it, myself, I assure you."

"I say, Yank, can you ride a horse?"

"Of course I can."

"If I ask you that question tomorrow morning I'm not sure you will give me the same answer."

"Why not?"

"Because you are going to ride tonight as you never rode before."

"Tonight?"

"That's what I said. See any signs of camping?"

"No."

"I say, Yank."

"Well."

"Had your breakfast?"

"Yes."

"Had your dinner?"

"No."

"Had your supper?"

"No."

"Think you'll get your breakfast tomorrow morning?"

"I hope so."

"Say 'No' if you want to guess right."

"What?"

"Now, Yank, don't worry. I don't know when it will be, but you'll get the first bite that comes to this gang if I have to go hungry."

CHAPTER X

THAT FURIOUS RIDE

The twilight had deepened perceptibly before we resumed the march. In half an hour the gait was struck which, with two interruptions of about ten minutes each for changing guides, was maintained until sunrise—a rapid swinging trot. The darkness was impenetrable. No sound was heard except the monotonous, muffled stroke of the horses' feet upon the cushioned ground and the low but audible signals, at intervals, between the men of each company to prevent straggling. Stillson caught the spirit and in the same tone he would, when he thought it necessary, cry out, "Guards!" and the answer, from a few feet away, would be, "Here." After a suitable time it would be, "Yank!" "Here." These sounds were so weird that Tom Moore called out: "Whip-poor-will." and received a sharp reprimand from Captain Penny for the unnecessary noise.

Major Clopper in his official report has as an excuse for not starting on our pursuit until near noon Saturday that "the forced marches I have been compelled to make and the bad condition of the roads and constant rainy weather have had the effect of exhausting my horses and men." The weather must have been kinder to us. The roads were in a fair condition for travel: soft enough to deaden the noise from the horses' feet and generally firm enough to maintain a good, easy footing. While our march was not "forced" by Major Clopper, we did not creep. I do not think it an exaggeration to say that with the exception of less than a dozen no better horses than ours could have been found anywhere. For ten years the hardy native horses

had been improved by the best blood of Kentucky. And the men? Well, they rode their own horses, they knew how to ride, they wasted few bullets and they laughed at fatigue and hunger.

Colonel Switzler in his History of Missouri, page 413, says we "retreated South, and in less than twenty-four hours were at Novelty, Knox County, sixty-four miles distant." On the same page, in speaking of the general features of the campaign, he says, "we come to the extraordinary pursuit of, and brilliant skirmishes and bloody fights with, the partisan bands of secessionists led by Colonel Jo. C. Porter." Colonel Switzler was an estimable gentleman; from my first acquaintance with him, in 1871, to the date of his death he was a valued friend, but the accuracy of his historical statements is impaired somewhat by the intensity of his sentiment during the war.

This criticism has reference to his statement on the same page that we "were driven from ambush" at Pierce's Mill, and almost every statement about Colonel Porter's transactions. However, he was much fairer than the majority, and he always aimed to be fair.

Whether we were near Novelty, sixty-four miles distant, or not I do not know, as it was impossible for us to tell whether we were going in a straight line or not, but we were without doubt making good time. Shortly after sunrise guides were changed with but little time lost and scarcely a break in our gait. The word was passed down the line for the men to get what sleep they could by relays in each company, the sleepers to be watched to prevent unconscious drawing of the rein and consequent dropping out of ranks, and that there would be no halt during the day. And on we went.

About an hour, or possibly two hours, before daybreak Sunday morning we left the road—we were only a few miles south or southeast of Newark—and went up a short but

rather steep incline into the thick bushes. Without unsaddling we threw ourselves upon the ground and for an hour or two slept the sleep of the just. In scaling the hill Davis Whiteside was forcibly dismounted by a grapevine, and when he arose, so dense was the darkness, he was unable to find his horse. We went only a few yards further. At daylight Davis found the animal standing by the hanging vine. We were well on our way before sunrise; so that, except at Vassar Hill, there was practically no stop from daylight Friday until eight o'clock Sunday morning. We halted for three hours at a most suitable place for a rest or a fight—a point the colonel never overlooked. It was in the vicinity of Whaley's Mill and about three miles east of Colonel Porter's home. Here we had breakfast and a good feed for our horses.

"Yank," said the ringleader to Stillson, "I haven't had the chance to talk with you for a couple of days. How are you, anyhow?"

"All right, but tired."

"Tired? Really? What's the matter, been sick lately?"

"Oh no, just a little tired."

"Tired of what? Anybody been treating you bad?"

"No, but it strikes me you've been moving since I've been with you."

"Call that moving? Well, if you stay with us many days longer you may see moving that is moving. But the funny part is that our little ride should make anybody tired. See the boys dancing over there? They aren't tired. Come over here, boys, and cheer up the Yank."

"Durn your dancing," said Jack, "the Yank's got to play euchre: I want revenge."

"You won't get it then. Don't you see there are twenty men dying to play cards with the Yank? Yank and I can beat any two in camp, but I'm going to drop out. Let the other fellows have a chance. I say, Yank, you are going to

get your breakfast in about an hour—call it dinner if you like, or supper if you prefer. Now I want to give you a pointer that may be of help to you sometimes. You aren't hungry, I know—had your breakfast Friday morning, so you said—but it's kind o' uncertain when you'll get breakfast again. What I want you to do is to eat enough to last a week if the grub holds out, and I guess it will. 'Twont hurt you. We all do it. There ain't a man in camp that can't make out with one meal a week when necessary."

"What's that you are telling me?"

"The straight truth. See any of our boys grabbing for grub to cook for themselves? I want you to try it. I don't want you to go away from us feeling that we didn't treat you the best we knew how."

"I shall certainly not do that, and I shall remember your suggestion."

Leaving twenty or thirty of the boys dancing around the card players Captain Penny and I went to call upon the colonel. We found him alone, Captain Marks having just quit him.

"Pretty little fight, Colonel," said Captain Penny.

"Wasn't it a good one? Didn't we do them up nicely? Now, Captain, you see the force of what I told you ten days ago about fighting four times our numbers. There were perhaps more than three to one. The prisoner tells me that they had nearly eight to one, but he's mistaken. If they had five to one the outcome would have been the same. You now begin to see why I do not want many men with me."

"Think it necessary to ride so hard to get away from the force we met Friday?"

"I'm not getting away from them. I'd rather give them another turn than to get away from them at this price. No; on second thought I'll take that back. I don't see that anything could be gained by giving them a second lesson even were it as good as the first. However, I am not mak-

ing this ride to get away from them. I have two reasons for it. Without the situation changes before I leave here I shall make a roundabout run to some miles beyond Florida. If my arrangements connect at two or three points the business for which I deflect from a nearly straight line can be done with only a few minutes' delay at each point and the run will be about a forty hours' one. I shall stay over in that neighborhood a day or two, perhaps two or three days, owing to what changes I may find in the condition of recruiting from that already reported. If two or three days, the Federals will surely find out where we are and perhaps they will do so in a shorter time. At present they are as ignorant of our whereabouts as the Missouri militia men are of moral law. The main reason I made this rapid march is that it is a good object lesson. It may teach the Federals that they must put a regiment into each county to stop me from recruiting in North Missouri."

"Colonel," I said, "I heard the boys laughing at one of our men who lost his head and fired before orders were given. He had no time to reload before the Federal was on him. In his excitement he brained the horseman with his clubbed musket. The next disobedience of orders might not result so fortunately. Don't you think it would be a good plan to take us into battle, sometimes at least, with unloaded guns and let us stand several volleys before loading? It would be hard on raw men but it would be, I think, the best discipline for them."

"I do think it a good plan and I shall adopt it wherever practicable."

An escort now came up to accompany the colonel on a visit to his home and we took our leave. We found Stillson apparently trying his best to obey the instructions of the ringleader to eat enough to last a week and without any delay we proceeded to do likewise. The meal was an excellent one for the occasion.

The commissary had furnished us plentifully with fat side bacon, ground coffee, flour and salt. Slices from the first were either fried or scorched in the flame at the end of a hazel switch; the coffee was boiled without too much water and the other ingredients were mixed with water and cooked, bannock fashion, on a griddle. The cooking was not the best, as none of our boys could have made fame, or even wages, as a chef; but the delightful air, the beautiful landscape, the scent of the walnut leaves, the boisterous good nature of the boys, our rapid transit and several other things, had whetted our appetites and made the repast a most inviting one.

"If you don't eat hearty, Yank, we'll think you don't like us," said the ringleader.

"I do like you and, by your criterion, I'm proving it."

When the word came to saddle our horses knew what was expected of them, and we knew they were ready. Sunday night, all day Monday, all night Monday night, with but few short stops, the furious ride was continued until sunrise Tuesday morning, when it was ended by the fight at Florida.

CHAPTER XI

BATTLE OF FLORIDA

It was just light enough to distinguish the outline of the covered wooden bridge across the North Fork of the Salt River when we reached it about four o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, July 22, after what, had it not been for three stops of about twenty minutes each, would have been a continuous run of thirty-three hours. If a single inhabitant of the little village of Florida, the birthplace of Mark Twain, had ended his peaceful slumber he made no sign. We passed through rapidly and noiselessly. The South Fork of Salt River by the road is about a mile from the North Fork and, like the latter, was at that day spanned by an old wooden bridge boarded up on the sides and covered up by a shingled roof. The village is somewhat nearer the North Fork. Instead of crossing the bridge we went to the ford above, watered our horses and bearing off up the narrow valley a hundred yards, dismounted for a short encampment.

Colonel Porter sent Captain Hickerson, the commissary, with a guard of three or four men back to the village for supplies. It was just sunrise when the commissary and rear guards met on the street, and almost immediately they were fired upon by a detachment of Major Caldwell's battalion of the Third Iowa Cavalry. Captain Hickerson's horse was wounded slightly and in the excitement following the surprise young Fowler, of Captain Stacy's company, was captured. Our men gave a hurried volley and came down on the run. Colonel Porter ordered a rapid move on foot against the enemy and directed Captain Penny to take twenty well mounted men and harrass their flank and rear.

"Mudd, you have the best horse in the regiment. Come on."

"Captain, my horse struck lame about an hour ago, and I find a patch of skin knocked off his fore ankle."

"Well, you and Vansel and McAtee fall in with the men on foot."

I had exaggerated the lameness a trifle. I had never been under fire on horseback and the idea didn't impress me very pleasantly, but my main objection was my solicitude for Charlie. I had petted him from the day he was born. We understood each other so well and were such good friends. I was afraid I would lose my patriotism if he were killed. Captain Penny with our company, less the three, galloped up the main road, and we took a short cut through the woods on a double quick. Some man up the line suggested that, "Like as not, Captain Penny will strike those fellows before we get there."

"Let us see, then," answered his neighbor, "that he doesn't."

And the race began. Our three had lost a little time on account of Captain Penny's detail and we had to bring up the rear. The wooded hill was a little heavy, but we soon scaled it and reaching the flat made a dead run toward the enemy. They had hastily formed on the far side of a narrow street or alley, in the edge of the village next to our line of approach. The head of our column struck their right and our rear had to run across to take position on their left. Their fire was a little sharp, but from our point we could not see that any damage was done.

A rail fence ran perpendicularly to the line of battle and we had to cross it to take our place. One or two bounded over it; the next man jerked off the rider and leaped over, followed by two or three. Then one tugged at the stake as if to make a gap for an easy passage, but concluding he hadn't time, sprang over and on. A man was standing by

watching the maneuvers in a fever of impatience. Judging by his wrinkled features and the color of his hair and ten days' growth of beard he was between sixty-five and seventy years old. The map of Ireland was written all over his face. I had seen him in camp, but I have forgotten his name if I ever knew it. He was a good card player, and expert jig dancer; considering his age, not bad on a song, and his droll wit and unfailing good humor made him popular with everybody. He had a white clay pipe in his mouth, the stem not over two inches long and at which he puffed vigorously. Seeing that the indecision of the men as to whether they would jump over the fence or lay down a gap was wasting valuable time, he took the pipe out of his mouth, emitted a huge expectoration and blurted out:

"Tear the fince all to hill."

While at the fence it was told us that the Federals had called out to us not to shoot, that they belonged to our command and then immediately fired a volley into us, killing Captain Marks, our quartermaster. I was too far away to hear this from the enemy and after the engagement made considerable inquiry, but could find nobody who knew the report to be true. True or false, it caused some demoralization among a part of our men. At the fence McAtee became separated from us and went to about the center. He was only a few steps away from Captain Marks when he was shot. The captain died instantly, the bullet striking him near the center of the forehead. He was a good officer and a very estimable gentleman; quiet, dignified, clean of speech and gentle. I have forgotten where his home was.

Our right extended six or eight feet beyond their left and very near the home of Dr. Johnson, showing that we outnumbered then slightly. Ben Vansel was the end man and I the next. To our left was a company of which no member was known to Ben or myself. Somehow I got the impression that it was from the Blackfoot country in Boone

County, but I had no opportunity to verify its correctness.[1] The enemy's fire was fierce, but the men on our left were not firing and Ben commented on it, wonderingly. Before he finished speaking, two young ladies ran out of a house near by—that of Dr. Johnson—right into the thickest of the flying bullets, waving their handkerchiefs and shouted in enthusiastic excitement:

"Hurrah for Jeff Davis! Give it to 'em, my brave boys; give it to 'em."

It was a novel and inspiring sight. Ben and I stopped to enjoy it a while. The Blackfoot men seemed amused but did not heed the exhortation.

The two girls were Miss Lucy Young, the daughter of the Rev. John F. Young, who lived adjoining Dr. Johnson on the east, and Miss Sue Johnson, sister of Dr. Johnson. Both have been dead many years, but Miss Young has a sister, Miss Lizzie Young, still living in Florida.

A low rail fence was in front of us. Forty feet distant and a little obliquely to my left stood the end man of the Federals. I never knew that I had killed a man. Here was a chance. The impulse seized me much to my amazement. He had a rosy face, blue eyes, pleasant countenance, six feet high, well built and erect. Perhaps he was the favorite or only son of his parents—perhaps of a widowed mother. I brought up all these things to drive off the impulse, but it wouldn't go. I might have driven it away had not that white horn button, an inch in diameter, holding together the

[1]This was a mistake. Hon. C. C. Turner, presiding justice of the Boone Court, sends me forty-two names, including his own, as a partial list of the Blackfoot Rangers, under command of Captain Frost and Lieutenant Bowles, and says they joined Porter "about July 26." Comrade C. H. Hance, city treasurer of Los Angeles, California, sends seven names, including his own, as having gone from the vicinity of Renick, Randolph County, to join Frost's company in Boone County. This list includes one name in the list of forty-two. He mentions the same incidents as Judge Turner, but does not give the date on which the company joined Porter. I well remember the date. It was the morning of Sunday, July 27. Until the receipt of this information I did not know that the Blackfoot Rangers and Captain Frost's company were the same. The names are given in Appendix K. So the Blackfoot Rangers were not in the engagement at Florida, and I have failed to learn the identity of the company I thought was the Blackfoot.

MISS LUCY YOUNG

waistband of his trousers, mocked me. It seemed to laugh at me and say:

"You can't."

Grasping the slender fence stake in my left hand to give a firm rest to the barrel of my musket, I took a careful sight, saying:

"Ben, watch me drive that fellow's breeches button clear through him."

Ben's gun was a carbine. He lowered it and stood watching me. As I was about to pull trigger the man next me ran up, snatched my arm from its rest, saying:

"They are our men."

Loosening his hold, without saying a word, I quickly recovered my gun rest and aim. He repeated his maneuver and I mine. He played his act the third time, asserting more and more vehemently that they were our men. I became furious. Knocking him sprawling with my clenched fist, I yelled out:

"I don't care a damn if they are; they are shooting at us and I'm going to shoot at them. Don't you see," addressing his fellows, "that while those men are in their shirt sleeves every one of them has on pale blue trousers? How many of our men have on pale blue trousers?"

This seem to them to be reasonable and a number of them began firing. A young lady ran out of the house of a Mr. Wilkerson in our front, and mounting the stile around which our bullets were raining, shouted: "They are running like dogs; give it to them, boys." This was Miss Vena A. Riddle, who taught in the school near by, though she seemed too young for a teacher. We soon found that she was right and that the enemy were running. As soon as I could I caught my aim, but by this time their whole line was in rapid retreat. I fired at my man and missed him. He and four or five others ran in the direction of where there were eight good horses hitched to a fence. The main body had

gone obliquely to our left. I suggested to Ben that we head off the little squad and get the horses. He readily agreed and we jumped over the low fence, scaled two high board fences that marked two right-angle boundaries of the yard of Mr. Wilkerson's home, and which we could have avoided by bearing to the left, which course, however, would have thrown us in the line of a hot fire. When the Federals saw we were running to intercept them they evidently thought we were the advance of a larger force and they turned sharply to the left and quickly joined the flying main body. This left the field clear for Ben and me, and we thought surely the Blackfoot men would stop firing, at least in our direction, but they poured another volley into us and the bullets whistled uncomfortably close to our ears.

"Ben, I don't believe I want those horses—at the price."

"I'm sure I don't."

We went back faster than we came. When we got to our place in line Ben said:

"Do you know why our men fired on us?"

"No, do you?"

"Yes, it was because you have on that Federal blouse."

"Sure enough; that comes of being caught with stolen goods. This blouse and this musket belong to the Memphis militia. The blouse is more comfortable for hot weather than my coat. I ought to have pulled it off before coming, as I did at the fight last Friday, but I forgot it. I shall be more careful and wear it only in camp or on the march hereafter."

"I tell you what I think," said Ben.

"What?"

"That there are a number of girls in this village that would like mighty well to be boys now. I bet you they'd make the Yankees see sights."

"Wasn't it fine, Ben? I saw Mrs. Sharp do the same thing at Wilson's Creek last year, but I was too far away

to take it all in. These were young tots beside her, but they had the spirit all right. I should like to take each one by the hand and tell them so."

"Of course, a boy like you would."

"Why not?"

"Mudd, it was too bad that fellow jerked your arm away. I knew you could do what you said. When you put your eye down the barrel it was as still as death."

"Ben, I don't think I ever missed a target in my life. But now that it's over, I'm glad that the Blackfoot did pull my arm away. I don't know him but I'm going to look him up and tell him I'm glad he did it. I don't wish to know that I have killed a human being. I can not account for my desire to shoot the Federal. Had I succeeded, I feel that I should never forgive myself. Ben, I'm awfully ashamed for losing my temper and using the language I did. You can count all the oaths I ever let slip on the fingers of one hand. I think it an abominable habit. Think, too, of swearing when bullets are flying around you. I knew a man, the first lieutenant of the Callaway Guards, Company A of my regiment, at Wilson's Creek last August, who couldn't speak a sentence without four or five oaths. He had his right side to the Federals, his right arm raised over his head grasping his sword, the oaths rolling off his tongue, when a cannon ball struck him just below the armpit, cutting him nearly in two.[1] It was a fearful sight."

Miss Riddle, now postmistress at Huntington, Ralls County, writes: "I was teaching at Florida and boarding at Mr. Wilkerson's. Very early in the morning I was awakened by Mrs. Wilkerson, who said there was trouble in town. Mr. Wilkerson had gone out to ascertain the cause

[1]The same ball decapitated Isaac Terrill and wounded three men. Terrill and I made all the cartridges used by our regiment that day. Each contained nine bullets. There were issued to each man a hundred cartridges and a gallon of bullets, with orders to pour down a handful after ramming the cartridge home.

of the alarm. Swift horsemen seemed to be going up and down the main street. We went into the garden for a while, but the 'zip, zip' of the minie balls over our heads convinced us that the house was a better place. It was all so unexpected—so sudden that I do not think I am capable of giving a correct account; not an entire one, at least. Two Federals walked through our open hallway and one fired out eastward. I think it must have been at our boys, who were trying to get the horses hitched at the board fence south of Dr. Goodier's place." [Miss Riddle is mistaken in this. The firing was at Captain Hickerson's commissary guard. The horses were left undisturbed until the action was over. Ben Vansel and I made the first attempt to get them and failed.] I tried to take in the situation. I put my head out of my window but drew it in when a clothes line a few feet away was cut in two by a minie ball. Presently I thought I saw signs of the Federals giving away and I ran out to the stile and told the boys that the Federals were running. It was said that I used a swear sword, but that was an exaggeration. It was with me as if we had escaped a horrible death. We were right between the two fires. I heard Lieutenant Hartman say, 'Come on, I am your friend,' and immediately after he fired, and I think he killed Captain Marks. I think it was the next year that Hartman came through Florida on some business. He wished to get his dinner and have his horse fed, but he failed to get either. Shortly after the battle I saw a man without a coat and he seemed to be sick. I asked a friend to give him a coat, but he was afraid of being charged with 'aiding and abetting rebels,' so I bought the coat and presented it to the coatless one. Lucy told me that she saw the Yankees retreating, many of them two on a horse. One of your men named Baker was shot in the jaw and too badly hurt to travel, and there was one wounded Federal left on the ground. We took the two to the church and treated them both alike, taking delicacies and flowers

every day. Baker had to be fed principally on soup. Uncle Robert Goodier had charge of them and attended them day and night, but the ladies visited them several times each day. One day the Federals came and made Baker take the oath. I asked him if he were going to keep it. He said, 'Yes, I'm going to keep it. I'm going to be loyal to the Union until I am able to ride. I shall then change my allegiance, as the United States laws recognizes my right to do, swear fealty to the Confederacy and fight 'em again. Had they paroled me I should have kept it until exchanged.' The older boys used to teach two little fellows about four years old, named Dolph Johnson and Brit Hickman, to climb the fence and cry 'Hurrah for Jess Davis' whenever the Federal soldiers came through, which was sometimes daily. Captain Marks and young Fowler were buried in the graveyard on the Florida hills and my brother thinks the citizens afterwards placed a monument on the captain's grave. Lucy Young and I were dear friends and so were Lucy and Sue Johnson. My parents were natives of Virginia, but I am proud of my native State—Missouri."

Miss Lizzie Young writes: "What you have written about the girls in the fight here is correct, as that is the way I have always heard it. I was small at that time, being younger than my sister, although I remember the morning of the fight quite well. Captain Marks was killed in my father's orchard; also one man wounded there, but I have forgotten his name. One wounded Federal was found in Dr. Goodier's henhouse. The wounded rebel was taken to our home, but in the afternoon both men were taken to the church and cared for by the citizens until able to be moved. Several persons now living here remember the fight, but they were quite young. Two old ladies are still here, Mrs. Jane Goss and Mrs. N. J. Davidson. The younger ones have all married except myself. They are M. A. Violette, Mrs. Mary B. Vandeventer, Mrs. Sallie C. Richart and Mrs. B. D.

Pollard. The picture of my sister is a poor copy of one taken eleven years after the battle. I could not find the original. She was a strong rebel. She gave Captain Hickerson a small silk rebel flag when he was taking breakfast at my father's, just after the battle. The Federals killed young Fowler just beyond the school house when they began to retreat. He and Captain Marks are buried here."

One of the captains inquired of Colonel Porter if the retreating enemy should be followed.

"No, if we engaged their whole force I don't care to pursue them; nothing could be gained by it. If we fought only the advance, the remainder may come up and if they do they will find us ready. We couldn't catch them on foot and it would take too much time to get our horses."

We were ordered to take position behind the church and the school house and keep well out of sight of the road by which the Federals retreated and on which they would be likely to appear in the event of another attack. Half an hour later pickets were sent out and we were directed to break ranks and return to camp. I loitered a little and presently I noticed a crowd that seemed to be under some excitement. I went into it and found it was hemming in two Federal prisoners just sent in by Captain Penny and I soon learned the cause of the trouble. When young Fowler was captured he was put under our fire and when the Federals started to retreat a revolver was rammed into his face and he was shot dead in full sight of his two brothers. The two Fowlers were in a frenzy of passion and were demanding that the prisoners be immediately hung in retaliation. Their friends resolutely joined in the demand and nearly every one present voiced his approval. Fate seemed black for the prisoners. One of them, Samuel Creek, of Company F, vouchsafed not a word. He was the coolest and apparently the most unconcerned man on the ground. He was a good looking, well built young man of about twenty-

five years. His eye moved slowly over the crowd of angry men, but his pulse never quickened and the color in his face never dimmed. The other prisoner, Robert E. Dunlap, was Creek's opposite in shape and temperament. Three inches taller, he weighed less; hatchet face and eagle nose. Angular and awkward, he was a bundle of nerves. His quick glance shot here and there with an intensity painful to witness. He seemed to take in everything done, said and even thought. He was talking to save his neck. His face, white with emotion, bespoke intelligence and kindness and when he turned his handsome blue-gray eye full upon you his earnest appeal for mercy—not craven but manly—stirred your deepest sympathy. All in vain. He might as well have tried to stem the hurricane by whistling against it. Young Fowler was a model boy; his two brothers were handsome, intelligent, educated and popular. Stacy's men had one will in this matter and it was for vengeance. Dunlap's knees shook and his voice faltered, but with a powerful effort he controlled his momentary weakness and continued his desperate fight for his life.

"Men," he said, "I can't blame you for how you feel in this matter. I admit you have the right to retaliate. The laws of war justify it. But is it fair? I tell you, men, it is hard for us to suffer death for the crime of another man. Neither of us had anything to do with the murder of the prisoner. I abhor such a crime. My record in the army has been an honorable one. I have never done a thing I should be ashamed for any of you to know. Now, men, put yourselves in our places: How would you like to suffer a disgraceful death for something for which you are not responsible? My last appeal to you is that if you will retaliate on us, shoot us, don't hang us."

Since then I have heard the great orators and actors of the country; have witnessed the most exciting events of the Confederate and Federal Congresses; listened to the pleas of

famous advocates in notable trials, but I have never witnessed a more dramatic incident; I never heard a more forceful appeal. But Dunlap's talk was still the whisper against the tornado.

The growing cry for vengeance was hushed by the approach of Colonel Porter. Edging his way into the crowd he asked the cause of the excitement. One of the Fowlers told him. He turned sharply on Dunlap.

"What is the name of the man who killed Fowler?

"Lieutenant Hartman."

"Did you see him do it?"

"Yes, sir; just as he gave the command to retreat he drew his revolver and shot the prisoner."

"What command do you belong to?"

"The Third Iowa Cavalry."

"Major Caldwell's battalion?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is Major Caldwell?"

"He was at Paris yesterday."

"I'll find him. I know Major Caldwell. He is a good soldier and a gentleman. I'll send him a flag of truce this afternoon and demand of him the surrender of Lieutenant Hartman. I shall hold you two men as hostages for the delivery of Hartman. If that is refused, we will then string you up. But I know Major Caldwell will do what is right. He is an honorable man."

That settled it. Creek's countenance showed the same unconcern. The drawn lines in Dunlap's face relaxed; his breathing became easy. The high tension was broken. He spoke not a word, but his eye told his gratitude. He peered anxiously into many faces as if searching for sympathy. He got it, but there was no revelation that he recognized the fact.

There was something in Colonel Porter's manner which told me the affair was settled for good. The next morning

but one it was reported that the flag of truce brought back the news that Lieutenant Hartman had been wounded in the engagement and that he had died. I learned a little later from fountain head that no flag of truce had left our command, but I kept the information to myself.

Lieutenant Cravin Hartman served until the end of the war, despised and hated by his own men and brother officers. One of the latter writes me that "it was reported and generally believed that Lieutenant Hartman died with his feet about one yard off of and above the ground, which was quite appropriate, some place in Arkansas." Another writes to the same effect. Two or three years after the war I was told by a Federal Captain who had been my schoolmate and who knew Hartman in the army, that he was satisfied Hartman was killed by his own men. He was sure that they would have shot him in battle if the opportunity had come for it to be done without detection.

Lieutenant Stidger is now living in Colorado. Samuel Creek is now a respected citizen of Fairfield, Iowa. Dunlap died two years ago in Keosauqua, Iowa. Their names were given—I had forgotten them—by Captain B. F. Crail, county surveyor, Fairfield, Iowa, who was a sergeant in the action in Florida. He also informed me that Sergeant Lewis G. Balding was the name of the man I drew bead upon—that is, he was "the man who stood on the extreme left." Sergeant Balding was killed October 23, 1864, in an engagement at Big Blue, Missouri. Captain Crail has given me information concerning this and other affairs that I could get nowhere else.

Captain Penny finding that he could accomplish nothing without exposing his men to our fire, so close were the lines of battle, held off and waited. When the break came he galloped into the retreating column. The Federals were getting away rapidly, but they were not demoralized. Sergeant Crail and his men made matters interesting for a little while. The horses of Mose Beck and Bob South

were shot. Next to Captain Penny, Bob was the largest man in the company. His fall shook him up so that a severe fever set in, which rendered him unfit for service for a long time. He was much attached to his horse, a fine animal which he had raised from a colt, and his worry over its loss probably aggravated his illness.

Of this incident Captain Crail writes: "You had eight of our men prisoners the same time you took Creek and Dunlap. I took six of them from you before you got them into camp. Who was the captain who took them? He had one of the men on the horse behind him. The captain caught Kirkpatrick by the left ankle and threw him off his horse when it was running at full gallop. There were two of my men on one horse (Henderson and Bristow) who, when I passed them, stopped their horse, jumped off him, in place of turning him around, and ran to the rear. I followed Creek to within forty feet of your camp."

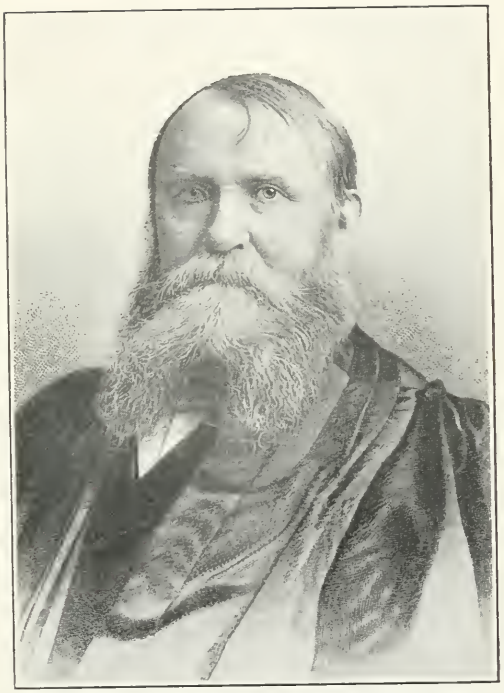
The Federal report is:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD IOWA CAVALRY,
Paris, Mo., July 22, 1862,—11 A. M.

SIR: At daylight this morning Joe Porter, with his whole force, three hundred strong, come into Florida from the north, and encountered fifty of my men there. After fighting nearly an hour my men retreated. Our killed, wounded and missing number twenty-six. The enemy's loss in killed will greatly exceed ours. I can maintain my position here, but I have not sufficient force to hold the town and pursue. I cannot tell at this hour whether Porter will return north, continue south, or remain on Salt River. I go to Florida at once with one hundred men. I would suggest that a force three hundred strong be sent out to Florida at once.

Respectfully,
H. C. CALDWELL,
Major Third Iowa Cavalry.

COL. LEWIS MERRILL, Saint Louis, Mo.



JUDGE HENRY C. CALDWELL
Major of Third Iowa Cavalry

This report gives fifty as the number of the Federal force. Captain Crail in a letter to me says there were twenty men of his company, F, and two sergeants under Lieutenant Hartman, and the same number of Company G under command of Lieutenant Stidger. Hartman, being senior officer, was in command. If Major Caldwell made his report on his own knowledge, the number must be taken out of controversy: It was fifty. But if his report was based on information obtained from Lieutenant Hartman it is entitled to no credence whatever. The veracity and integrity of Major Caldwell has never been questioned. The same can be said of Captain Crail. With him, however, it is a matter of recollection after forty-six years, and my recollection differs from his. It seems to be as fresh in my memory as if it were done yesterday that the head of our column, which became our left, struck the right of the enemy evenly; that we reached the line of battle by a movement similar to that of a spoke in a wheel making the one-fourth of a revolution; that I was the end man but one on our right, and that our line overlapped theirs less than ten feet. We had between ninety and ninety-five men engaged on foot.

The official report says "our killed, wounded and missing number twenty-six." Captain Crail says that they had twenty six men wounded and none killed. Considering the two missing—captured by us—there is a discrepancy, but that is a small matter. I am sure the captain is right about the loss in killed. They could not have had a man killed without the fact being discovered by us. Our loss was two killed—Captain John Marks, killed in battle, and Fowler, killed while a prisoner—and two wounded, not seriously—a man named Baker and the name of the other not remembered. Had not nearly a third of our men kept their fire, being mistaken as to the identity of the Federals, their loss would have been much heavier.

The Fulton Telegraph gave this account of the affair:

On Tuesday morning, July 22, at daybreak, Lieutenants Stidger and Hartman with fifty men of the Third Iowa Cavalry encountered the guerrilla Porter and his band, three hundred strong, at Florida, in Monroe County, and after fighting nearly one hour were obliged to retire.

Out of Lieutenant Stidger's squad of twelve men there were three missing—Henry Grogen, supposed killed; R. Dunlap and Wm. Miller.

Wounded and brought in—Joseph Brinnergar, in the arm; David Miller, in the head; William Clark, in the hip.

Of Lieutenant Hartman's squad, missing—Garnett, Fuller, the two Kirkpatricks, Henderson, Mineely, Lindsay, Carpenter, W. T. Bristow, (formerly compositor in this office), Long, Fletcher and Creek.

Wounded and brought in—First Sergeant Baldwin, in the arm; Corporals Jones, Palmer and Hern; McBurney, the two Orndorffs, severely, and Charles Davis.

Our men fought desperately.

CHAPTER XII

"YOU MEN MAKE FUN OF EVERYTHING"

When I returned to the camp Stillson inquired with keen interest:

"What kind of a time did you have?"

"Rattling time for a small affair. It was a good ending of a long ride. A sharp little fight in the open—they on one side of a narrow street and we on the other. You see we don't always take the bushes for it."

I mentioned briefly the features as seen by me, dilating somewhat upon the incident of the three young ladies.

"I wish I could have seen it."

"If you had been within seeing distance and a stray bullet had come to you, think in what a position it would have placed us."

"That's true. I should have liked to see it though. With my head on the ground from the first shot to the last I saw but little of the battle last Friday. What amazes me is the manner you men went up that hill after the terrible ride of three days and four nights. In the first place I haven't seen a man of you that showed the slightest appearance of fatigue. When your colonel came to this spot and gave you your orders, the rapidity with which you men made your camp arrangements and flew out of here and up that hill was astounding. How far is it to where the fight took place?

"I should say half a mile."

"It seemed to me it was only a minute after your men disappeared over the hill before the rattle of the muskets began."

"If you think we went up that hill in a hurry you ought to have seen us when we got on the level ground."

"You went up that hill like race horses. Some of your men came back nearly half an hour ago. They were laughing and joking and half a dozen or more actually got up a jumping contest.[1] Now, you men haven't tasted a mouthful since Sunday forenoon and I haven't yet heard a proposition to mob your commissary sergeant. Since I have been with you it has been nothing but march, fight and frolic, and I don't believe you men care which it is."

"Well, considering that we are enervated by a life of leisure and you are seasoned by one of labor, we do fairly well when it comes to endurance."

"Oh, don't throw that up to me. I said what I believed to be true. What astonishes me is the endurance of you men and so many of you are nothing but beardless boys, whose appearance shows that they have never had any seasoning; again the indifference you manifest at whatever turns up. You men laugh at everything."

"Laughing is more conservative of energy than crying and ever so much pleasanter to the bystanders."

"I have been surprised and, I must say, more pleased than I can tell, at the way you have treated me."

"Do you understand Latin?"

"No, do you?"

"No, but my father has been drilling it into me since I was ten years old. I once read of an old German baron whose motto was 'Mens conscia recti.' The old fellow was proud of it, but his neighbors believed his life was little influenced by the condition claimed by the motto. The story

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[1]Some of the boys were wasteful of their endurance, but the majority were very careful of it. It was a common thing for them to dismount and loosen saddle girths, even for a short halt; for a longer one saddles would be removed and they would stretch themselves on the ground to give themselves and their horses the full benefit of the rest, neglecting nothing calculated to better fit them for extraordinary labor and abstinence from food or water.

is apocryphal. Very few of the old German lords knew any language but their own, and if they did their consciences never troubled them much over questions of right. When you go back to civilization and find out what this phrase means you may then realize that the mens conscia recti possessed by every Southern man is the cause of the light-heartedness you have commented upon. If you ever have a full opportunity to study the Southern people you will find their distinguishing trait to be a personal sense of duty. This is what gives our men endurance, fortitude and the supreme spirit of sacrifice. This trait is not seen only in the educated and cultured, where you might think it came by inheritance through several highborn generations and fostered by fortunate environment, but it is strongly marked in all classes. One of the two we had killed last Friday was a seventeen-year-old boy named Sparks. He was shot in the face—gave a gasp and died. His father was with him. I had seen fathers killed in presence of sons, brothers killed in presence of brothers, but I never before saw a son killed in the presence of his father. I shall not live long enough to forget the look of love, sorrow and resignation on the face of that father when he took that son in his arms and moaned out, 'the poor boy is gone.' Now, they were the poorest of the poor. Fate had never been kind to them. Their memory could bring up only a path in the desert without an oasis. Yet their hand was against no man and no man's against them. There was no sourness at the world or envy for those who walked in easier places. Their idea of duty guided and controlled their every impulse and purpose. I think I never saw a finer sense of it anywhere.[1] Stillson, I am not telling you this in a spirit of brag, but partly in reply to your implied question and mainly for a purpose. Do you know why our boys have taken so great a liking for you?

[1]The subsequent record of the elder Sparks in the field and in prison was a further proof of the correctness of this estimate.

"I do not, and if I suspected the reason it would not become me to tell it."

"When you defended your side last Friday evening, while your bearing and language were respectful and courteous, your air plainly said, 'I'll say this if they kill me for it.' It was the manly spirit that captured every one who heard you and they have told all their camp acquaintances their opinion of you. We have a genuine feeling of comradeship for you, and the fact that you are a Yank heightens the feeling and we think we know that you have the same feeling for us."

"Mudd, I am telling you God's truth when I say that I never met a set of men whom I liked better on so short an acquaintance. You have made no display of your friendship for me, but I see it in your every word and act."

"Stillson, you are a fair man; you wish to be just to everybody, friend and foe. Colonel Porter will parole you in a day or two—perhaps today. When you go among your people, in the army or in your home—but especially in your home—tell them your honest impression of us. Not of us individually—we have only a personal regard for your recollections of us as individuals—but of us as representing a class of which, if you knew more, your appreciation would be much higher. There are good people everywhere and they all have their distinctive virtues. If you have read extracts from the newspapers of the South for five years past and especially since the war began, you have the idea that our people are utterly indifferent to public opinion. That is a mistake. The Southern people are more sensitive to public opinion than any people on earth. They are, on the other hand, less influenced by it when it runs counter to their convictions of right. They will not swerve a hair's breadth from the path of duty, but they do wish to stand well before the world."

"I say frankly that I never expected to see and hear what

I have seen and heard during the past four days. It has been a revelation to me."

After we had fed our horses and breakfasted we made ready for a change of base. Before we left camp one of the boys brought in a copy of a newspaper which he had obtained in the village. It contained a graphic and very exaggerated description of the battle of Vassar Hill. According to the chronicler our force was much greater in number than the Federals; our loss much greater and we were driven from the field in great disorder. We made a desperate attempt to get away, but fortunately we were completely surrounded and our escape was impossible. This report caused much amusement. A half dozen or more were trying to read it at the same time and it was agreed to have it read aloud. At its conclusion a lean individual with a solemn face mounted a stump and began a harangue.

"Men, this is no time for levity. The situation is most serious. This news is astounding; it is overpowering. I may say in truth that it is appalling. When this mighty cordon of Whiskered Pandours closes in—"

"Pandours is a good word, Jim, hold to it."

"You ain't said nothin' 'bout the fierce hussars that leagued oppression poured."

"Boys, give Jim a chance and presently he'll tell us that Kosciusko shrieked when Freedom fell."

"Men," resumed the orator, "I am amazed at this evident want of appreciation of our impending fate. Nero fiddled while—"

"Who is Nero? I never heard of him. Is he a Fed or Confed?"

"Mr. Nero, why don't you call a council of war, find out the weakest spot in the enemy's line and make a break for safety or death? I'll take safety if I'm to have any choice in the division."

And more of the same sort. Stillson was an interested listener and he said to me:

"You men make fun of everything."

"Oh, yes, the boys can't help it. They are a romping, rollicking, devil-may-care lot, but beneath all this froth you will find a surprising strength of character, seriousness of purpose, devotion to ideals and, what you may least suspect, a deep religious sentiment. I say surprising, because we would scarcely expect such depth of feeling in boys so young as you see here. It is the effect of heredity and careful home training."

When just ready to ride out of camp we were thrown in close order and brought to attention. The colonel rode to the front and made one of his characteristic talks that stirred the boys to a high pitch of enthusiasm. He said the endurance, courage and patience we had exhibited in the extraordinary demand required of us during the previous six days were nothing short of marvelous. Seldom, if ever, in military history had such a march been made. That it was done without accident, without loss except by battle, without complaint or murmur, without apparent fatigue was an assurance that he had a body of men to be depended upon in any event that could arise. He emphasized the necessity of discipline and of a strict obedience to orders. This course was all the more necessary because very few in the command had the slightest benefit of drill, and because it would best aid his constant effort to protect the lives and comfort of his men. He repeated what he had said before, that he would rather run every horse to death than sacrifice the life of one man. He spoke of duty in words and manner that made every listener forget that there was such a thing as personal fear.

It was evident that Colonel Porter expected warm times in the immediate future. It was reasonable to suppose the lesson administered to Major Clopper would stimulate un-

usual activity in the Federal lines and that this would not be quieted by our subsequent movements. If the business which brought him here could be finished before the various Federal commands, hot on our trail, could strike us, well and good. If not, what was done at Vassar Hill could be done again.

Colonel Porter, while a rigid disciplinarian, was the most approachable of men. He had given the command to march by double file and was about to wheel his horse when Tom Moore called out:

"Colonel, going to march all night tonight?"

"Maybe."

"If you do, I think you ought to stop a few times for a little rest. My horse is a hard trotter, and if we are going lickety-split without breaking step till daybreak, like we did last night and several nights before that, I am afraid he will jolt out of my mouth the taste of this morning's breakfast. You know india-rubber bread and fat sow taste mighty good when you get only three breakfasts a week and no dinners or suppers, and I want the taste to stay in my mouth as long as possible."

"If there's anything a Confederate soldier ought to be indifferent about it is what goes into his stomach."

"That's me, Colonel, I'm perfectly indifferent as to what goes into my stomach, just so it's good eating and a plenty of it, and just so it's not a bullet."

"Some men would rather eat than fight."

"Well, now, Colonel, when it comes to choosing between fighting without eating and eating without fighting, put me down for eating. I think I'd live longer."

Poor Tom got the bullet six days later.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PRISONERS ARE PAROLED

Our march was in a southwesterly direction and extended some twenty miles. The guides and couriers along the route were carefully instructed as to what they were to say to the Federals in answer to their questioning concerning our movements and our strength. In certain contingencies our numbers were to be underestimated, our appearance demoralized, our horses worn out, but still pressed forward with whip and spur; in others our numbers were to be greatly overestimated, recruits pouring in, morale unimpaired and men eager to meet the enemy. As soon as darkness had well set in we turned back and, almost retracing our steps, went into camp at daylight in a secluded spot not far from Santa Fe. We had a good rest for thirty hours. Except the time given to sleep, two breakfasts and attention to our horses, the boys kept Stillson busy every moment playing euchre. Early in the afternoon of the next day, Thursday, Stillson's guard was directed to bring him to Colonel Porter to be paroled with the other prisoners. A half dozen of us sprang up and, telling the guard to wait until we returned, hurried off to the colonel and begged him to parole the two Iowa cavalrymen but let us keep Stillson as long as possible; pleading that he gave us no trouble, that he took the hardship of the march and nothing to eat at all in good part, that the boys all liked him, that after all they had gone through they thought they ought to be humored if there were no particular reasons why they should not be, and every other excuse the self-appointed, deeply interested committee could think of. Colonel Porter

listened attentively, let us down easy—very easy—and refused our request. The disappointed committee melted away; I remained a minute and said,

"Colonel, your decision is a much greater disappointment to the boys than you may be able to understand. They are all really greatly attached to Stillson and his presence in camp has been a source of pleasure to us all. He, himself, has never given a hint of how he feels about it, for he seems to be scrupulously conscientious, but we have reason to believe, from his evident appreciation of the treatment he has received, that he would not be averse to our company for a while longer. If there's any way consistent with discipline or the good of the service, that he could be kept a week, or even a month, longer the boys would be delighted."

"I should like to oblige you in this matter, but it would be the same at the end of a week or the end of a month. Prisoners are a burden, particularly so in an engagement. I can conceive of nothing more repugnant to my feelings than the exposing of a prisoner to the fire of his own men, and there is always a probability of not being able to prevent that. No, we have had the prisoner during one engagement, and I don't wish it to happen again. Major Caldwell is hot on our trail now and there is another detachment of Federals feeling its way in this direction. Its likely that we'll run into them tonight; failing that we'll meet them tomorrow if they don't keep out of our way."

Stillson reached our part of the camp shortly after I returned, with the announcement that he had his parole and was going to leave us. The situation was pathetic with just a tinge of the ludicrous. The ringleader—I call him ringleader because while I remember him very well I have forgotten his name—was inconsolable and at the moment he knew no better way to express his feelings than the renewal of his affected bluster.

"Yank, haven't I treated you square since you've been with us?"

"You certainly have."

"Then why don't you listen to me? Stay with us a day or two longer; you are not a prisoner any more, but there's not one of us that would object to you staying with us a few days, and I don't believe the colonel would if he were to find it out."

"I don't think it would be right for me to remain when I am free to go."

"Now, dog-gone it, Yank, why don't you have some sense? If you leave now the chances are that you will get no supper and will have to sleep in a fence corner, and to do that after we have fed you three times a day on mince pie and let you sleep on a feather bed, I call a mighty shabby way of showing regard for hospitality. Stay with us tonight and get a good start tomorrow, if you must go."

This breezy affectation, the evident expression of sincere sentiment, greatly impressed Stillson.

"Men, you will never know, and I can't begin to tell you, how much I appreciate your treatment of me. It's useless for me to try; I wish you to know that. I am not tired of your company, but it is neither just to your command nor to my command for me to remain a minute after being paroled."

Stillson shook the hand of every one whose acquaintance he had made while a prisoner and with many expressions of regard he walked out of the camp.

My forgetfulness of names has always been a cause of annoyance. Nothing relating to Stillson during his six days captivity escaped me in all these years except his name, which dropped out of my mind before the war ended. On the occasion of the national re-union of the Grand Army, in Washington in 1892 and again in 1902, I made diligent inquiry of the Michigan delegations in the hope of

picking up the lost name and possibly of meeting our old-time prisoner, but without result. When I began the collection of material for this narrative I applied to the Pension Office and through the courtesy of Colonel Gilbert C. Kniffen, chief of the Record Division, was allowed to copy the names of the survivors of the Michigan companies of Merrill Horse, with the intention of obtaining all the information they could or would give concerning their relations with us in the summer of 1862. The success in this line was much greater than had been anticipated. Before the correspondence with the Michigan survivors had gotten under way I came across the report of the Adjutant General of Michigan, 1901, in forty-five volumes, in the Library of Congress. This report gives the military history of every man from that State who enlisted in the United States service during the Civil War. In volume 45, page 34, is this entry: "Edward D. Stillson, enlisted in Company H, Merrill Horse, August 29, 1861, at Battle Creek, for three years, age 21. Mustered September 9, 1861. Absent with leave July 25, 1862. Captured by the enemy. Paroled July 28, 1862." The date of the parole was wrong, but I was sure of the name, because up to that date Merrill Horse had lost but one prisoner—he whom we took at Vassar Hill. To make sure, however, I wrote to the Adjutant General of Michigan concerning the erroneous date. Adjutant General James N. Cox promptly replied that he had no other information than was contained in the published record referred to, and suggested that I consult Captain Geo. H. Rowell, Battle Creek, in whose company Stillson served.

The first letter I wrote to our one-time enemy was to an address selected at random—possibly the fact that the residence was in St. Louis determined the choice—Sergeant William Bouton, 2909 Park Avenue. He replied promptly, giving not only much information, but a list of comrades

best fitted for the same duty, and this list has proven very valuable to me. In regard to Stillson, Sergeant Bouton writes: "When he came into camp he sought an interview with the commanding officer of the detachment. My memory is that it was Major Clopper and that Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer had not yet joined us. In a later talk he told me that he had asked to be sent where he should not have to serve against the guerrilla forces. The officer had replied that he should not take his parole so seriously; that the Government looked upon the work we were engaged in as police work, and that our opponents were not to be recognized in any sense, whether officers or men, as organized Confederate forces. Stillson insisted that he had given his word and meant to keep it. 'Very well, I will forward an account of your case to headquarters for instructions.' The reply came back that he should have his discharge; and he left us a citizen with an honorable discharge in his pocket, if memory serves me right, before the battle of Moore's Mill."

Mrs. Ashbell Riley, a sister of Stillson, who lives on a farm near Battle Creek, instead of answering my letter came shortly afterwards on one of her not very infrequent visits to her husband, and the two spent an evening at my home in Hyattsville. She said her parents heard of her brother's capture two days after it occurred through a letter from Lieutenant Gregory and that, having heard such terrible accounts in the papers about the guerrillas, they gave him up as lost. When about two weeks afterwards he reached home it was almost like the dead coming to life. And when he told how well the Confederates had treated him they could not understand it. The fidelity of my memory of the appearance of Stillson and the traits I had observed were corroborated by Mr. and Mrs. Riley. In answer to my inquiry they said he was fond of playing euchre with the members of his family and that he was

expert in the game. Mrs. Riley was mistaken about the notification of her brother's capture coming from Lieutenant Gregory. Lieutenant Jasper L. Gregory was so severely wounded at Vassar Hill that for a day or two he was unconscious and for many weeks was incapable of writing. Today he feels the effect of his wound. I should hate to know that my bullet caused him all these years of suffering.

Edward D. Stillson's father, David Stillson, was a native of Rochester, New York, and when he died his body was sent to that city and buried the same day as one of his brothers—March 4, 1889. Edward Stillson died in California, leaving a widow who later married again.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BATTLE OF SANTA FE

Half an hour after the prisoners were paroled the word to saddle was passed around, and presently a newcomer rode into camp. I knew he was a newcomer because, the day being warm, he had thrown his coat across the pommel of his saddle and his white shirt was fresh-laundered and clean. He was a fine specimen of the handsome, vigorous, intelligent man. In conversation with a little squad he said that he was from Boone County, and that his name was Kneisley. He had scarcely attached himself to one of the companies—not ours—when the order to march was given. Captain Penny's company led the column and the gait was a moderate one. A mile or two from camp, at the forks of the road, we met Stillson in the left. He told us that the Federals were down the road a short distance and that we should meet them in a few minutes if we kept on.

"How many are there?" some one asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I turned back as soon as I saw they were not of my command, and if I did know how many they are would you expect me to tell you?"

"Certainly not, unless you let it slip without thinking; all's fair in love and war, you know. But why is it that you did not join them instead of coming back to tell us?"

"I consider it the proper thing, as well as the most prudent, to strike for a post unless I can sooner reach my command. As for giving you this information, you men have treated me so white, I couldn't help it."

Mutual expressions of good will and hopes for safety were

heartily given and after a round of hand shaking Stillson took the other road and was soon lost to view.

In the meantime Colonel Porter had been sent for. The messenger met him coming forward to learn why the column had halted. When informed of the situation he directed a man to gallop back to where the main body of the command would be found and hurry it forward. By some means a break in the column had occurred just behind Captain Porter's company, leaving that company and ours to compose the advance. The colonel said there was an excellent spot for battle about a third of a mile to our left and that our little force could hold any number of Federals until the other companies came up. We lost no time in getting there. The place seemed to be made for our purpose. Our horses were completely sheltered and the contour of the ground was favorable to us. When the remainder of the command had come up and taken its place—an event looked for with interest and which happened in the nick of time—a bank eighteen inches deep was a natural fortification for one-third of our men on the left, and two half-decayed logs lying in a straight line, with a gap of ten feet between, were in the proper position on our right, leaving us in the center to hug the ground. The colonel standing behind our company ordered every man, officer and private, to lie flat on the ground. This was scarcely done before the enemy began firing. They fired eight or ten volleys before they came into sight, the bullets whistling over us. Had we been standing our loss might have been considerable, so well had they guessed our location. On they came, their commander giving his orders—and very many unnecessary ones—in a very loud voice. It seemed to me that he was trying to give us an idea he was not afraid. I said to Colonel Porter: "Ain't that funny?" "I never heard anything like it," he said. I told him that I was not well acquainted with Captain McElroy, of Pike County, who had

a number of my Lincoln County neighbors in his company, but the voice sounded like his. These loud-toned orders, continually kept up, assured us that the enemy, though unseen, was steadily advancing. After the fifth volley Colonel Porter in a low tone gave the order to load, and it was passed up and down the line. We turned on our backs, loaded our pieces and quickly and quietly resumed our position. Jim Lovelace, who had a witty or a stinging word for everybody and every occasion, had previously named Green Rector, "Daddy," and Mart Robey, "Lieutenant Daddy," saw, or thought he saw, that Green was getting a little closer to the ground than anyone else and cried out just loud enough to escape reprimand:

"Oh, look at Daddy. He's trying to make a mole of himself."

"Didn't the colonel order us to lie flat on the ground?"

"Yes, but he didn't tell us to burrow in the ground."

"Well, I'm obeying orders; I am. It might be well if you'd obey orders a little closer," and Green laughed heartily.

The enemy was now just breaking into view through the thick foliage. I glanced down our line to the right and saw twenty feet away our latest arrival, Mr. Kneisley, standing erect. Whether he had been standing all the while through a misapprehension of orders or had become excited at the sight of the Federals and had now risen to his feet I did not know, but there he was, his clean white shirt a good target for the enemy. The colonel saw him nearly as soon and called out sharply, "Lie down there!" Before Kneisley could obey a bullet struck him just beneath the left collar bone, near the neck, passing through the top part of the lung and out of the body. Had it ranged an inch higher the subclavian artery would have been severed and death from hemorrhage would have been almost instan-

taneous. As it was, the wound was a dangerous one and it was a long time before recovery.

The Federal commander now caught sight of us. He stopped short, both in step and in orders and cried out as loudly as before:

"Yonder are the God damned sons of bitches, now." [1]

"Ready!" rang out the clear silvery voice of Colonel Porter, and a moment later:

"Fire!"

When the smoke from our volley, which was as if from one gun, cleared away, not a Federal could be seen except those prone on the ground. Tom Moore broke out into a laugh and yelled out at the top of his voice:

"The God damned sons of bitches are still here, and what's more, they are about all that are here."

In a little while the colonel called for a volunteer picket guard, one from each company, to go forward and ascertain the whereabouts of the enemy. Henry Lovelace sprang forward and the two or three of us who were not quick enough, fell back into our places. I wished to go because I had never done anything of the kind and because I felt curious to know whether or not Captain McElroy had faced us, and if he had I might possibly see some of my acquaintances who were in his company, but Henry had fairly won the privilege.

The pickets returned in about a half hour and reported that the enemy had also thrown out pickets on foot, who retired before ours and soon the whole force had gone out of sight. After the war, in conversation with Charles H. Cummins, who had been my schoolmate and who enlisted in the Third Cavalry, reaching a first lieutenancy in the Forty-seventh Infantry near the close of the war, I learned that he was one of the pickets who met ours. Two years

[1] I have little patience with profanity, but these were the exact words of the officer.

before the war, in consequence of an unfortunate quarrel, our families became enemies and we thought at the time that that was the reason why his father espoused the cause of the Union. The opinion may have been unjust to Mr. Cummins. It was, however, the common practice for personal enemies to take opposite sides in the struggle. I wished at the time and I have since wished that Henry Lovelace had not been so quick. Had I met Charlie on the picket line I am sure that notwithstanding our political and personal enmity, I should have hailed him in a friendly spirit and I am equally sure he would have met my advances in the same spirit. When I returned home, two years after the war, his father and mother were the first acquaintances I met and they spoke in an exceedingly kind manner, which was the first time in eight years, the friendly relations between the families having been reestablished at the suggestion and through the medium of Charlie, who, though hot-tempered, was a warm-hearted boy.

While we were waiting for the return of the pickets Tom Moore said:

"Boys, you see that man lying yonder behind that tree? He's mine. You know the colonel's orders have always been to fire behind trees and that's the reason why he won't let us stand behind trees, afraid the Feds might get onto the same practice. Well, when "Ready" came, I covered this man and as soon as we are allowed to break ranks we'll go over there and you'll find a small bullet wound in his belly. You know I have the only rifle in the crowd. If you don't find the little bullet hole just where I say I'll own up that somebody else got him."

Concerning this affair Captain B. F. Crail, of the Third Iowa Cavalry, writes: "On the 24th of July Major Caldwell mustered up eighty men and pursued Porter and ran into him at Santa Fe. I had the advance and ran your

pickets off the road in toward Salt River. When the major came up he ordered me to dismount with part of my men, go in and reconnoiter to find out your location. I proceeded with seventeen men. I was within a hundred feet of you before I saw you. You had piled up some old logs on a bank and fired a volley of buckshot into us the first thing. I ordered my men to lie down, but was too late. I had one man killed and ten wounded. You had one man killed that I saw later. We buried him on the widow Botts' farm by the side of my man, Case. The Major thought we did not have enough men to meet you then. We followed Porter south, but stopped at Mexico to care for our wounded."

The Official Army Register, Volunteer Force, United States Army, volume VII, page 232, gives the casualties of the Third Iowa Cavalry at Santa Fe, Mo., July 24, 1862: Killed, two enlisted men; wounded, thirteen enlisted men.

Colonel Richard G. Woodson, of the Third Regiment Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, in compliance with the request of Colonel John B. Gray, Adjutant-General of Missouri, writes from headquarters at Pilot Knob, December 19, 1863, a history of the battles, marches, etc., of the regiment, in which occurs the following: "As soon as the rebel Porter commenced organizing his forces in Northeast Missouri the regiment was placed in the field, and continued there continually until the following November. A part of the command was in the first engagement with Porter the latter part of July, on Salt River, Monroe County, Mo., in connection with the Third Iowa Cavalry, Major Caldwell in command. It was next engaged with Porter's forces a few days after at Moore's Mill, in Callaway County, Mo., Colonel O. Guitar commanding." No reference is made to the casualities suffered anywhere. Nearly all of my acquaintances in Lincoln County who went into the Federal army were in this regiment. Colonel Edwin Smart was

its first commander. He resigned in May, 1863, as did Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Morsey, and Major Woodson became colonel. He was dismissed by Special Order No. 35, Headquarters of Missouri, February 27, 1864. Company G was composed entirely of Lincoln County men and Companies C and D, commanded respectively by Captains S. A. C. Bartlett and Robert McElroy, had each many recruits from Lincoln County.

I saw very many more than seventeen Federals before we fired and probably I did not see them all, as the undergrowth was thick in places. I remember hearing Charlie Cummins speak on several occasions of having been in this action. Bill Rector, a distant relative of Green Rector, of our company, also told at Millwood of having the same experience. I don't think I ever saw Bill after the war. I think he did not survive it. There were others who told me of having faced us at Santa Fe, but I have forgotten them.

We did not have any pickets out. Our company was in the lead and we left the road in quick time for our position, before we saw the Federals and before they saw us. What they saw and took to be our pickets were the rear men of Captain Porter's company. The piled up logs mentioned by Captain Crail were the two separate logs, where they had lain since they were felled. I know the captain aims to tell the truth, because that is his character, but we had a better and much longer view of the logs and the whole surrounding than he had.

I did not go with Tom Moore to verify his contention that he shot the man behind the tree, but one or two from our company did and a few others fell in with them. I was shortly afterwards told of a circumstance that reflected little credit on one of our boys and revealed a very discreditable record of the unfortunate victim of Tom's bullet. When the man was reached he was unconscious and his death seemed to be a question of a few minutes. Some one sug-

gested that his pockets be searched for a possible letter to identify him and the name and address of some relative whose notification would be an act of kindness. There was a letter. It was disgustingly filthy and I shall not tell the relationship of the writer to the recipient. The soldier who discovered it—I cannot believe that he was a member of our company—giggled over its contents and gleefully read it aloud. The wounded man opened his eyes, feebly asked for water and, when it was given him, feebly murmured his gratitude. A stately man came carelessly by without a glance at the little group; it was Lucian Durkee's companion—he who never smiled. The giggling idiot with the letter arrested his attention. One look at the name on the envelope lighted the hottest fire of the inferno.

"Is this your name?" reading it to the prostrate man.

"Yes."

"You are the damned scoundrel that murdered my brother because in the over-crowded foul-smelling prison[1] at Palmyra he came to the window for a breath of fresh air. If you have a prayer to say before you die, say it now. Your black soul has only one minute more to pollute this earth."

The watch; one minute, then the revolver. They said the handsome face mirrored the demon, and the writhing form of the victim was horrible to see.

The names connected with this incident dropped out of my memory, but the other details are as vivid as they were when first told to me. Not one of Porter's men with whom I have communicated—and I have corresponded with every

[1]Over-crowded, ill-ventilated prisons were very common in Missouri. There was so much sickness from typhoid fever and other diseases in the Gratiot Street military prison in St. Louis that Surgeon J. B. Colegrove, Medical Examiner, U. S. Army, inspected it and his report was published in the Missouri Democrat of September 20, 1862. Among other criticisms he says: "The number of persons here confined is large—too large even for the occupation of a room twice or thrice the size of this; but with no facility for the renewal of fresh atmosphere, the constant accumulation of stagnant air, loaded with impurities, necessarily arising from the presence of so many people, how is it possible to prevent the occurrence of disease? It is impossible."

known survivor—remembers the incident. Probably not one now living, except myself, ever heard of it. Frank McAtee, of Portland, Oregon, in writing his recollections, mentions that Tom Moore mortally wounded a Federal soldier named Jack Case. When Captain Crail told of burying "his man Case," as before quoted in this chapter, I asked Frank how he learned the name of Tom Moore's victim. In reply he writes: "I do not remember which one of the boys it was that told me the name of the man wounded by Tom Moore at Botts Bluff[1] was Jack Case. It might have been some one in the military prison in St. Louis." So it is established that our men knew the name of the Federal soldier who was killed. This slight corroboration is all the verification of this story I have been able to get after very considerable effort. I have failed to learn if Case had a wound in the temple as well as in the stomach, and failed to learn if he ever did guard duty at a military prison. I have no criticism for the man who did the horrible deed. Had his position been mine I believe that the admonition "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay," would have guided my action, but I do not know.

When the pickets returned Colonel Porter sent two mounted men to make a more extended reconnaissance. They returned in a short time with the report that the enemy had gone for good. Captain Penny proposed a dash after them and Captain Porter thought it would be a fine thing to do and he was sure his men would like to have the opportunity. Colonel Porter would not consent.

"No, I can't see that anything could be accomplished by following the enemy. We might give them a drive and kill a dozen of them and we might lose a man or two, and I wouldn't give one of my men for a dozen dead Federals unless to gain some particular purpose."

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[1]We called this engagement Botts Bluff; the Federal records call it Santa Fe.

"We haven't had a chase for a month," suggested Captain Porter. "The boys would like a lively chase and it would have a good effect on them."

"I know the boys would like it all right, but they don't need it for the experience. They can be depended upon for any kind of work that will ever be required of them. One reason, and a good one, why we ought not to give chase is that it would be a heavy expense on the endurance of the horses and just now we must be economical of that, because in the next week or ten days we shall need it all."

We continued our course southward, making good time, until near daybreak, when we went into camp not far from the southern boundary of Audrain County. We rested the entire day, but Colonel Porter did not rest a moment. With the sending out of scouts and receiving their reports and the interviews with the neighborhood guides and couriers he was kept well occupied. I never saw a man who could accomplish so much with so little apparent effort or so little impatience. The History of Lewis County, page 115, truly says he "was a brave and skillful soldier, a man of mature years, of great personal bravery, of indomitable will and perseverance, and endowed with remarkable powers of endurance and indifference to exposure and every sort of hardship."

I thought there were signs of lively times ahead and that the command was not given another day's rest for nothing. The camp was in a pretty forest not far from the head of the South Fork of Salt River. The day was a beautiful one; the warm sunshine and the half unwilling breeze invited repose. As did nearly every one in camp, I observed the proprieties and was lying in the shade of a giant elm, on my blue blouse—the same that nearly proved my undoing at Florida. I had not been asleep long before an unusual noise in camp aroused me. I recognized it as the sound of horses in a stampede and I well knew what a fright-

ful thing that was. With a bound I hugged the elm whose shade had soothed my slumber, but not a second too soon. Half a dozen horses, in a fury of fright, came dashing by and the calked heel of one left its imprint on the sleeve of my blouse.

That afternoon a remark made by Colonel Porter impressed me deeply, and revealed an element in his character which I did not before suspect. He, Captain Penny, myself and one or two others, were talking about the skirmish of the previous day at Santa Fe and some of its incidents. I had observed Colonel Porter's bearing in battle, especially in this affair; his perfect poise, his quick grasp of situations, his close attention to details and his reckless exposure of himself. I said to him:

"Colonel, I don't believe you know what fear is."

"Fear? Why, I am the biggest coward in the world. I never go under fire that I don't suffer the tortures of the damned. If I didn't believe it my duty to be here, I'd go home today."

CHAPTER XV

BATTLE OF MOORE'S MILL

The command left the camp in the woods near Salt River in Audrain County sometime after dark Friday, July 25th, and marched rather leisurely, west of south, toward the line between Boone and Callaway Counties. It was probably in the former county that we pitched our camp near daybreak. Saturday was a busy day for Colonel Porter. Several scouting parties were sent out and the services of an unusual number of local guides and couriers were directed. It was plain to some of us, at least, that there was business ahead. That night we marched some fifteen or twenty miles eastward to Brown's Spring, where early the next forenoon we were reinforced by the company of Captain L. M. Frost, under command of Lieutenant John Bowles, a few days before organized and recruited in Boone County, except seven members from Randolph, and an hour or two later by that of Captain Alvin Cobb, the most dreaded bushwhacker, with the possible exception of Bill Anderson, in North Missouri. The military—or perhaps it is more correct to say political—exigencies of the time required the district commanders, and the rabid press to denounce Colonel Porter, Poindexter and others as bushwhackers, but there was a great difference in the methods of the authorized Confederate officers, whose duty and main purpose were to gather and forward recruits to the army in Arkansas and whose incidental purpose was to fight whenever necessary, and the unauthorized bodies in the class of Cobb and others, whose main purpose was to fight Federals. Cobb had seventy-five men and the Blackfoot Rangers under Lieu-

tenant Bowles numbered about sixty-five, making our total about two hundred and sixty. I am sure our number was not less than two hundred and fifty-five nor more than two hundred and sixty-five, with the lesser number as the more probable. Comrade C. C. Turner, presiding justice of the Boone County Court, who was a member of the Blackfoot Rangers, thinks our forces numbered two hundred and eighty, of which about two hundred went into battle; but my opportunity for knowing our exact strength at every stage was equal to that of any man under Colonel Porter, and it seemed to me that my memory is very clear on this point. Every man went into battle except a small camp guard and a very few on special duty, not over twenty men in all.

We expected an attack that afternoon and remained in line an hour or more, ready and willing, but the enemy came not. We were in a very good position, but there was a better one a few miles down the Auxvasse, and if Colonel Guitar was opposed to Sabbath breaking we would occupy it on the morrow, and wait for him. We had gone but a short distance when a halt was called and Colonel Porter gave us a twenty minutes' talk. He never made a more earnest and impressive address. Comrade Charles H. Hance, the treasurer of the city of Los Angeles, California, who had just joined us as a member of Captain Frost's company, in his description of the two days he was with us, says of this incident: "In a beautiful grove of white oak trees we were addressed by Colonel Porter in a most patriotic and touching manner. I could see that many eyes were dimmed by tears. I really believe there was not one in hearing of his eloquent words but would have cheerfully faced death for our glorious cause." The silence with which this fervent appeal was listened to was itself most impressive. Not a sound or a movement, so eager were his listeners to take in every idea, every word, and this still-

ness continued for some minutes after the speech was ended. No one was more attentive than Tom Moore, whose horse almost touched noses with the colonel's. Presently Tom's face lost its serious look and he said loud enough to be heard by a dozen around him:

"Colonel, you've told us of the glorious record of Missourians and of the grand and beautiful State of Missouri. I agree with you. Now just let me keep on being a Missourian for fifty years at least."

We did not return to camp, which we had left rather hurriedly, in the midst of preparation for dinner, to meet the advancing enemy. That was a little hard on us who had no breakfast and no opportunity, as Judge Turner says the Blackfoot Rangers had to forage off the farm houses for supper. We rode three or four miles, encamped on the farm of Thomas Pratt, where some of the horses were fed and we had a much needed night's rest.

The next Monday, July 28, we were in the saddle by sunrise. The morning was hot and the smell of battle was in the air. We took care that our tracks could be readily followed. After three or four miles we left the road and went through a long, narrow field of oats which had been cut and shocked. Ranks were broken and every man lifted three or four bundles across his saddle and fed the tops to his horse while marching on. The castaway straw plainly marked our path. Presently the rendezvous was reached. We hitched our horses in a sheltered valley, placed before them the remaining sheaves of oats, made ready as to guns and ammunition, and cooked a rather slim ration of flour, but before it was ready the order was passed around to form in line of battle. We marched about five hundred yards to the side of the road, and lying on the ground in the thick brush, awaited the enemy. In about an hour, and at noon or a little before, they came.

Our first volley was a surprise; that and our second were

rather demoralizing. Judge Turner, in a communication in Guitar's home paper[1] during the general's life-time, says, "the general swore a little in those days and after indulging a little bit, got his men formed." This may have been so. I did not hear any swearing by the general—colonel he was then; but he was much excited and he roared out, "Bring on them cannon."

The line of attack had not yet developed and it occurred to Colonel Porter to inquire about the safety of the horses. He accordingly picked out a man here and there and directed Lieutenant Bowles to take the squad and make the circuit of the camp. At the nearest point reached and just across the little ravine, on either side of which the horses were hitched, were a farm wagon and team, a negro boy about grown, all under the charge of one of our men. A load of shucked corn had just been emptied in a pile on the ground. The boy was standing near the head of the horses and on their left, the soldier on the same side and near the rear end of the wagon as we came up. "Them cannon" had evidently been brought up and placed in position. Lieutenant Bowles and the soldier in charge had been talking scarcely a minute when the discharge was heard and a ball struck ten feet to our right, tearing up the earth and flint stones in a lively manner. The negro gave a startled look and stealthily moved off. He had gotten twenty feet away before his guard noticed him. The latter called out in a tone that compelled obedience:

"Come back here, you black rascal!"

The boy came back slowly and haltingly, but it was with a powerful effort. The ashy face and wild eye marked his mental agony. Before he reached his first position another cannon ball plowed up the earth. The negro started to run.

"You damned scoundrel, come back here, or I'll blow your

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[1]The Columbia Herald, published by my friend, Edwin W. Stephens, who established the Herald at about the same time I did the Troy, Missouri, Dispatch.

GEN. ODON GUITAR

head off," shouted the guard in a sterner voice than before. The negro turned and saw a revolver in the hand of his tormentor. His aspect was pitiable and yet intensely ludicrous. The tormentor kept a straight face, but we could not entirely control our laughter.

"Fore God, sir, I can't come back. 'Deed, sir, I can't stay here."

"Yes you can and you will, too."

"Massa, massa," the tears streaming down his face, "'deed I can't stay here when them things is goin' on."

"Well, take your choice; stay here with us and risk your head taken off by a cannon ball or get ten feet away and I'll kill you sure."

That settled it; the negro preferred the risk of the cannon ball to that of the unerring revolver. During the dialogue four other cannon balls came, all six striking in a space ten feet square, each scattering earth and gravel and adding fresh torture to the terrified negro. The strut and mimic realism of the stage are weak and colorless beside this little scene of living drama. The tormentor turned his back on the tormented to hide his subdued exhibition of enjoyment. In leaving, the lieutenant sought to quiet the fellow by saying:

"Boy, you must not take it so hard; you are just as safe here as we are."

"Yassir, I knows I is, sir; but I wants to be a heap safer dan you is."

I have lately learned that the boy's name was Buck, that he still lives in the vicinity and that he belonged to a Mrs. Mary Strother. I suppose that after we left, the tormentor relented and allowed the boy to drive home and that the camp guards fed the corn to our hungry horses.

The battle was now on in earnest and for more than three hours it raged furiously. According to Colonel Guitar's official report he had four hundred and twenty-seven men besides the artillery engaged before reinforced by the three hundred

and six men under Lieutenant Colonel Shaffer. It was hard work for our two hundred and forty men, but we went at it as if success was inevitable. This was the first time we met an enemy who employed our methods of bush fighting. No advantage could be gained by us except through superior marksmanship and esprit de corps. Time passes so rapidly in battle that it is difficult to determine the space between any two events. It seemed only a few minutes of intense effort on both sides before we made a charge; it was probably a half hour and possibly three-quarters. I have often wondered why Colonel Porter said it, but he knew his business and he knew his men. Loud enough to be heard by nearly all our men but not loud enough to be heard by the enemy, he said in his quick, decided way:

"Boys, we can't stand this; we shall have to charge them."

And then in a clear, silvery tone that penetrated the entire field and quickened the life blood in every heart:

"Forward! Charge!"

I don't know how it came about, who started it—if any one person did—or exactly why it was done, but our line had scarcely gotten on its feet to obey the colonel's order before a great, spontaneous yell was raised. I had never before heard a yell in battle and none who swelled its volume now had ever heard it. It was the same rebel yell with which afterwards I became so familiar. To me it always seemed a mingled note of encouragement to comrades and defiance to the enemy. Colonel Porter's statement was not needed for us to recognize the seriousness of the situation. It was before us, in full view. We well knew, too, the desperate chance we were taking in charging an enemy who, after the first surprises, had not flinched before a raking fire. Something must be done to even up the chances. In less than sixty seconds one side or the other must give away. Our impetuosity must make the enemy believe our retreat impossible, and the yell was an inspiration. We went like the

hurricane. The enemy fled. Colonel Guitar did all that mortal could do to rally his force, but if ours had been equal in numbers we could have driven him into the Missouri River. As it was, we captured his artillery and took our position a hundred yards in its rear. The efficacy of the rebel yell was appreciated by Federal soldiers on every battlefield, but it was something they could not imitate.

Colonel Guitar was a lawyer and the reference to this incident in his official report shows his talent for special pleading. "Just at this moment a heavy fire was opened upon our left followed by the wildest yells, and in quick succession came a storm of leaden hail upon our center and a rush for our guns. On they came tearing through the brush. Their fire had proved most destructive, killing and wounding four of the cannoneers and quite a number in the immediate vicinity of the gun; among the rest my chief bugler, who was near me and immediately in the rear of the gun, and who received nine buckshots and balls. Now was the crisis; the buckshot rattled upon the leaves like the pattering of hail. I could not see our line forty feet from the road on either side, but I knew that Caldwell, Duffield, Glaze, Cook and Dunn were at their posts and felt that all was well. On they came until they had gotten within forty feet of the gun. Our men, who had reserved their fire until now, springing to their feet, poured a well directed volley into their ranks and the remaining cannoneer delivered them a charge of cannister which had been left in his gun since the fall of his comrades. The rebels recoiled and fell back in disorder. They, however, rallied and made two other attempts to gain possession of the gun, but with like success each time. At this juncture Lieutenant Colonel Shaffer arrived upon the field with his command."

As Colonel Guitar practically admits, we had silenced his artillery before our charge. We did this by picking off its men and horses. The only reason for this was that the

artillery was more exposed. The other forces were, like us, taking advantage of the thick brush and the configuration of the ground for protection and concealment. We had no dread of artillery, as Colonel Merrill supposed when he wrote Major Clopper that it would make us scatter. I had sufficient experience on this point the year before and our men who had never faced artillery had here an opportunity to learn how harmless it was. The "bringing of them" was a mistake. The artillery was the indirect cause of most of the loss in our company and that of Captain Porter at the very close of the action. It accomplished nothing more and this was more than offset by its own casualties. Comrade E. B. McGee, of Monroe County, says of this part of the engagement: "At this fight our physical condition was intense. The day was very hot and we were almost exhausted from want of water, food and sleep, and no relief or reinforcement could come from any quarter. The Federals made repeated charges, which we repulsed. They were equipped with artillery which, after a severe struggle, we captured. We were finally forced to give up the guns, or rather leave them on the field, after spiking them." The comrade is mistaken about the guns being spiked. I don't think we had anything to spike them with. I know that one gun was not put out of service and that it was used at intervals until the close of the engagement, and I am satisfied that the reason why only one gun was used from then on was that the cannoneers, not the cannons, were put out of service. We could have carried off the guns, but they would have been more useless to us than would a fifth wheel to a wagon.

About one o'clock the battalion of Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer arrived. It came on the field in good shape. We had known for twenty-four hours that Colonel Guitar was after us. A number of our boys recognized him on the field. There was some discussion as to the identity of the

reinforcements. "Well," said Jim Lovelace, "call 'em the Dutch from Warrenton and you'll be as apt as not to strike it, and if I am any judge of numbers there are about four hundred of 'em."

"Jim," asked Tom Moore, "can the Dutch fight?"

"Don't know. Never tried 'em."

These "Dutch" could fight and did. As soon as Colonel Porter knew of this reinforcement he withdrew our line to one almost parallel with, and ranging from twenty to fifty yards in advance of its original position, because it was a better one, but mainly because it could protect the camp should the enemy, with much superior numbers, discover its location and capture or stampede our horses. This change in the line was made in perfect order—that is, in as perfect order as could be exhibited by undrilled men—and at no time was there a lack of entire confidence in our commander and in ourselves.

From now until four o'clock the struggle was maintained with dogged obstinacy. Major Clopper realized his mistake at Vassar Hill. If he did not his men did, and they knew the mettle of the men before them. Half of the battalion were from Michigan and they were splendid fighters. The whole battalion came down to business with but little delay after its arrival. The men "hugged the ground," as we did. The two lines crawled toward each other until the whites of the eyes could be seen and each man was a target. Of course, under the circumstances, much of the firing was ineffective. We had never before wasted so much ammunition, but it had to be kept up. Many of our boys noticed that some of the enemy's bullets were planted in the little triangle described by the gun and the crooked right arm. Colonel Porter walked up and down the line, carefully noting every feature of the engagement and giving here and there a word of encouragement and praise. Captain Cobb stood like a giant oak that would not bend before the storm.

His countenance told of vindictive satisfaction in pouring an endless stream of lead in the hated foe. I knew not how it was with Cobb's men and the Blackfoot Rangers, but about three o'clock our part of the line—that is, Captain Penny's and Captain Porter's companies—began to realize that we had been a little too extravagant with our ammunition and doubtless the other companies were in the same predicament. We husbanded our little stock during the last hour of the battle, but the incessant rattle of the enemy's musketry and the occasional roar of the one gun prevented us knowing whether or not the remainder of our force were following our example. What would be the outcome? Considering our diminishing cartridges, the undiminished obstinacy of the enemy, this was becoming a burning question. The fatigue from the fifteen terrible days, the hunger, the cruel thirst, the blazing sun were nothing if we could only maintain ourselves after the work of today. In the midst of these doubts and fears we were surprised to see our entire line, except the two companies, walk off the field. What it meant we did not know. Did it mean a surrender of the field or was the colonel going to strike the enemy's flank or rear? If the latter, why were we not ordered to hold the ground at all hazard? One thing we did know: That Colonel Porter intended that nothing should ever be done without his order, and we were loyal. Come what might we would await orders. Presently a courier came on the run and, in an excited manner, demanded why we had not obeyed orders.

"We got none," simultaneously answered Captains Penny and Porter.

"Colonel Porter has ordered a retreat and he sent Lieutenant Wills to you with the order fifteen minutes ago."

"He didn't come."

"Get to camp as quickly as you can."

We needed no repetition of the order, but we would go off the field as slowly as did the other men. We adhered

to our determination in spirit but not exactly in the letter. When we got to our feet the enemy closed in on us and some of our men had to scramble to get out of the closing circle. Right here our company suffered. If we had a man touched before now I did not know it, but in less than two minutes Captain Penny was killed, Tom Moore and Mart Robey, as we thought, mortally wounded; Joe Haley seriously, and a few others slightly wounded. When Tom was struck, Captain Penny, Ben Vansel and Sam Minor picked him up and tried to get him off the field. After a few steps he said:

"Boys, I can't make it. I think I'm done for. Put me down and save yourselves."

A second after Captain Penny loosed his hold of Tom he, himself, was struck in the breast with a cannister shot, and fell apparently dead. Ben Vansel and Mose Beck gently and reverently straightened his form and with heavy hearts we left him almost in the hands of the advancing enemy. It can be said that Captain Penny lost his life trying to save Tom Moore. We heard afterwards that he lived an hour or so. It was singular that about one hour before the battle began a little squad of us, Mose Beck, Frank McAtee, Sam Minor and one or two more whose identity I have forgotten, were wondering whether the enemy would really come or not, and the talk drifted into a discussion of individual chances in battle. Captain Penny remarked that he had no idea he would ever be hit by a bullet.

"Why," he continued, "if I thought there was any danger of my being killed in battle, I'd quit the army and go home at once."

"You don't mean to say," I asked, "that you'd go home if you believed in the probability of your being killed?"

"No, I don't mean to say I'd go home in any event until after the war. I used that expression to show how confident I am that I shall survive this war."

Captain Penny was not a very talkative man and the conversation turned into a lighter channel. I never knew what he meant, but I always thought his words a modest effort to make his men as indifferent to danger as he was.

We were sure that Tom Moore had only a short time to live and the survivors of Captain Penny's company always thought he died on the field. Comrade A. J. Austin, of Goss, Missouri, then a member of Captain Wills' company, writes me, April 10, this year: "Thomas Moore was not killed at Moore's Mill. He was shot through the breast, the ball coming out at the back, but he got well. I knew him while I was in prison in Alton, Illinois, in the winter of 1862-3. He was a stout, heavy set man, and his sleeping bunk was next under mine. He told me of the circumstances of his being wounded. He was the first person who took the smallpox and, after several days, was sent to the hospital. I never saw him again, but I think he got well." It is more than probable that he did not recover from this illness. I am reasonably sure he did not survive the war, or I should have known it, as his home was only fifteen miles from mine.

The official report of Colonel Guitar is a very fair statement except his omission of our capture of his artillery, his over-estimate of our numbers and our losses and his assertion that "Porter had studiously impressed upon the minds of his men that if taken alive they would be killed." Our men had good reason to believe that, but they got the impression from the rabid press and the orders of the Federal commanders and not from Colonel Porter. Considering the environment these little departures from fairness were entirely excusable. Omitting the extract already given, the report is:

HEADQUARTERS,
COLUMBIA, MO., *October—, 1862.*

SIR:—I improve this, the earliest opportunity, to report

operations of troops under my command at Brown's Spring, July 27, and Moore's Mill, July 28, 1862.

On July 27 I received at Jefferson City, of which post I was then in command, a dispatch from General Schofield, ordering me to send without delay two companies of my regiment to join Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer, Merrill's Horse, at Columbia, advising me that Porter was in the north part of Boone County with a large rebel force. In pursuance of this order I at once started Companies A and B of my regiment to the point indicated. Upon the same day, and close upon the heels of this dispatch, I received a message from Captain Duffield, Third Iowa Cavalry, commanding post at Fulton, advising me that Porter, Cobb, and others were at Brown's Spring, eleven miles north of that post, with a force variously estimated at from six hundred to nine hundred men; that they were threatening an attack upon the post and that the strong probability was it would be made before the following morning. Notwithstanding the absence of General Totten, then commanding the Central District, and the very small number of available troops at the post (then not exceeding five hundred men of all arms), I felt that the emergency demanded prompt action and justified the assumption of whatever responsibility might be necessary to secure it. With one hundred picked men from my own regiment, consisting of twenty-five each from Companies E, F, G and H, respectively, under command of Lieut. J. Pinhard, Capt. H. N. Cook, Lieut. J. V. Dunn and Capt. H. S. Glaze, and one section of the Third Indiana Battery, thirty-two men, under Lieut. A. G. Armington, I crossed the river at Jefferson City, reaching the opposite shore about 10 p. m. Without halting, I continued to march over a broken and rough timbered country, arriving at Fulton about daylight in the morning, the distance being about twenty-seven miles. I found that the post had

not been attacked, and that the rebel force was still posted at Brown's Spring and receiving accessions hourly. The force at Fulton consisted of about eighty men, under Capt. George Duffield, Company E, Third Iowa Cavalry. Prominent Union men of Fulton advised that my force was too small to proceed farther, and insisted that I should wait at Fulton for reinforcements. Knowing of no available force in reach, and that delay would encourage the rebel element and greatly increase their force, I determined to advance with the troops at my disposal. After feeding and refreshing men and horses I started for their camp, having augmented my force by the addition of fifty men of Company E, Third Iowa Cavalry, under Capt. Duffield, making my aggregate force one hundred and eighty-six men.

Our route lay through comparatively open country until we reached the vicinity of the camp, which we did about 1 p. m. Here I learned, from rebel citizens brought in, that Porter was still encamped at the Spring with his whole force, numbering from six hundred to nine hundred, and that he would certainly give us battle. I found the Spring situated on the south bank of the Auxvasse, in a narrow horseshoe bottom, completely hemmed in by a low bluff, covered with heavy timber and dense undergrowth, being about one mile east of the crossing of the Mexico and Fulton roads.

Advancing cautiously, when I had reached a point about one mile south of the camp I ordered Captain Duffield to move with his company along the Mexico road until he reached the north bank of the Auxvasse, to dismount, to hitch his horses back, and post his men in a brush along a by-path leading from the Spring to the Mexico road; when there, to await the retreat of the enemy or to come up in his rear in case he made a stand at the Spring. With the rest of my force, after waiting for Captain Duffield to reach

the position assigned him, I moved rapidly in a northeasterly direction, through fields and farms, taking position in a small arm of open prairie, about four hundred yards southeast of the camp and about one hundred and fifty yards from the brush skirting the creek. Here I dismounted my whole force, hitching the horses to the fences in our rear, and, forming upon the right and left of the section, which was brought to bear upon the rebel camp, I now ordered Captain Glaze, with fifty men, composed of detachments from the different companies, to move directly upon the camp, advancing cautiously through the brush and along the bluff until he reached the camp or met the enemy, and, in either event, to engage him, falling back promptly upon our line. While this order was being executed I received intelligence that a small party of the enemy was seen in the brush about half a mile from our right. I immediately sent Captain Cook, with twenty men, to reconnoiter the ground and ascertain what force was there. On reaching the edge of the timber he discovered a party of ten or fifteen rebels, just emerging from the brush. The captain promptly fired upon them, unhorsing three of the party and scattering the rest in confusion. It was afterwards ascertained that one of the party was mortally, and another seriously, wounded. After waiting some forty minutes I received a message from Captain Glaze that he had reached the camp and that the enemy had fled. I immediately went forward to the camp and found that it had been abandoned in hot haste, the enemy leaving behind them one wagon, a quantity of bacon, meal, several sheep, and their dinner, which was just ready, unserved. I discovered on examining the trail going off, that they had dispersed in squads, going down the creek in a northeasterly direction. I at once called in Captain Duffield and ordered the woods scoured in the vicinity of the camp, which was done, but

no enemy found. It being near night, I pitched my camp upon the ground where we first formed, intending, after resting and feeding (to pursue and make a night attack upon them.

About 8 p. m. I received information that Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer was west of me some ten miles with five hundred men. This information together with the exhausted condition of my men, having been without sleep for forty hours, induced me to defer any further movement until morning. I at once dispatched a messenger to Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer, advising him of my whereabouts, and asking him to join me as early as practicable next morning. Thus ended our operations at Brown's Spring, notable not for what the men did, but what they dared.

At daylight I ordered Lieutenant Pinhard, Company E, Ninth Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, with twenty-five men, to cross the creek below the rebel camp, moving down the north side. I at the same time ordered Lieutenant Spencer, Company E, Third Iowa Cavalry, with twenty-five men, to move down the south bank, directing them to proceed cautiously, pursuing the rebel trail as soon as they found it, and advising me promptly of their presence or movements.

After dispatching these parties I ascertained that Porter had encamped during the night on the Auxvasse, about four miles southeast of me, and that his intention was to move down the creek. With the rest of my force I at once moved for his place of encampment. On approaching the old Saint Charles road I discovered a body of troops moving east, and, pressing forward, we soon overtook them. They proved to be the advance of Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer's column, eighty men, under Captain Higdon, the column itself being but a short distance behind. I continued moving along the Saint Charles road until I reached a point about

one mile east of the Auxvasse. Here I halted until the column of Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer came up. It consisted of detachments from Companies A, C, E, F, G, H, I and K, Merrill's Horse, three hundred and six men; detachments from Companies F, G and H, Third Iowa Cavalry, under Major Caldwell, eighty-three men; Companies B and D, Tenth Regiment Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, one hundred and twenty men, and an independent company of cavalry, Captain Rice, thirty-eight men.

I at once ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer, with the detachments of Merrill's Horse; Companies B and D, Tenth Regiment of Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, and Captain Rice's Company, Red Rovers, thirty-eight men, to cross the Auxvasse, moving down the east side of the creek, as near to it as practicable, and engage the enemy if he should come up with him, relying on my cooperation as soon as I should hear the report of his guns. My object was to prevent the escape of the enemy and bring him to an engagement at once. With my original column, augmented by the addition of a detachment of Third Iowa Cavalry, eighty-three men, I moved down the west side of the creek. I had already been advised that my advance was on the rebel trail and that his pickets had been seen moving forward to reach the head of my column. I found it detached. Through some misapprehension of orders, and in their eagerness to follow, my original column shot ahead, leaving the reinforcements more than a mile in the rear. Galloping forward to halt the advance and to order out flankers, I arrived within about forty yards of it, when a terrific volley was pored upon it from the woods on the east side of the road. The advance instantly wheeled into line and returned the fire from their horses. I ordered them to dismount, which they did with as much coolness and composure as if going to walk into a country church; that, too, upon the very spot where they

received the first fire. This advance was composed of twenty-five men of Company E, Third Iowa Cavalry, under Lieutenant Spencer.

The advance of my column coming up, composed of the remainder of Company E, Third Iowa Cavalry, Captain Duffield, and detachment of Ninth Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, under Captains Cook and Glaze and Lieutenant Dunn, one hundred and twenty-five men in all, I ordered them to dismount and deploy the men in the woods upon the right and left of the road, instructing them to conceal themselves as best they could and not to fire until they saw an object. During this time the rebels kept up a continual fire, chiefly upon the center of our line. Our fire was by volleys and mostly at random. Major Caldwell coming up, I ordered him to form his men upon the right of our line, the object of the enemy seeming to be to flank us in that direction. To do this he was compelled to advance his line into the woods seventy or eighty yards east of the road. Here he was met by a strong force of the enemy, who greeted him with a shower of shot and ball. Our little column wavered for a moment under the galling fire, but soon recovered itself and went steadily to work. By this time the men seemed to have got into the merits of the thing, and the brush which they dreaded so much at first, they now sought eagerly as their surest protection. Our fire, which was at first by volleys, was now a succession of shots, swaying back and forth from one end of the line to the other. As soon as I saw our line steady I ordered forward one gun of the section to our center, which rested upon the road, here so narrow that the piece had to be unlimbered and brought forward by hand. I ordered Lieutenant Armington to open with shell and cannister upon the left of the road, which was done in fine style, silencing the rebel force completely for a time. I now discovered a large body of rebels crossing to the west side of the road,

evidently with the view of flanking us on the left. Seeing this, I ordered the other gun of the section to take position in our rear and on the west side of the road and to shell the woods upon our left, at the same time ordering the advance of our left wing. The prompt execution of these orders soon drove the enemy back to the east side of the road. This accomplished, there was a lull in the storm ominous and deep.

Our whole line was now steadily advancing. Captains Duffield and Cook were upon the right. Major Caldwell was upon the extreme left. Captain Glaze and Lieutenant Dunn were immediately upon the left of the center. * * * * At this juncture Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer arrived upon the field with his command. I ordered him to dismount his men; to hold one company in reserve; to send one company forward to our extreme right, and to take position with the rest of his force on our extreme left. Company G, Merrill's Horse, under Lieutenant Peckham, was sent forward to the right. I am not advised of the order in which the other companies were formed on the left. I know, however, that all the companies moved promptly and eagerly to their positions. I here called upon Major Clopper, Merrill's Horse, to act as aide (not having so much as an orderly after the fall of my chief bugler), which he did during the rest of the engagement, rendering me efficient and valuable assistance.

During the time occupied in making these dispositions the battle continued with unabated vigor. Some of the companies, in their eagerness to get into position on the left, exposed themselves greatly. Among them Company K, Merrill's Horse, and in consequence suffered seriously. Lieutenant Myers fell at this point covered with wounds, from which he since died. He bore himself nobly and fell in front of his company. The companies, however, without faltering, reached their positions. Just at this time a cir-

cumstance occurred which for a moment occasioned some confusion. The cry was received on the left of the center that they were being fired upon by our own men upon the extreme left. It was kept up so persistently that I ordered the companies upon the left to cease firing. It soon proved, however, to be a mistake, and we went on again with the work. I now ordered an advance along our whole line, which was promptly responded to, and with steady step the enemy were soon driven back. Tired of crawling through the brush, and catching the enthusiasm as they moved, the whole line, raising a wild shout of triumph, rushed upon the enemy, completely routing and driving him from the field.

I immediately ordered two companies mounted and sent in pursuit. They soon found the enemy's camp, but he had fled, leaving his only wagon and a few horses. It was now 4 p. m., the action having begun at 12 m., the men not having food or water since morning. The day was one of the very hottest of the season; the battle-field in a dense unbroken forest, and the undergrowth so thick as to render it impossible in many places to see a man in the distance of thirty feet. Many of the men were almost famished with thirst and exhausted from fatigue and the extreme heat. These circumstances induced me (much against my will) to defer farther pursuit until morning.

Thus terminated the battle of Moore's Mill, brought on and sustained for more than an hour by a force of less than one third that of the enemy, terminating in his utter defeat and rout by a force largely inferior in numbers; that, too, upon a field of his own choosing, as strong and as well selected as nature could afford. The enemy's force numbered over nine hundred. They were posted behind logs and trees, under cover of brush, so perfectly concealed and protected that you were compelled to approach within a few steps of them before they could be seen. The battle occurred

about one mile west of the Auxvasse, and about the same distance from Moore's Mill, from which it takes its name.

Of the conduct of officers and men I can not speak in terms of too high commendation. Where every man discharged his whole duty it would seem invidious to discriminate. It is enough to say that with such officers and men I should never feel doubtful of the result upon an equal field.

The following is a summary of our loss: Third Iowa Cavalry, killed two, wounded twenty-four; Ninth Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, killed two, wounded ten; Merrill's Horse, killed six, wounded eleven; Third Indiana Battery, killed one, wounded three; Red Rovers, Captain Rice, killed two, wounded seven. Total, thirteen killed and fifty-five wounded. We lost twenty-two horses killed, belonging almost entirely to the Third Iowa Cavalry.

The loss of the enemy, as ascertained, was fifty-two killed and from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty wounded. His wounded were scattered for miles around the battle-field. Many of them were carried on horses back to Boone, Randolph and other counties. On our march next day we found from one to a dozen at almost every house we passed, and many who were badly wounded continued with the enemy on his retreat. We captured one prisoner and a number of guns. There were among the killed and wounded a number of my neighbors and county men. A captain and a private of my regiment had each a brother on the rebel side and a lieutenant had a brother-in-law killed.

Porter had studiously impressed upon the minds of his men that if taken alive they would be killed. One rebel was found crawling from the field badly wounded and stripped except his drawers. When approached he said he was a Federal soldier, but finally admitted that he was not, and stated that his object in denuding himself was to conceal

his identity, and thus avoid being shot as we passed over the field. Others who had been taken into houses along the route of their retreat, hearing our approach, would drag themselves out into the fields and woods to avoid us, thus showing the deep deception which had been practiced upon them.

I encamped for the night near the battle-field, and resumed the pursuit at daylight next morning. Moving down the Auxvasse some four miles, I struck the rebel trail, which I followed over a brushy, rugged and broken country until noon. In many places the trail led over ravines and hollows, which they no doubt supposed were impracticable for the passage of vehicles. I at length reached a point where the trail ran out, and upon examination discovered that the enemy had doubled upon his track. The result was that, after marching until 2 p. m., we found ourselves within two miles of the point where we had come upon the trail in the morning. In the meantime I had been joined by Companies A and B of my own regiment, and, from information obtained from them, with other circumstances, I became satisfied that Porter had divided his force, which afterwards proved true. A portion, perhaps numbering three hundred, under Cobb, Frost and Purcell, had gone northwest through Concord. The remainder, led by himself, had gone northeast in the direction of Wellsville. I therefore determined to move directly to Mexico and endeavor to intercept the main body in the vicinity of Paris, being advised that there was a body of some 400 rebels near that place organized and ready to join Porter. I reached Mexico at 8 a. m. the following morning, and on the same day received a message from Colonel McNeil advising me that he was in Paris with three hundred and fifty men, and that Porter was in the immediate vicinity with a large force, and asking cooperation. I at once telegraphed to Lieutenant-Colonel Morsey at Warrenton to

move up with his command, numbering about one hundred and fifty men, and on the following day the column moved for Paris, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer.

Prostrated by sudden illness, I was here compelled to abandon the expedition, well begun, and afterwards so handsomely consummated.

Respectfully submitted,

O. GUITAR,

Colonel Ninth Missouri Cavalry, Militia.

COL. LEWIS MERRILL.

The History of Shelby County, page 746, says: "Monday, July 28, Porter and Cobb were attacked by Colonel Guitar with portions of his own regiment, the Ninth Missouri State Militia, Shaffer's battalion of Merrill Horse, Duffield's Company of the Third Iowa Cavalry, a company of Pike County militia, and two pieces of Robb's Third Iowa battery. The fight came off at Moore's Mill, seven miles east of Fulton, and, as might have been expected where two such chieftains as Porter and Guitar were engaged, was desperate and bloody. Porter was defeated, although the Federals allowed him to retreat comparatively [entirely] unmolested. The Federal loss was sixteen killed and forty-three wounded. The Confederates reported a loss of eleven killed and twenty-one severely wounded, but the Federals declared this was a large underestimate." The History of Boone County, page 422, says: "The total Federal loss at Moore's Mill was about sixteen killed and fifty wounded. The Confederate loss was about the same. Boone County men participated in this fight on both sides. Among the Confederates killed were D. P. Brown and Henry Pigg, both of this county; wounded, Wm. T. Tolston, John McKenzie, John Bergen and John Jeffries."

The Fulton Telegraph, Extra, July 29, says Guitar left Fulton with two hundred men Sunday, and next morning before he arrived at the State road from Columbia to Dan-

ville "he discovered there were troops on it, which proved to be parts of Merrill Horse and the Third Iowa Cavalry and a part of Colonel Glover's regiment—in all, five hundred and fifty men. * * *

Taking everything into consideration, it was one of the hardest fought battles that we have had in North Missouri. Our men all fought like veterans and compelled the enemy to leave the ground. Our forces would have followed them up but for the sultry, hot weather, the men being nearly famished for water. [!] * * * * * *

"Colonel Guitar says he is going to follow them, according to his instructions, 'to the jumping-off place, and then spoil the jumping-off place.'" The same paper, dated August 1, says: "Since issuing our extra of the 29th ult. we have been able to obtain the following list of the loss in the Battle of Moore's Mill, seven miles northeast of this city, between Colonel Porter of the Confederate Army and detachments of Federals under Colonel Guitar, his principal officers being Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer and Major Caldwell of the Third Iowa. Our readers may rely on the following as correct.

"In Merrill Horse the killed were Sergeant Cameron, Bugler Ludwigstize, Privates McBride, Walters and James Taylor, all of Company K; the wounded were: Lieutenant Myers, First Sergeant G. Bradshaw, Corporal Bower, Privates Liechte, Hoye, mortally, Van Kamp, J. J. Long, N. H. Trude, B. Toyer and Kidner. In the Third Iowa the killed were: James Cross, B. F. Holland, John Morgan and Robert Parker; the wounded were: T. Johnson, C. Gregory, M. J. Clark, W. F. Craven, M. Worley, J. Worley, H. Morris, G. Cheatham, J. Harber, S. Shane, J. Burton, R. Watts, W. Vandyke, J. A. Dunham, C. W. Gleason, F. W. Campbell, S. H. Owens and A. C. Parker. In the Louisiana Independent Red Rovers the wounded were: G. W. Selvey, since died; L. B. McCans, since died; A. D. Tipple, W. Ousley,

W. Cody, Oscar Gilbert, W. P. McCans, T. R. Doge and George W. Moore. In the Ninth Missouri the killed were: Richard Baker and George Shultz; the wounded were: Bugler Gallatly, H. Schrader, P. Kintzer, L. Snowden, mortally; J. Tudor, J. A. Mason, H. Shultz, Fleming, R. H. Breeze, M. Dalton and E. C. Musick. The above includes the entire list of the killed and wounded on the part of the Federals, except those of the Indiana Battery, of which we learned one was killed and two wounded. Thus, it will be seen that the entire number of the killed and wounded of the Federals foots up to fifty-nine. Several of those who were wounded have died since the day of the battle. The whole number of Federals dead up to this time is fifteen.

"The rebel loss in killed and wounded amounts to twenty-seven. Five of the number were killed outright and one has since died. We have not been able to learn the names of all the dead and wounded of the rebels, many of the wounded refusing to give their names. The following is as perfect a list as could be obtained: Captain Penny, of Marion[1] County, killed by grape shot; Private J. Fowler, killed by a minie ball; C. H. Hance, Randolph County, wounded in arm and thigh, very severe; D. P. Brown, Boone County, wounded in head, mortally; William Gibson, Scotland County, wounded in left shoulder, not dangerous; Thomas B. Moore, Lincoln County, wounded in left breast, severe; James Tolson, Boone County, wounded in leg, severe, J. T. Joyner,[2] of Shelbyville, wounded in leg, severe; John McKnight, of Boone County, wounded in shoulder, severe; J. W. Splawn, of Ralls County, wounded in breast, since died, E. B. McGee,[3] of Monroe County, wounded in head, dangerous; George D. Endine, of Marion County; Tole, of

[1]Captain Penny's home was in Pike County.
[2]See Appendix L.
[3]This is a mistake; it was E. L. McGee who was wounded. He was a cousin of E. B. McGee, who was standing by his side at the time. It may have been a typographical error, or the wounded man may have had a purpose in deceiving the militia.

Marion County; Hamilton, of Marion County. We did not learn the character of the wounds of the last three, but understand they are badly wounded. The foregoing includes the names of all the rebel dead and wounded that we could obtain. We regret that we cannot give the names of all their killed and wounded; and out of their entire loss (twenty-seven) we can only give the names above. We do not suppose that they took any of their wounded off with them for they had no means of carrying them, having no wagons or ambulances. They travel without any incumbrances. Porter carries no tents. He and his men sleep on their blankets beneath the trees, and subsist on the supplies they get from friend and foe on their way. We here repeat what we said in our extra of Tuesday last, that the battle of Moore's Mill was one of the hardest fought and most hotly contested battles that has taken place since the rebellion commenced, considering the numbers engaged and the circumstances by which the Union troops were surrounded. Colonel Guitar, with eight hundred and seventy-five men and two pieces of cannon, came upon Porter with three hundred and fifty men concealed in the bushes before he was aware of his whereabouts, our troops receiving a shower of balls from the rebels before they fired a gun. The heroic Union boys soon recovered from the shock and were not slow in returning a deadly fire. The battle raged for two hours, when the rebels were put to flight. They left so precipitately that if they had had any baggage, supplies or, indeed, anything but themselves and horses, it would have fallen in the hands of the Union troops. All the troops are loud in the praise of the heroic bravery of Colonel Guitar. Indeed all officers and men did nobly and bravely

"Porter and his men fought with desperation. The Union troops admit that the rebels showed *grit* and determination—that their courage and bravery were worthy of a better

cause. We learned from one of the rebels wounded that Porter was deceived in regard to the number of the Union troops. He had been advised by some means of the number that left this place on Sunday night last to attack him at Brown's Spring, but did not know that Colonel Guitar had received reinforcements. The wounded rebel said that if Porter had known the number of Colonel Guitar's forces he would not have stopped for a fight; that the Union troops had given them more than they had bargained for. Colonel Guitar left in pursuit of Porter and his rebel band on Tuesday morning. We learned that the rebels divided into squads and took different directions. Porter had better skedaddle, for he has in his pursuit a brave, energetic officer, well fitting the true, tried and heroic troops that are under him; and if Porter don't get beyond kingdom come the boys will 'take him in.'

"There was a prisoner—Dr. William M. McFarlane,[1] brother of Captain McFarlane of Colonel Guitar's regiment—taken by the Union troops on the battle-field. The rebels took no prisoners. We hope and trust that Porter and his like will keep out of the country. The citizens before he came were quiet—all was quiet, and peace reigned in our midst. All classes were attending to their business. We hope, too, that we may not have to record the history of another battle in our county."

The "wounded rebel" interviewed by the reporter was either mistaken himself or was deceiving "the enemy," most probably the latter. It was our policy to do that whenever possible. I had the opportunity to know that Colonel Porter had pretty correct information as to the strength of the various detachments on our trail and a fairly accurate idea as to their position. Under the circumstances the giving of battle was the proper thing. The new men were eager

[1]See Appendix M.

for battle; the others—the old guard—preferred a fight to a forced run. Our horses were the best in the State, but we had put them almost to the limit of their endurance—over four hundred miles in ten days and on short rations. Battle, to them, meant a rest of at least six hours; refusal of battle meant a furious run of a hundred miles. More important than all it meant discouragement to enlistments. I know that Colonel Porter would have stopped and given the enemy a few rounds, at least, had they been twice as strong in numbers. This newspaper account is somewhat extravagant in its praise of the behavior of Guitar's men—inferentially of his own regiment. They did fight well after they had become steady under the influence of Colonel Guitar's orders and example, but they were not in the same class with the battalions of Major Caldwell and Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer. These men, notably the latter force, came on the field meaning business and they stuck to it with dogged determination to the end.

The Missouri Democrat of July 30 says: "We learn that Major Clopper, after routing Porter near Memphis, followed him down to Florida, where the guerrillas again took flight and were driven into Callaway County. Here they were reinforced by Cobb's and Poindexter's bands. Colonel Guitar, meantime, had crossed from Jefferson City with part of the 9th Missouri State Militia, and here effected a junction with Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer and Major Clopper, each commanding a detachment of Merrill Horse, and with Major Caldwell commanding a detachment of the Third Iowa Cavalry—making his force six hundred and fifty strong. Monday, at noon, he was attacked by Porter, nine hundred strong, at Moore's Mill, seven miles east of Fulton, and after fighting until four o'clock in the afternoon the guerrillas were completely routed, with a loss of seventy-five to one hundred killed and wounded and one taken prisoner."

Elijah Hopper, Columbia, Missouri, a member of Company F, Colonel Guitar's regiment, says, October 7, 1908, "Guitar had about three hundred of his own regiment," but this is doubtless an overestimate. He continues: "Porter's men were formed near the road running north and south, and as we came on they attacked us. We fought about four hours. We had three pieces of the Third Indiana battery and the rebels charged it and tried to capture it. We fought about an hour and a half, when we were reinforced by Colonel Shaffer. We fought about four hours when the rebels retreated. Our command had thirteen killed and fifty-five wounded. We collected the dead—both sides—after the fight and buried them near a store on the 29th. There was a Confederate captain killed there on the east of the road not far from where the battery was formed."

Colonel Guitar's official report was printed in the Columbia Herald, March 19, 1897, and on April 9, Comrade C. C. Turner, of Brown's Station, presiding justice of Boone County Court, had an interview in the same paper.

"Yes, I was at Brown's Spring July 27th, and Moore's Mill July 28th, 1862. I think it was on Sunday evening when Colonel Porter, who was camped at Brown's Spring, had a squad of five men, headed by Lieutenant Bowles, to go out and ascertain the movements of General Guitar. They soon came in sight of the General advancing on our camp. Lieutenant Bowles immediately sent a man to report to Porter. After finding out the position of the General's army they returned to camp without a scratch.

"On entering camp they found Colonel Porter, with his men mounted, ready to march. Colonel Porter divided his men into several squads and had them to meet in an agreed place about one-half mile northeast of the spring. We left the camp in the order General Guitar had described it, in order to mislead him.

"When the squads met at the agreed place, Colonel Porter

had them dismount and hitch their horses and march back within a few hundred yards of the spring. Having a good position, he had his men form and lie down in line of battle, to await the General's advance. On finding the General was not advancing on him, he mounted his men and marched a few miles farther on. Had the General have come up on us we would have given him a warm reception. As night was coming on, we again divided up into squads and let the good people of that country satisfy our appetites, for which I still extend my thanks. Early next morning we mounted and took up our line of march.

"On our march we passed through an oat field, where the boys gathered up oats from the shock and fed their horses while riding along, leaving a nice trail, that the General might have no trouble in following us (which he and his men did in grand style, little knowing what was in store for them). After coming to the point that afterwards proved to be Moore's Mill battle-ground, we left the road, went into the brush some distance and then marched back parallel with the road where the fight took place, dismounted, hitched our horses and marched up within thirty feet of the road. Concealing ourselves until General Guitar's command got within our front; the signal was given, and we poured a volley that proved to be both demoralizing and destructive to the General's army causing them to break ranks and scatter. The General swore a little in those days, and after indulging some little bit he finally got his men formed again and made another attack, proving about as destructive as the first; but the General being a nervy man had his men keep repeating until he was reinforced, and after desperate fighting for some time we drove the enemy from their artillery. Colonel Porter seeing his ammunition running short, and General Guitar being reinforced until he outnumbered us three to one, we then withdrew from the

field in good order; our men being divided again to meet in agreed places.

"No, Colonel Porter did not have nine hundred men. The General having hot lead poured at him from so many directions saw nine hundred trees and supposed there was a rebel behind each tree. All told, Porter had about two hundred and eighty men, of which about two hundred went into battle, the remainder being on other duty. I don't know just the number the General had. It was reported he went into the fight with seven hundred men and was finally reinforced with four hundred more. We had several men wounded but very few killed; but I don't think over one-fourth the number our enemy had.

"During the fight Porter was continually walking up and down the line urging the boys to take good aim and not expose themselves nor waste ammunition. While I can't praise Porter and his followers too much, I don't wish to cast any reflection on the General and his men. They did some noble fighting and it is few men that would have made the second attack after receiving such a slaughter. Of course I was a mere boy of eighteen, but I think this is a true statement."

Comrade Hance[1] was with us thirty hours but they, covering his solitary battle, were eventful ones to him. He writes: "Early in July, 1862, I was living and doing business at Renick, Missouri, where we were daily harassed by the militia and to such an extent that I found it imperative (although having a widowed mother to protect and provide for) to arrange affairs to join some Confederate

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[1]Prefacing his interesting account he says: "Like yourself, I came of Revolutionary stock. My Grandfather Hance served under Washington at the Battle of Brandywine and was at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, he being a rebel and under the greatest rebel leader this country ever produced except, perhaps, our noble Lee. It was bred in the bone for the humble descendant of that grandfather to take up arms in defense of human rights and of the invaded homes. Yes, the name of Colonel Joseph C. Porter deserves esteem and respect as that of a valiant, brave and patriotic Confederate leader and he should rank with Ashby, Morgan, Shelby and others who, under the most adverse circumstances, distinguished themselves in a struggle which, I might say, almost from the start was only a forlorn hope."

command in order to reach the army in Arkansas under Shelby or Marmaduke. In a few days I had with me Tuck Powell, Uriah Williams, William Furnish, ——— Robinson, George Freeman, E. C. Hance (my brother), all—except this brother, who was too young and not strong—as hardy and brave a bunch as ever entered the service. It was reported that Colonel Porter would attack the Federal forces at Mexico, and we much desired to take part in the engagement. With that purpose in view we started at once for Matt Frost's encampment in the Blackfoot country in Boone. We reached the camp shortly after dark and just in time to take up the march. The next morning we stopped on the prairie near Mount Zion and I could see there was what we would call a full company and under command of Frost's lieutenant, Bowles, Frost being left behind for some reason. Late in the afternoon the march was resumed, the object being, as I learned afterwards, to join Colonel Porter at Brown's Springs. If you were in Porter's camp you must surely remember it,[1] for we largely increased his force.

"Here I did my first picket duty and I remember my anxiety, for reports were continually coming indicating the near approach of the enemy. When I was relieved it was only a short time before we were ordered to mount and march, which we did in a brisk trot, notwithstanding we were following a path through heavy timber. Soon we dismounted and formed in line, waiting an hour or two and the enemy not coming, we continued our march. We had not gone very far before we were drawn up to listen to a speech from Colonel Porter, and I never heard a more inspiring one. We then marched, I think in twos, briskly, until some time in the night. Daybreak saw us again in the saddle. I remember we rode through a field where oats had been cut and shocked. I reached down and lifted as

[1]The narrator remembers that Sunday morning and the incidents of it, as well as if it were yesterday instead of forty-seven years ago.

many binds as I could for my very hungry horse, a big, fine roan, just built for cavalry service and which I had carefully selected before leaving home. Not far from this field we went into camp and we had issued to us for our breakfast flour only, as I can best remember. I had just taken some of the flour and was mixing it in water obtained from the little branch upon which we had pitched our camp when our pickets came rushing in reporting the enemy near. Eating nothing and almost starved we were immediately double-quicked near a mile[1] before we were formed in line to receive the enemy. My boys were with me, fighting bravely after the action begun. It seems to me that our company was directly in front of the artillery and I have always thought it was our fire that disabled the battery and killed nearly all the horses. It was just before our charge that poor Perry Brown fell, on my immediate left, with part of his skull torn away by a grape shot.[2] The firing by the enemy was, I think, the heaviest in the battle. We charged and drove them two or three hundred yards and into the thick timber. I never understood why our men did not take and use the artillery when it was abandoned by the enemy. I suppose Colonel Porter lacked artillerymen and did not have the force to spare. When the enemy's reinforcements arrived we fell back to a gully. The enemy's fire was continuous and very heavy, the minie balls flying in our faces everywhere and the smoke of their guns seemed to be within twenty or thirty yards. Here out of our six George Freeman, William Furnish, Uriah Williams and myself were wounded. My right arm was fearfully shattered almost from the shoulder to the elbow. Another bullet, which

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[1]Less than half a mile if the narrator remembers correctly.

[2]It was a cannister ball that killed Brown. The battery used only round shot and cannister, mostly the latter. Every missile makes its peculiar sound in passing through the air and these different sounds can be easily distinguished after some experience by those within hearing. A few weeks ago Sam Minor picked up two cannister balls on this field. He sent me one and I have it on my desk at this writing.

I still carry, buried itself in my thigh and a third grazed the skin under my left arm, tearing a hole in my clothing and haversack through which you could pass your hand. I stepped back to the gully in our rear and the next thing I remember was a Dutchman peeping around a tree at me with a shout of glee to see the damned secesh hors de combat. Several of the Merrill Horse and Rice's Red Rovers presently came up. One of Merrill's orderlies poured water and brandy down my throat and asked me if I wished to be taken up the road where they had placed their dead and wounded. I asked if there was an officer near would they please call him. They called Captain Rice; when he came I took my pocket book from under the root of a tree where I had hid it and I said 'Captain, I have a request to make. Will you kindly send this book and money to my mother', giving him her address? He promised to send it immediately and said 'now I have a request to make of you'—when I think of it now I can but laugh at the ridiculousness of it—'and it is that if you ever get back to your command you will recover and return one or two of my company guns captured by your men as they are of a new kind and limited to my company and I cannot get others like them.[1] I was then taken to the roadside and placed among the Federal dead and wounded. I had a spell of unconciousness and when I came to myself I was all alone and the sun was getting low. I thought it time for me, if able, to seek shelter and relief. I remembered that while on the march that morning we passed a little log cabin before turning into the timber for encampment and I thought it could not be far. Though weak and nearly blind from loss of blood and suffering an

[1] I have one of these guns, and value it as a trophy of that memorable day. It is, I think, a Sharpe's rifle; length of barrel twenty-six inches, total length forty-two inches; weight, ten pounds. It is a breech loader, with cut-off for paper cartridge and carried a forced ball of large caliber. It has a sliding hind-sight for up to eight hundred yards, and had a percussion-tape attachment, but this rusted off before the war ended. Before the receipt of Comrade Hance's letter I never knew to which command it belonged, as all Federals then looked alike.

agony from my wounds I made a supreme effort to reach it. Fortunately the rail fence had been pulled down to the ground. The door was open. I walked in and went down on a couch near the door. The floor was covered with the wounded and dying. Near the couch was my poor Comrade Perry Brown, with his brain oozing out. I think he died that night. The scene now comes back to me as a terrible nightmare. This cabin was occupied by a lone woman whose name I think was Maddox. All night long, with a solitary tallow dip, suggestive of spectral shadows, did she pass and repass, giving water to the feverish and rendering what aid she could. God knows how I felt for her. The next day two young girls came to assist the poor woman. They washed the blood and battle stains from my face and hands and gave me some delicious chicken broth which was my first food for several days. They told me they were Union, but I think such kindness and gentleness could only come from sympathizers and that their statement was made through prudence.

"As near as I can remember Drs. Scott and Howard of Fulton, and Russell of Concord, carried me out of the cabin and placed me on a carpenter's bench for the purpose of amputating my arm, but they laid it over my breast and carried me back to either gain more strength for the operation or to die. Thank God, a dear old Virginia gentleman, Colonel Moses McCue, came with a spring wagon in which was a feather bed, and took me to his home two miles away. The jar of the wagon when backed against the door caused me to faint. Mrs. McCue caught me in her arms and threw cold water in my face. God bless her! A few days later the same surgeons came and amputated my right arm. The ninth day after I walked across the room and experienced the saddest moment of my life when I looked in the mirror on the dresser.

"Accompanied by my mother and Miss Ada McCue I

went to the home of Sam Hudnall, whose wife was my cousin. Ten days later I went to Montgomery City and took the train for Renick. About three weeks afterwards I was walking along the railroad as Paymaster Flynn's car was pulling away from the station. I was much alarmed when several Federal officers rushed to the rear of the car and Mr. Flynn pointed in my direction. I expected the train to back up and that I should be taken prisoner and I was relieved to see it spin ahead. The next day but one I received a most kind letter from Captain Rice. He said his sympathy for me was particularly aroused because at the battle of Kirksville he had received a painful and severe wound, and that it was by the merest accident he had learned my whereabouts through Mr. Flynn; that he still had my pocket book and money and that he would be delighted if I would come down to Mexico for them. I was afraid of arrest and sent a friend, Ode Cook, a Union man. He brought them and a very kind message from Captain Rice whom I shall always remember as one of God's noblemen. I still have the pocket book.

"One of my greatest disappointments resulting from my sad experience is that I was cut out of a service in which my whole soul and being were enlisted and that I had so little association with that grandest and best of men, Colonel Joseph C. Porter. However, I have always had the good will of Federals and Confederates and though a life-long Democrat I have always been successful in my campaigns for office, receiving usually as many Republican as Democratic votes and notwithstanding my party is greatly in the minority here I defeated at the last election a Grand Army man by nearly 7,000 votes. Judge Caldwell, who, as major, commanded a portion of the Federal troops at Moore's Mill is a very near neighbor of mine; a dear, good man whose friendship I prize highly."

I knew Captain Hiram A. Rice. His was a very lovable character. Governor Campbell, of Missouri, writes me:

"Captain Rice died in Montana of softening of the brain, some years after the war. He went to Montana to live with a stepdaughter or an adopted daughter. His remains were shipped back and I think he was buried at Louisiana. He was elected assessor of Pike County after the war and served two or three terms."

Comrade J. R. Wine was in the little detachment that did not receive the first order to retreat. He says "We were almost surrounded. One of our boys, Ike Hamline, who was shot through the body, jumped on my back, but I kept up with the others until we got out of the trap. There were five in our little squad. When we got to where we left our horses we found only two. The other four took them and I was left afoot. I struck the trail and soon picked up a gun somebody had dropped, and presently a sack of buck shot and again a sack half full. The strings holding these to the saddle rings had become loosened without being noticed. Ammunition was too precious to lose. With two guns and a heavy wad of shot I trudged on until I met Colonel Porter who was riding a stout chestnut sorrel. He took my load in front and I climbed up behind. When we reached camp I was completely exhausted. A little rest and a big drink of buttermilk from a house nearby put me all right."

Captain George H. Rowell, then first lieutenant, commanding Company H, Merrill Horse, writes: "Moore's Mill fight occurred in a densely wooded country and, while you will remember the position and the stand taken by Porter's forces there, I must admit we were very much in the dark as to his movements and when the Merrill Horse came into the fight, which Guitar had commenced, because he first encountered you, the Merrill Horse being on another road, we were at a loss to know just where you were located; not but there were noise and gun firing enough, but it seemed to us that the woods was full of you, except to

the north, which would have been in our rear. The Merrill Horse came into the fight on a road leading to the dense woods from the north. When we came in and stripped for action, our sabres detached and placed in a pile where each company went in, I distinctly remember that the order to each company commander was to have his men lie down and only to fire when they saw a man in front. I remember that Company I, of the Michigan battalion, took position on the right of the road, supporting our battery of six mountain howitzers, while I took position on the left of the road facing east. You seemed to be all about us only in our rear, and while the firing was incessant for a while, we saw but few of the enemy. The only order I gave was for the men to crawl on their bellies and when they saw a head shoot at it. The alignment was well preserved and my men behaved splendidly. Only two were wounded; Company I had one man killed. Captain Higdon's company, from Cincinnati, had over a dozen killed. It was the first time this company had been engaged and they exposed themselves rashly. Now as to what I know about the bushwacker Cobb in that fight. He, with his company was on the right of the road and in front of our battery, which had not commenced firing, and I don't think that Cobb knew at first that we had a battery, but as the battery grew hotter, he was heard (not by me) to give orders to charge, and they came on, when our full battery of six pieces let go, reloaded and fired again. Don't know whether all were Cobb's men who were killed and wounded on that part of the field or not, but it was reported after the fight that thirteen or fourteen were killed and wounded in front of our battery. I don't know how we knew that Cobb was in front of our battery, but I think it must have been from some of the wounded found there. The commanding officer of Company I said he distinctly heard the order given to charge the battery. Cobb had been a terror

through the counties of Boone, Callaway and Howard[1] and was more dreaded by the citizens than by us. The impression was prevalent with those who never saw him that he was crippled, either by the loss of an arm or leg. I never saw him, nor ever heard of him after the Moore's Mill fight; I think he must have disbanded. That evening we buried our dead, took the wounded over to Fulton and the next morning pushed on after the enemy."

Captain J. E. Mason, of Merrill Horse, says: "Your forces made a stand on the 28th at Moore's Mill and had nearly captured the artillery from the militia when our command, after a run of about five miles, charged in and saved the guns. If you were in this fight, do you remember some of your men fired a volley at four men who were carrying a wounded officer off the field?[2] None of us four was hit, but the officer we were carrying off was hit the second time. In this engagement, if I remember right, it was reported that we had less than half as many men as you had, but we had two pieces of artillery which we came very near losing, as Merrill Horse were about five miles off when the fight began."

Mr. D. G. Harrington, of Merrill Horse, writes: "This engagement was about the last of July, 1862, the 28th I think. The enemy's force was about one thousand and fifty and ours somewhere near nine hundred. Our loss was about nineteen killed and forty-six wounded; from the prisoners taken their loss was estimated at about sixty killed and ninety-one wounded. The fight was hot while it lasted and the enemy made a hasty retreat."

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[1]Captain Rowell's familiarity with the counties mentioned is probably due to the fact that Mrs. Rowell, a native of Virginia, was reared in Howard and educated in Boone.

[2]None of our survivors that I have been able to reach ever heard of the incident. If it was done knowingly, some of Cobb's men were probably the offenders. I do not believe there was in the regiment a man capable of such a thing; I am sure there was not one in Captain Penny's company.

CHAPTER XVI

WE LEAVE THE REGIMENT

When we reached the camp the head of the column was riding off to the north in a moderate trot. The men yet unmounted were busy in preparation for the resumption of the march—as we preferred to call it, and which it was, rather than a retreat—deliberate in attention to details, but not wasting a moment of time. The wounded men able to travel were helped into their saddles and there was no hitch, or sign of any demoralization. Our little company was the last to reach the camp and the last to leave it. Like the others we made no unnecessary delay. Joe Haley insisted that while he was unable to mount he was able to ride. Jim Lovelace took charge of Tom Moore's horse, Green Rector of Mart Robey's and I took the Captain's. The latter was the largest in the regiment, full eighteen hands high, light sorrel in color and tough as a pine knot. Ready under the saddle he doggedly kept a snail's pace when led. Tiring of this I changed mounts. It was an effort to get my foot in the stirrup and more of an effort to reach the saddle, the stirrup leathers being three inches too long for me. There was no convenient stump in sight and my judgment was that I didn't have time to shorten the leathers. I had not noticed that the girth was very loose; the saddle turned before I could seat myself. The horse's body was very deep and very narrow, and all efforts to readjust the saddle were futile. Our last man had disappeared in the woods, and fortunately no Federals appeared in sight. My glances rearward were frequent and I quickly determined my action in case the enemy appeared. I should

surrender without negotiation the Captain's horse, saddle and bridle. It seemed an hour before the stiff, rusty buckle of the girth yielded to my strength and parted, letting the fifty pound saddle and heavy under blanket fall to the ground. Too much time had been already wasted to attempt at shortening the stirrups. I climbed into the saddle, gave another look Federalward—it was my last sight of the stately oaks, silent witnesses of our first defeat—fiercely drove the spur and was soon in sight of the regiment. Instead of closing up I drew rein a hundred yards in the rear and kept the same distance behind the column for nearly a mile. Too tired to talk, dispirited over the result of the day, I preferred not to mingle with the men yet awhile.

I wondered why Colonel Guitar had not followed up his advantage and thrown his whole force upon us while retreating to our horses. With his much greater numbers this would have been his proper course. Without doubt Colonel Porter would have drawn us out of the trap with his usual skill, but it would have been a very inopportune maneuver for us in our position, short of ammunition and the lay of the ground against us. Most likely our loss would have been greater than in the previous four hours of hard fighting. I had wondered, too, why, when our little company and that of Captain Porter had been left on the field, the enemy by a more vigorous movement, had not captured the whole detachment. It could easily have been done. The truth is, we had given them enough for one day.

Our first defeat—my first defeat, and I had served longer than any man in the regiment. Too bad that our luck had changed! For some time the gloomy thought bore heavily; but it could not last. We had done something. In fifteen days we had marched five hundred miles, captured a town, paroled a hundred of the enemy; fought four battles, two of them against much superior numbers, stub-

bornly contested and bloody; chosen the time and place for battle in each instance but one; sent out many scouting parties; supervised and directed extensive recruiting efforts; kept more than ten times our number of Federals on the qui vive and puzzled, running here and there on fools' errands, killing to horses and men;[1] inflicted casualties many times greater than received, and gathered as trophies one hundred and five muskets and rifles, thirty sabres, twelve revolvers and eight fine cavalry horses and their accoutrements. All this with a force four-fifths of which were boys in their teens, fresh from their homes, without any advantage of drill,[2] without experience, without cohesive impulse save patriotism and unquestioning faith in the leader; without baggage or commissary supplies, with ammunition so scant that it had to be carefully husbanded at every turn; against well drilled men, equipped to embarrassment, led by capable and energetic commanders. Surely with this record we could maintain our own self-respect and perhaps compel the respect of the enemy.

A short gallop brought me in the line. The men were apparently little concerned about the issue of the battle. If Colonel Guitar wanted more, he could have it. If he came on now, Colonel Porter would most probably shift what little ammunition we had left to one or two companies and would fight or run and tole on, or do both, while the remainder of the command would make a wild dash for the nearest point where ammunition was stored for us, turn and, win or lose, give our pursuers what we gave them today—the best we had.

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[1]The Federal commander was totally bewildered. Porter's extraordinary celerity and long and hard marches confused him. Asked where Porter was, he replied: "How can I tell? He may be at any point within a hundred miles. He runs like a deer and doubles like a fox. I hear that he crossed the North Missouri, going south, today, but I would not be surprised if he fired on our pickets before morning."—History of Lewis, Clark, Knox and Scotland Counties, p. 119.

[2]He (Guitar) had two pieces of fine artillery, manned by veterans; Porter had none. He had well armed and well mounted cavalrymen, as good as were in the Federal service. Porter had a lot of farmers and farmers' boys, with no drilling or training, and no experience save what they had obtained under him.—History of Lewis, Clark, Knox and Scotland Counties, p. 121.

We went on till nearly sunset and camped about three miles from the battle-field. I rode to the farther edge of the camp where our company had dismounted. Hitching the captain's horse and mine I joined the little circle sitting on the ground.

"We were just discussing," said Mose Beck, "what is best for us to do. The loss of Captain Penny and Tom Moore puts a damper on the rest of us. Robey will more than likely die of his wound, and Joe Haley, while able to get away, will be disabled for a month, maybe six months. There is nobody to take Captain Penny's place, and if there were, our little remnant would cut a sorry figure by the side of the other companies. We had decided, before you came up, that if Colonel Porter was willing we would leave the command, go back to Lincoln and Pike, get fifty or sixty more men—and we can surely do that well—and strike for Arkansas. We had selected you to speak to the colonel about it. Of course if he is not willing that settles it, and we will stick to him. You know when we left home it was the intention and wish of everyone of us to join the main army as soon as it was possible to do it. What do you think of it?"

"You say everybody is agreed?"

"Everybody."

"What you say about the expression of sentiment on this point before we started is correct. No one was more earnest in that expression than I. Bushwhacking didn't appeal to any of us, and, least of all, to me. I had a horror of a small fight. It was associated with the idea of a street brawl. If I am to die in battle I want it to be a battle that will be mentioned in history. I must say that my experience since we have been with Colonel Porter has modified my sentiments. Where can you find a better man than Colonel Porter? Where can you find a better regimental commander? I have seen

more service than any of you. I have seen enough to know the value of good officers. If an officer has good judgment, is cool and courageous, knows when and how to run his men into the thickest of it and when not to, is careful of the lives and health of his men, he will accomplish the best possible results with the least loss. He will make a good name for his command and he will have the confidence of his men. This confidence in officers is the very greatest help a soldier can have. It will sustain him in battle and in all the hard duties that come to him as nothing else can. I have seen some very poor officers. I have always served under good officers, but I never saw a better one than Colonel Porter. Next in importance to good officers are good men. They are necessary for the service and they are still more necessary for our comfort. Good associates are just as desirable in the army as in the home. Where can you find better men than we have in camp this moment? Where can you find better material for soldiers? Taken all in all, notwithstanding the extraordinary work we have done, we've had a pretty good time under Colonel Porter. Our battles were sprightly if they were small, and there was nothing in any one of them that we need be ashamed of. We didn't win today, but we evened up pretty well, and we gave Colonel Guitar something to ponder over for a few days at least. Personally, I shall sever my associations here with regret. Colonel Porter has been very kind to me. Not a single day since we have been with him has he failed to consult or to have a friendly talk with Captain Penny and myself. We knew almost everything that was going on."

"We know the liking Colonel Porter had for you and the captain, and that's the main reason why we selected you to talk to him."

"I'll do it. I think I know enough of the Colonel's plans to assure you that he will willingly agree to the proposi-

tion. It is in the line of his policy. I know, further, that he will get rid of Captain Cobb's company at the first opportunity. I know that it was only the then existing situation that made Colonel Porter consent for the temporary junction. He doesn't like Cobb's manner of business. Now, Mose, while I am going to agree with the company in everything, my own choice is to elect you captain, stay with the colonel and we'll give a good account for ourselves though there are only sixteen of us."

"Why not you?"

"I have no turn for it; and if I had I don't think it is right or prudent for a boy to command men. I am the youngest except Haley, McAtee, Minor and poor Mart Robey, if he is now alive. I blocked a proposition to make me first lieutenant when I first joined the army last month a year ago, giving as a reason that, excepting one, I was the youngest in the company. More than that, I didn't believe I was competent to manage a company; I don't believe it now. I am not the stuff that heroes are made of. Captain Stacy on one occasion over in Marion County was chased by a dozen militiamen. He ran into a deserted log cabin in the middle of a field. The soldiers surrounded the cabin and ordered him to come out and surrender. He invited them to come in and take him. He repeated his invitation again and again, and jeered at them until they went off. I don't think I could do anything like that. No, my place is in the line. An occasional scout wouldn't be objectionable if led by a competent officer. This brings up a matter that might be considered. I don't know how you may view it, but it doesn't look inviting to me. When we go back home we may get the recruits; they are there and they are ready to come if we can guide them safely across the Missouri River. Under present conditions it will be tedious to get into communication with the required number. While we are doing it we shall be

hunted like wolves by the militia and shall be compromising and endangering our own families and neighbors. Understand me, I don't wish to influence a single man. I am only trying to give you an idea how much I should regret to leave this command. I shall go at once to the colonel."

I found the colonel and Captain Cobb together and I heard enough of the conversation to understand that Cobb was receiving directions to separate his company from the regiment. He did not appear to altogether like the arrangement, but the details were agreed upon in a courteous manner by the two officers. I never learned positively when the separation occurred, but think it was that very night.

Captain Alvin Cobb was a large man of magnificent physique; his face broad and the features finely chiseled. His countenance lacked an indefinable something of being pleasant. As I viewed it there was a suspicion of something sinister. He rarely spoke and when he did his voice was pleasant, his words few and well chosen. The History of Lewis County, page 120, calls him "a one-armed bushwhacker captain." This description is not exactly correct. He had both arms, but he had lost his left hand and half of the forearm. To the stump was attached an iron hook by which the bridle-rein was managed. He carried a short, heavy rifle and two or three large revolvers.

We heard it said that he would not fight if it were possible to avoid it; that his plan was to kill Federal soldiers—one or twenty—and get away before they fired a gun. Whether this was true or not he fought at Moore's Mill and his men fought, too, like veterans. He made his men lie flat, but he scorned the slightest protection. Standing before his line, he maintained an unceasing fire and as fast as a piece could be emptied he passed it to the men behind

for reloading. He seemed to begrudge the time wasted in the transfers.

John Flood, a schoolmate of mine, who served in the Federal Cavalry during the war, told me forty years ago that when his regiment heard that Cobb was coming it suddenly had business elsewhere, and the business would be located a hundred miles away if necessary.

"How many men in your regiment?"

"About nine hundred; but we generally had four hundred or six hundred together at one time."

"John, do you know that Cobb never had three hundred at any one time? When he was with us he had only seventy-five and I doubt if he ever had many more."

"I don't care; he was bad medicine."

Doubtless John was putting the joke on himself by a humorous exaggeration, but for nearly the whole war the name of Cobb carried terror into the hearts of the Federal militia.

I have heard it said many times and seen it in print more than once that Cobb had a quarrel with a neighbor and the latter induced a Lieutenant Sharp in command of a detachment of militia at Wellsville to burn Cobb's house; that Cobb, a few days afterwards, met his enemy and Lieutenant Sharp on the street in a buggy and killed them both; that he took the lieutenant's watch and purse and sent them to the officer's wife with a note telling why he did the deed. How much truth there is in the story I have not been able to learn. The Missouri Democrat of September 1, 1862, tells of L. Rodney Pococke, eighteen years of age, of Montgomery City, being arrested as accessory in the murder by Alvin R. Cobb and others, near Martinsburg, July 18, 1861, of Colonel Benjamin Sharp, a citizen of Danville and Anton Yaeger, the well known proprietor of Yaeger's Garden in St. Louis. The prisoner established his innocence of the charge.

The Pioneer Families of Missouri gives, page 289, a

sketch of the Sharp family but does not tell of the murder of any of them. Major Benjamin Sharp, a Revolutionary soldier, settled in the county in 1816 and died in 1843; his son, Dr. Benjamin F. Sharp, was living in 1876, when the book was published, and he had a nephew of the same name. It is very probable that the newspaper got the names confounded. It is commonly thought that Cobb did the killing. Other murders are attributed to him. He was of a good family. What his reputation was previous to the war, I have failed to learn. During the war it reflected no credit upon our cause. He disappeared at its close. Frank McAtee saw him some years afterwards in Colusa, California.

When Cobb walked away, I disclosed the business on which I had come. Colonel Porter replied that the plan was a good one and he approved it.

"You consent for our company to leave the regiment?"

"Yes; I am sorry to part with your company. Though few in number I could always depend on it. The death of Captain Penny is a loss to the cause and I feel it as a personal loss to me."

He spoke further and feelingly on this line and made an allusion to me for which I thanked him. The details of the separation were arranged; the regiment would break camp in half an hour and go in the direction opposite to the one we should take and we would leave half an hour later. He showed not the slightest sign of fatigue and he was as cheerful and as confident as I had ever seen him.

When I got back I found Minor Winn swearing at his luck and the boys poking fun at him. He had been shaken up but not much hurt by a kick from his horse and he was noisily lamenting the fact that he was done for by the kick of an old horse after going through four battles unharmed by Yankee bullets.

I told the company the result of my mission and was repeating the complimentary things the colonel said of us

when it occurred to me that I had forgotten to get the name of the guide. I hurried back but could not find Colonel Porter. The oversight might place a serious difficulty before us. To travel all night without a guide over country entirely unknown to us would be tedious, uncertain of result and might be hazardous. An attempt to reach our destination by day meant a furious ride for three-fourths of the distance with probable complications which, under the circumstances, we preferred to avoid. While canvassing the situation with Mose Beck I saw a man talking to Ben Vansel whom I had seen when I dismounted, and of whose conversation I had overheard a few words, and knew from them that he lived in the house nearby. I told Mose that I was going to chance it with him. If he were not all right he would not know what I meant and if he were strictly all right he could give us the information we wanted. Walking up to him I asked bluntly:

"Who is the guide?"

"There are three. Wiely Smith is the best." [1]

"He is the one we want. Where can we find him?"

"Two miles from here, and I'll send a negro boy to show you where he lives."

"Can he come now?"

"He'll be here in ten minutes," and he went to bring him.

"Ben, you and I are the backs of the company, and we might as well get our guns and be ready."

We were waiting when the man came with the boy. The

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[1] The guides were T. Wiely Smith, J. M. McCall and Frank Peters. Mr. P. H. Smith, of Auxvasse, Missouri, says his brother was impressed on this occasion. Mrs. T. J. Oliver, of El Monte, California, thinks her father, J. M. McCall, acted on this occasion, and Sam Minor writes that he was informed by Thomas Pratt and J. P. Harrison that Frank Peters was the man. The incidents given by Mr. Smith in support of his belief that his brother was our guide correspond more nearly with my recollection. If I am wrong in this, Peters must have been my guide. I am reasonably certain that McCall could not have been. Smith was unmarried at the time of the battle and was living at the home of Mr. Samuel Dudley. He died in 1881, at the age of forty-seven.

latter was a pleasant faced, sprightly negro of about eighteen who politely expressed his willingness to serve us.

There must have been some light from the moon in its first quarter, or else the stars were unsually bright. The road through the woods could be plainly seen for fifty yards or more. The boy walked ahead and Ben was on my left. I cautioned him to keep an eye on the negro and to rouse me should I drop into a sleep. Tired and dull I strapped my musket to my back for fear of losing it if carried across my saddle in front as was habitual. At half a mile from the camp a noise issued from the bushes on the right of the road and about thirty yards ahead, as of a loud conversation, but the words were indistinguishable. Instantly a man galloped out, bore down upon us and in a loud, excited tone ordered us to halt. We obeyed. Why I did not bring my musket to a ready is a mystery unsolved to this day. With a quick, unexpected motion the man leveled his piece, a double-barreled shotgun—a weapon terrible in battle—cocked both barrels, jabbed the muzzle within six inches of my breast and roared out.

"God damn you, I told you to halt."

"I have halted, but my horse is restless."

"If you move again I'll blow hell out of you. Who are you?"

"We belong to Captain Penny's company. Who are you?"

"None of your damned business," and quick as a flash he wheeled his horse, drove the spur and disappeared in the wood at his point of egress.

Equally as quickly I unslung my musket, but before I brought it to a level the imprudence of a discharge of firearms within the hearing of Federals was realized.

"Ben, I don't think I ever had a closer call in my life. Two cocked barrels almost touching me and in the hands of a man either drunk or dazed."

"Don't you think he is a Federal scout and that he didn't wish to tackle both of us?"

"No, he was not in uniform."

"Well, are all the militia uniformed?"

"I think so; at least all that we struck today were. Again, this man had a double-barreled shotgun. No, he must be one of our men; but I cannot account for his behavior, except on the supposition that he is, as I said, either drunk or dazed."

"Mudd, I am not sure that he is not a Federal. Some of the militia may use their own guns until others are issued them by the Government. Anyway, I think we had better not go any farther. It's too dangerous. The Federals may have changed their position from the battle-field, or they may have thrown out pickets, and we may run into them at any minute."

"It may be so. Whether it is or not, one thing is absolutely certain; unless we get a guide and get out of this country before morning we will be in danger and a plenty of it. This is a case where it is dangerous to go ahead and still more dangerous to go back. No, we must go on."

"Deed Massa, I'se sorry to hear you say dat, case I can't go anudder step."

Here was another little bit of comedy like that of the midday in the raging of the battle. I described it to Ben, and the telling of it drove out all thought of danger. This negro was as thoroughly frightened as the other one. It was cruel to laugh at him and I cut short the scene as gently as I could.

"Oh, yes; you can go on."

" 'Deed I can't, sir; my marster can't 'ford to lose me."

"See this gun? I think you can go on. Keep right in the middle of the road and not over ten feet in front of our horses' noses."

The home of the guide was reached without incident.

It was a neat frame building one and a half stories high. The lady who met us said Mr. Smith was at home, but having been out late last night he had already retired. When shown to his room we told him that we wished him to put us within three miles of Nineveh (now Olney) in Lincoln County before daylight.

"Why that's at least fifty miles from here."

"Guess you are right."

"I don't know a thing about the road."

"That's bad for us, because you are going to be our guide."

"If I did know the road, I couldn't get back before to-morrow afternoon and if the militia catch me out of this neighborhood they will hang me. They suspect me of all manner of bad things."

"That's bad for you, for you are to be our guide."

He sprang out of bed, drew on his clothes and ran down stairs calling out—

"Come on."

In less than five minutes he was ready.

"Let the nigger get back in his own time; we can't wait for him."

A fast trot soon brought us to camp and our men were ready and waiting.

"How do you men want to go?" asked the guide.

"Ten miles through the woods," answered Jim Lovelace, "then strike a road and go like hell."

"Come on."

For full ten miles, it seemed to us, we kept a lively trot over hog paths, no paths at all, up and down hills, along the dry beds of streams, through the turning rows of cornfields and over fresh stubbles before we came to a road. When we did our gait satisfied even Jim Lovelace.

Not long after reaching the road I awoke and found myself standing all alone. In my sleep I had drawn my bridle-rein. Charlie had learned obedience to the slightest

indication of my will and he was now standing as still as death. Giving him a signal for a test of his speed—he had speed as well as endurance—I saw before me, after a mile or two, two forks of a road of apparently equal travel. No sound of horses' hoofs could be heard. My ear on the ground heard nothing. The only thing to do was to make a haphazard selection and if a killing run of three or four miles didn't find the boys, to return and try the other fork. The first guess was right. Later in the night the same luck, in all the details, struck me. In neither instance had my absence been noticed. We were traveling, not talking.

Between midnight and one o'clock the guide halted us. For an hour at least we had been traversing an open country—a raw prairie, for all we knew, the starlight revealing no tree, fence or other landmark.

"Men, we are now about one hundred yards from the North Missouri railroad. The crossings are patroled every day. If you don't want to be followed you'd better turn out to the right and cross the track singly, forty or fifty feet apart. You can cross anywhere along there; there is no cut, but a fill of not over a foot. If our tracks are seen the supposition will be that they were made by loose horses on the range. At about this distance on the other side of the railroad we can come together and return to our road.

We followed directions and found the railroad to be as described by the guide.

It must have been three o'clock when the guide halted us. For miles and miles the road had been through a forest and every yard of the way seemed in the dim light a picture of the like preceding space.

"Go down this road two miles, as near as you can judge, turn into the woods on either side, tie your horses and go to sleep. When you awake, go to the first house for grub and horse feed. You will be safe. There'll not be a Union man within five miles of you."

"How far will we be from Nineveh?"

"About three miles. It will take a breakneck gallop for me to cross the North Missouri before sunrise, and I'm not going to break step until I pass it. Good by."

He shot out of sight like a ball out of a twelve-pounder.

The ground where we flung ourselves was velvety and cool; the sleep which followed the sweetest that ever came to tired brain and muscle.

Early in the afternoon I roused Ben Vansel with the reminder that it was time to hunt for grub. In two hours we had an abundant supply of substantials and delicacies prepared by gentle and beautiful beings where every breath was a prayer for the success of our cause. The various forms of objurgation which responded to the efforts of Ben and myself to arouse the sleepers turned into blessings on sight of the inviting spread. It fell to Sam Minor and Henry Lovelace to get corn for the horses. Sweet sleep again.

At sunset a council of war was held and work for each one was mapped out. I and one or two others left the camp shortly after night fall, each in different directions. From Nineveh to Millwood I traveled a very familiar route, but the night was much darker than the preceding and there were several points on the prairie where I had to dismount and from near the ground scan the outline of the woods on the left to make sure I had not wandered far from the road. By that guide I found without much difficulty the spot where the road entered the heavy wood skirting the two forks of Lead Creek. When I reached the village of Millwood every house was dark and quiet. Passing my home I kept on in the lane for nearly half a mile, opened a gate and followed a line of fence northward to a point of woods, a dozen yards inside of which I hitched my faithful Charlie. Fifteen minutes sufficed to reach the house as dark as it was. Entering by the rear I noiselessly ascended the stairway to my oldest brother's room. His first words were the inquiry,

"You are not wounded?"

"No."

"The only safe place for Charlie is in the little tongue of woods on the Uncle Bob place across from our old pond."

"That's where he is now."

A few words for the arrangement of tomorrow and I returned to my rendezvous. To my surprise I could not find my horse. I knew I was on the right spot; I listened intently, walked to and fro with outstretched arms, but heard nothing and came in contact with nothing except the growth of the forest. The saddle would be a good pillow and it would be more comfortable to lie on the blanket, but under the circumstances I could sleep very well without either. When I awoke at sunrise I was lying within five feet of Charlie. When I approached him his only recognition was a gentle pressure of his muzzle against my shoulder.

My father and mother came to see me early in the morning. My father gave me a long and earnest talk about the situation. The militia were scouring the country vigorously. They were impressing horses, searching every house for guns of every description[1] and were beginning to take supplies from Southern men. These operations were keep-

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[1]James Wilson, who was born and lived the greater part of his life eight miles from where I am writing this narrative, in Prince George's County, Maryland, and who was then living four miles south of where I was born, in Lincoln County, Missouri, was standing at his front gate one day when a squad of fifty militiamen rode up and the officer in command inquired if he had a gun.

"I have; it is a double-barreled shotgun and a good one."

"Will you please bring it out? We are ordered to take all guns from Southern sympathizers."

"If you are ordered to take my gun, you are not going to obey orders. I paid for my gun and I'm going to keep it."

"We can't make any exceptions."

"I think you can. My gun is loaded and it is not loaded with birdshot either."

"We had as lief take a loaded gun as an unloaded one."

"You might ordinarily, but not in this case."

"Oh, Mr. Wilson, hurry up; we have no time to waste."

"If you are in a hurry go down that road right now. There is only one way for you to get my gun: Kill me, but while you are doing it I will get two of you—one for each barrel."

Every man in the squad knew Mr. Wilson. His oldest son and namesake was the major of their battalion; his next son, John, the idol of his life, was a lieutenant in the Confederate army. He was seventy years old, five feet two inches high and weighed ninety pounds. His word on any subject was never doubted. He kept his gun. The militia company was unwilling to pay the price.

ing them continually traversing the country and it was thought that under this pretense they were actively searching for Confederate recruits. He regarded the opportunity for getting out men as next to nothing and the attempt as extra hazardous. He was much opposed to me making any effort or remaining in the vicinity or county an hour longer than was necessary in preparing for a break to the main army. If fate was to be against me in the war he had a thousand times rather I should meet it in the army than by falling into the hands of the militia. My mother was unconcerned about the details, and was indifferent as to what course might be followed. In a very earnest tone she said to me.

"Whatever you decide upon, I am only solicitous that you do your duty, and I believe you will."

Had I done half of what that brave, unselfish, consecrated, God-fearing woman believed me capable, what a success my life would have been!

My brother came later and we went over the whole situation. I had more confidence in his judgment than in my father's, because I thought my father too fearful of my personal safety to judge correctly. At the call of Governor Jackson he had given his consent for me to join the army, I thought not very enthusiastically, but my mother was proud that I went. My brother's opinion in the present matter I knew was candid and based entirely upon what he believed to be the fact. I ended the consultation by saying:

"Well, I shall strike for Richmond, and I shall be on Long Arm prairie at daylight tomorrow on my way."

My brother took the two guns I had with me—the long rifle belonging to my father and the Sharpe's rifle taken from the field at Moore's Mill and hid them where the prying eyes of the militia could never find them. The former was restored to its accustomed place after the war and the latter I have now. The musket captured at Memphis, and which I used in battle, I left with our little company.

CHAPTER XVII

ON TO RICHMOND

I have always been able to awake at any desired hour no matter how fatigued from loss of sleep. At half past two o'clock Thursday morning I saddled Charlie, just in time to reach by easy gait the middle of Long Arm prairie by daybreak. This would put me past, in the darkest hours of the night, the homes of all my acquaintances of Union proclivities, none of whom I was then willing to trust, though all of them were my good friends. I intended to reach Clarksville about dark; if later and the one or two companies of Colonel Smart's regiment garrisoning the town had posted pickets their suspicion might be directed to passers-by, and if earlier it would give some daylight to the time elapsing before the arrival of the boat and add to the chances of meeting an acquaintance. If the garrison included the company of Captain Wilson, Captain Bartlett or Captain McElroy, the first composed entirely and the others largely of Lincoln County men, nearly all of whom I knew, I would evade all sentries in the darkness and reach the wharf at nine o'clock. In either event, the journey would be tedious because of the killing of so much time.

In the lane leading to the Watts homestead, on the oldest and finest farm in that part of Pike County, I met a very black negro, a little past middle age, with a very pleasing face—one of the best specimens of the old time "quality" darkey—the kind of man I knew so well how to handle. He had a bucket of ice-water in his hand for the hands in the field near by, who were sweltering under the hot noon-day sun.

"How do you do, uncle?"

"Sarp'n, massa, tolabul; hope you's well."

"Thank you, very well, indeed. Hard at it I see, in spite of a few gray hairs."

"Old Ferginny never tires, suh."

To start the flow of good fellowsip that was welling up in his honest soul, I asked for a drink of ice-water; drank it as greedily as the toper does his dram (which was quite an effort, ice-cold water being anything but agreeable), expatiated on the good it did me and praised his kindness in stopping to serve me when I knew the workers in the field were suffering from thirst and the heat. I then got the information I wished and knew that he knew it was correct. The companies of two other captains—names not now remembered—were stationed in Clarksville.

It had been agreed between my brother and myself that Charlie should be left in the woods, saddle and bridle off and hid at such distance from the road that he would emerge not earlier than dusk. It was thought probable that he would come home later, and if not, his loss, as valuable as he was, would be preferable to the risk of trying to sell him. He never came back; he had learned obedience in the short campaign too well to go anywhere without being directed. When I stripped him I caressed him lovingly and bade him good by. From the way he pressed his muzzle against my face I was sure that he understood what I said.

Had I met a sentry in my walk of two miles I had my story all arranged, but none was encountered. Walking very leisurely I held up at a store opposite to where the boat would land on the way from Keokuk to St. Louis. Sitting on the front porch, keeping rather in the shade of some piled up goods boxes, and engaging enough in conversation with the merchant and an occasional loiterer to appear natural and unconcerned, notwithstanding the sight, now

and then, of a Federal uniform, I passed the time until the arrival of the boat at ten o'clock.

The boat was one of the river palaces peculiar to the Mississippi before the era of railway development. The giddy throng of twelve hundred passengers filled the grand saloon with music, mirth and the dance, unmindful that horrid war was desolating the land. Remembering the possibility of some acquaintance having taken passage at Louisiana, I kept well in the background. Owing to the heavy freight shipments the run to St. Louis consumed twenty-four hours. I left the steamer at the earliest business hour Saturday morning and went direct to the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad office and bought a ticket to Washington via that road and the Baltimore and Ohio. As the first train left at four o'clock I repaired to an inconspicuous hotel in the vicinity and waited until the hour.

Cincinnati was reached at about eight o'clock next morning. The conductor informed us that the train for Washington would leave at eight o'clock in the evening. I enquired of him the best hotel and was told that it was the Burnett. I registered and asked the clerk if I was in time for breakfast. He must have misunderstood my question, for he answered shortly but pleasantly, "No." I was disappointed, because I wanted a good breakfast and did not know where to find it. Going into the first decent looking restaurant I got a very sorry one and paid a stiff price for it. I attended the Cathedral and was disappointed at not seeing Archbishop Purcell, an eminent and scholarly prelate who administered the affairs of that diocese and province, as bishop and archbishop, for fifty years. The Burnett House was filled with Federal generals, colonels, majors and captains, coming and going during my stay. I found that the movements of General Bragg in Kentucky were the cause of much apprehension in the city. I mentally tipped a glass to the artillery officer of Palo Alto

and said "Success to you." At train time I asked for my bill. Another clerk was at the desk and he snapped out—

"Six dollars."

"For dinner and supper? The other clerk told me I was too late for breakfast."

"What train did you come on?"

"The Ohio and Mississippi."

"Six dollars."

Our train reached Washington at nine o'clock Tuesday morning. From the conductor I learned that a stage carried the mails and passengers to Lower Maryland three times a week, starting from the Kimmel House on C Street north, between Four-and-a-half and Sixth Streets west. The stage-coach had gone an hour and I had to wait until Thursday morning. The "Intelligencer" of next morning announced a "war meeting" at the east front of the Capitol that afternoon would be addressed by President Lincoln and other prominent speakers. Mr. Kimmel was a host of the olden time who wore a swallow-tail coat, mingled freely with his guests and waited on the table. I asked him if he were going to the meeting.

"I haven't been that far in thirty years."

I went early and got within thirty feet of the speaker's stand. By the time S. B. Chittenden, the register of the Treasury, arose to make a short introductory speech, the crowd had grown to three hundred feet behind me. Lincoln followed and spoke for forty-five minutes. Notwithstanding his ungainly appearance he had a most pleasant delivery and I could have listened to him for hours. I remember how resentful I felt to him for making so agreeable an impression on me and depriving me of so large a share of the hate I had stored up against him. Ex-Governor Boutwell, of Massachusetts, who had a few days before been appointed Commissioner of internal revenue, and was the first incumbent of the office, came next. His speech was a strong one,

but it was exceedingly dry and tiresome. The sun was blistering hot, the crowd immovable and I was compelled to listen to what I did not believe a word of for two hours. General Shields made a short address, followed by James S. Rollins. He was the first Missourian I had seen in Washington, but under the circumstances I did not care to renew my acquaintance with him. The other speakers were Leonard Swett, of Illinois, Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana, and Senator Harlan, of Iowa, but before they finished the crowd thinned sufficiently for me to escape. Some time later I learned that while I was listening to Mr. Lincoln the tragedy of Kirksville was being enacted.

The next afternoon at three o'clock the stage coach set me down at the home of my uncle, Dr. George D. Mudd, in the village of Bryantown, Charles County, Maryland. Here for three weeks I slept twenty hours out of the twenty-four and satisfied my hunger in nearly the same proportion.

The thrilling experience of running the blockade of the lower Potomac, the dangerous crossing of the Rappahannock at Layton's Ferry in a flat boat laden to the water's edge with cavalry horses and manned by a trio of frightened negroes, the enthusiasm of entering the capital of the Confederacy are not pertinent to this narrative, but there is one incident I wish to record for whatever historical value it may possess.

Shortly after receiving my degree in medicine, a study I had begun some years before under the tutorship of my father, I was assigned to duty as an assistant-surgeon at Howard's Grove Hospital a mile out of Richmond on the Mechanicsville turnpike.[1] This position carried a salary of one hundred and ten dollars, the pay of a captain of the Infantry Service, a ration and commutations of something over five hundred dollars a month. To enable the

[1]See appendix N.

medical staff to live decently on this sum of Confederate money the hospital boarded us for the ration received from the Government. In the course of time an acquaintance made with two members of the medical staff of Libby Prison led to an exchange of visits. I had several opportunities of seeing the rations furnished the prisoners. I asked my friends why it was that the ration of the prisoners was better than that of the Confederate officers and that they were supplied with coffee when we could get none. The reply was that the preference was given them by President Davis's express order.

CHAPTER XVIII

TOM AND STEPHEN

Early one morning, a few days after my visit home as told in the preceding chapter, my oldest brother, who had charge of the farm, in going to a field where two of our negro men, Tom and Stephen, were at work, passed through the same skirt of bushes where I had hitched my horse the previous Tuesday night. While hidden from their view he heard my name mentioned and stopped to listen.

"Tom, you 'member I tole you 'bout seein' Marse 'Loysius tuther night an' we bof 'greed to keep mum, 'feered de word might git to de cussed soldiers?"

"Yes."

"Well, I got into a putty tight fix las' night. After I done lef' you an' coming through Millwood, ole Ned Jones[1] an' a lot of sich trash caught me an' he said kinder 'sinuatin', 'where's 'Loysius Mudd?' I was jes' 'bout to say, 'None of your damn business,' but I caught myse'f an' I said 'spec'ful as I could, 'Mr. Jones, you know as well's I do he's fightin' de damn Yankees.' He grinned a little at dat an' said, 'when was he home las'?' I said, 'not since he lef' to jine the army. He said, 'Oh, come now; dere's a lot o' rebel bushwhackers hidin' in dis neighborhood some-

[1]There never was a Ned Jones in Millwood. The man mentioned by Stephen was a distant relative of mine. His devotion to the cause of the Union was the result of honest conviction and patriotic impulse and not influenced by considerations of personal advantage. His ancestry was of the best, but our negroes classed everybody who differed with us in politics as "white trash." He had many admirable traits of character, chief among them a real charity for all men. But such was the temper of the times that he would gladly have delivered me into the hands of the militia at the expense of my instant execution, notwithstanding the warm friendship that had always existed between us. When I returned home nearly two years after Lee's surrender he greeted me, as did all my political enemies, with sincere good will. A few years before he died at a very advanced age, being in straightened circumstances, he applied to me for the remission of a debt and I cheerfully complied with his request.

where, an' we know he's 'mong 'em. Didn't you see him?' Dat made me as mad as fire. I never did speak dis'spec'ful to nobody in my life, but when he done slung dem ugly things 'gin Marse 'Loysius, I tell you I hardly could hole myse'f. Tom, 'member how dat boy uster like me an' you? An' how he'd ruther play mobbles wid me an' you 'an anybody? An' how he uster like to come 'round de quarters an when he'd git too sassy an' Nellie'd git her switch how he'd run to me, look up in my face an' say, 'Stephen, doan let Nellie whip me,' an' when I'd say 'Nellie, let dat boy 'lone,' he'd say to me, 'Stephen, I like Nellie sometimes but I like you all de time.' 'Member dat, Tom?' "

" 'Deed I does, Stephen, I kin jes' see him now."

"Well, Tom; I jes' had a dollar in my pocket, but I'd give dat an' glad if I knowed Marse 'Loysius was safe from dem sneakin' cusses. I'd a tole him sumpin' fur a fac' an' den he'd gone to marster wid my impitence, but I betcher marster'd a laughed to hissef."

He then broke into one of his low musical, prolonged laughs, enjoying the vision of his fancy as if it were real. Tom, without knowing the force of the "sumpin" that Stephen would have said could he have had his way, joined in the laugh because nothing gave him more pleasure than a defiance of the element he despised and hated. Stephen resumed in a very serious tone:

"Tom, I didn't now how 'twas wid Marse 'Loysius, and' I'd ruther stuck my right han' in de fire an' let it burn off 'an to hep dem sneakin' cusses to trap him, so I said, 'I swear 'fore God I never seed him, an' I know he warn gwineter come home widout seein' me: Ole Ned says to me, 'Will you take an oath on de Bible?' Yes, I will; I said. Den he said, 'If you swear to a lie, doan you know dat I kin put you in de penitenshy?' I said, 'Yes, I know dat, an you kin put me dere if I doan tell de truf.' Den he got de Bible, made me put my lef' han' on it an' hole up

my right han' an' say a long rigermarole.' I didn't bat my eye, kase I was 'termined not to let down 'fore dem chaps. Den I said, 'You think you're mighty smart, but I know where Marse 'Loysius is dis minute; I hear Marster and Missis talk!' 'Where is he?' said ole Ned, kinder peart. 'Why,' I tole him, 'he's where you can't git him. If de damn Yankees doan git him, he'll be all right, kase you all will never go where he is, an' dat's sure; he's in Virginny, he is.' Dat satisfied 'em, an' I said to myself 'I done fooled you now.' Tom!"

"What you want, Stephen?"

"Tom, taint no sin to swear to a lie to save Marse 'Loysius, is it?"

"Swearin' to a lie aint as bad as killin' anybody, is it?"

"Course not."

"Well den, I hear Marster and Marse 'Loysius bof say taint no harm to kill Yankees, an' I know dey knows. You aint never hear one o' dem say what wa'n't so in your life an' you aint gwineter nuther. I doan see as how it kin be any harm to swear to a lie to fool de damn Yankees. I doan know what Father Regan'd say 'bout it, but sin or no sin I'd swear to a string o' lies as long as from here to St. Louis to save dat boy. I tell you, Stephen, I got no use for de damn Unions, no how."

Tom was very venomous in his political sentiments. Up to the day of his death he never failed to speak of those who opposed the South as "de damn Unions." It was not because he understood the issues involved in the contentions of political parties, for he did not. It was with him a question of loyalty to "our white folks." It was not that he ever heard from them the intemperate language which he so freely used. It was because whatever they said or did was in his limited understanding right, and the contrary was to him incomprehensible. So, what his "white folks" believed in he advocated with all the en-

thusiasm and vindictiveness of his fiery temper. Stephen was milder in disposition and entirely unresentful, but he was not less decided in his sentiments. The two and their ancestors had been slaves in our family for several generations and were proud of the fact that none of their family had ever been "whipped," except as children and at the hand of parents. The grown negro that had to be "whipped" was not in their caste.

My father knew but little of the farm, being engaged in the practice of medicine and was for several years a partner in a store. Stephen, though younger than Tom, was boss of the farm until my older brother became old enough to manage. He was of a more even temperament and possessed a better judgment and, further, Tom lived with his wife and family who were owned by my uncle on the adjoining farm. Stephen was a most indulgent boss to me and my brothers. In his absence on business or from illness his wife, Nellie, was boss; she was at all times boss of the quarters, not that my parents cared to have a boss in the quarters, but her forceful character made her a natural boss. I then thought, with some reason, that she was a very tyrannical boss. The only consolation I ever got from my mother was, "If Nellie whipped you, I know you deserved it." She was, however, much stricter with the black children than with the white. Perhaps this was because she had no children of her own. She had no taste and but little adaptability for house work and only came to the house in case of the illness of one of the house women. She died in March, 1858, during the absence of my father and mother on a visit to their old home in Maryland. When told that her end was near she received the last sacrament of the church with beautiful devotion and resignation. Her only murmur was, "Oh, if I can just live till Marster and Mistis come home!" Looking back now over her life record I think she was one of the best women that

ever lived. I am sure that no person ever performed duty more conscientiously, unselfishly and exactly than she.

It was the custom in the second and subsequent years of the war for the State militia to make heavy demands upon the farmers who were known to be or suspected of being Southern sympathizers for wheat, corn, oats, hay and live stock, to be delivered at headquarters. This was in the line of "punishing them for their crimes." Many of the victims could not accept this view but maintained that the policy was one of robbery for personal gain. With some exceptions the morale of the State militia was much below that of the Federal soldiery; but it is scarcely probable that what is now denominated graft exceeded the normal rate. In addition to the infliction of these grievous burdens the militia were continually riding over the country in squads or companies, stopping at the homes of "sympathizers" and demanding food for themselves and horses. The first time they came to our house the house women bolted out; running to the field they gave the alarm and every negro on the place—man, woman and child—ran off. My mother did not know what it meant. Was it a preconcerted arrangement? She could not believe it, but the thought that the war was developing many unheard of causes of action would not down. However, there was nothing to do but to accept the situation. If the negroes were gone, they were gone, and that was all. It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon and, telling the sergeant where he would find corn and hay for his horses, she and my sisters busied themselves cooking for eighty men. Shortly before sunset one of the girls was seen cautiously approaching by the side of a rail fence that led from the woods half a mile to the north down to the garden in rear of the house; momentarily hiding behind a fence corner and then darting rapidly to the next. Seeing no sign of the soldiers she came to the house so much excited that with

great difficulty could she ask, "Is dey gone?" Being assured that they had, she fairly flew across the field and was soon out of sight. In about one and a half hours the whole troop came in. My mother remonstrated with Ann, the head housewoman, for running off and leaving her and my sisters to do the cooking for so many men. "I's sorry for dat, Miss Clare, but dey tells me de soldiers cah's off black people." My mother ridiculed her fears, but Ann persisted, " 'Deed, Miss Clare, I can't stay here when dem soldiers come. Stephen and Tom say de soldiers aint nothin' but poor white trash, no how, and you know, Miss, nobody can't put no 'pendence in dat kinder folks for nothin'. We's all done 'greed dat we aint gwineter trust 'em." And they never did.

About a year after the war ended a militia captain, a young man of pleasing address, well educated and intelligent, was introduced to my oldest sister at a ball. During the dance he said, "It seems to me, Miss, that I have met you before, but I cannot recall when or where." "You have, sir; my mother, my sisters and I had the pleasure on two or three occasions to cook dinner for you and some eighty or ninety of your men." He changed the subject of conversation. I shall not tell his name, because he and his charming wife are among my best friends.

Near the close of the war the Federal recruiting officers in St. Louis were paying a bounty of $1,500 for enlistments. Unscrupulous men were going about the country enticing negro men from their owners by promises of big pay, fine uniforms, good rations and nothing to do except light garrison duty, rushing them into the army and pocketing all the bounty money. To forestall the action of these schemers my father resolved to test the sentiment of his three men fit for military duty and if they were willing to go into the army to enlist them himself and get the $4,500 bounty, rather than let it go into the hands of those who had no

moral right to it. Stephen and George declared that nothing could induce them to go into the army. Tom said he was willing to go if he could get to the army where "Marse 'Loysius" was, but he wouldn't go into the Yankee army even if they would kill him for not going. My father was satisfied that they could not be tempted, and he dismissed the subject from his mind.

My father was, like a great many slaveholders, intensely jealous of his constitutional rights and resentful of outside interference; but for moral and financial reasons he was opposed to slavery. Neither he nor his father ever bought a slave, because such an act might increase financial burdens—it would surely increase the heavily felt burden of moral responsibility. They never sold a slave because there could be no guaranty of the new owner possessing the same sense of responsibility for the slave's moral and physical welfare. They never manumitted a slave because the struggle of the individual freedman was against hope and generally ended in degeneracy. They accepted the slaves that became theirs by inheritance as a duty not to be conscientiously evaded. They would have gladly seen a movement for the gradual freeing of slaves, deeming that process better for the slave than the immediate, but this must originate from within and not without. I am not excusing or condemning this line of thought and action. I am only stating facts.

There came a time when my grandfather had to meet the consequence of his folly in endorsing other people's paper to the extent of $40,000. If he did not sell some of his slaves the law would. To satisfy his conscience in the matter he took a number of slaves, by families, to Louisiana, because only in that State were there many slaveholders of the same religious faith as himself and negroes. It required three trips and an average stay of one year each time to place the slaves with owners of the same faith who

he felt assured would keep families intact, look to their religious training and treat them as kindly as he had done. To transport a number of negroes from Maryland to Louisiana in that day was a tedious and expensive undertaking. I heard him say that the negroes it took him three years to sell in Louisiana he could have sold to a negro buyer at his own doorstep for $80,000. I am glad that he paid the price of his conviction of the duty he owed his slaves.

When the State of Missouri freed its slaves, my father felt relieved of a great weight of responsibility. He called his late slaves before him, informed them of their altered condition and told them that he would consider what he could do for them. Without exception, they said that freedom made no difference to them; that they wanted to go on as before. Eight months afterwards he again called them together. The war, he said, had left him a poor man and he was unable to support them longer. The men with their families must look out for themselves. He would stand security for them for rent of land and a start in farming and that was all he could do for them. The women and children he would keep, but he hoped the majority of these would soon find employment. He admonished them all of the necessity of preserving their reputation for honesty, truth, industry and devotion to church duties. Judging by the manner of their reception of this intelligence, it was the saddest day of their lives.

CHAPTER XIX

WHERE THE OTHERS WENT

After Moore's Mill the experiences of the others of our little company were generally more eventful than mine.

Joe Haley, after staying a few days at his home, in the southeastern part of Pike County, to recover in some degree from the effects of his severe wound at Moore's Mill, went through Illinois into Kentucky, where he remained until nearly well. Went to Mississippi, thence to Van Buren, Arkansas, where Porter's Brigade was, and joined Captain Dorsey's company, along with Walter Merriwether and Sam Eastman. He was discharged on account of his health at Fort Smith, but shortly afterwards joined the army under Price before it marched into Missouri. On a scout into North Missouri he was unable to regain the army and attached himself to Bill Anderson's company and was present when that noted guerrilla was killed. He then went to Quantrell, who would not take him because he was unfit for service. He then went to Jacksonville, Illinois, where he spent the last winter of the war, most of the time sick. After the surrender, being eighteen and a half years old, he returned home. He married, in 1884, Miss Gussie Lee, daughter of Dr. A. D. Shewmak. Has lived for many years in Earley County, Georgia. For seven years he has been a justice of the peace.

Arthur W. Clayton was forty-one years old when he joined Captain Penny's company. He was wounded in both hands at Moore's Mill, and G. W. Jett, of Bowling Green, took him to Illinois, where he remained until fit for service. He then went to Virginia and entered the army, in what regiment his widow, Mrs. Sarah A. Clayton,

of Foley, Lincoln County, does not remember. Comrade Clayton died about six years ago.

The day after I left the camp near Nineveh, Frank McAtee left for a few days stay at home, but was unable to rejoin the company owing to the activity of the militia, which had effectually closed the route to the southward. He struck out westward and after many days of suspense fell in with Captain Ely's company, which he joined. It was in retirement, waiting for orders. As did all the other companies in temporary hiding, scouts were from time to time sent out for determining the movements of the militia and for making such demonstration as might draw attention from the Missouri River. One day while in Ralls County Major Majors directed Jim Ely to take ten men and find out the whereabouts of Colonel Smart's militia. The boys, intent on combining fun with duty, induced Webb Snead to sneak his banjo out as they went. They forded Salt River at Goodwin's mill and went westwardly. At near noon they were invited by a farmer to stop for dinner. Leaving a picket in the lane in each direction, and at a suitable distance from the house, for two or three hours they enjoyed feasting, music and dancing. At Lick Creek William Phillips got leave to stay at his Uncle Harry Fagan's until the return of the scout. Ely stopped to have his horse shod and told Frank McAtee to take the men to the house of a Mr. Martin and get supper, Frank being well acquainted with the country. On the way a number of fresh horse tracks were noticed and when Martin's was reached McAtee and Tom Nicholson were discussing the risk of stopping. Dick Underwood insisted there was no danger and that he would go a little further up the creek and get supper at the home of a Mr. Rogers. "Oh, Dick," they said, "there's somebody else there you want to see, besides Mr. Rogers." Dick replied good-naturedly and went on. In a few minutes the report of firearms was heard, and it was afterwards learned that Underwood had

been captured and shot. The scout dashed toward the blachsmith shop, met Ely and galloped on to warn Phillips, but found that he had been wounded and captured. When the Lick Creek post office was reached, a large detachment of militia opened fire on them and then the run began in earnest. They were in a lane between two fields of heavy corn. Luckily a good friend, Thomas Fagan, was at home and he held wide open his gate for them to escape into the corn. McAtee held the gate shut and Snead rammed the peg in with the butt of his musket so tightly that the militia could never displace it. Snead's banjo, tied behind his saddle, became loosened and flying up and down in the wild run past the cornstalks made jagged notes of discord until the last string was broken. When they came to four cross lines of fence the boys said that Eli Bobbett's old gray mare's feet didn't touch the ground between them.

Comrade R. K. Phillips, speaking of the incident, says his brother William was wounded by an old friend, who took him to his Uncle Harry Fagan's, declining to make him a prisoner.

Frank McAtee says: "A few days afterwards a picket came into camp with the news that thirty-five Federals were across the river at Goodwin's mill. The Major directed Captain Harry Knight to take thirty-five men, of which I was one, and scout toward the village of Cincinnati, and Lieutenant Clint Burbridge with the same number to go in the opposite direction, and coming together to close in on the enemy. The militia was from New London and was commanded by Captain South. They stopped at the home of James Leake and ordered dinner. They arrested Sam Stevens as a sympathizer, but while Stevens was saddling his horse Burbridge and his men came in sight and opened fire. As they started to leave two bullets struck their flagstaff. The color sergeant dropped it and ran off with the others. I will not tell his name, because he was an old friend and neighbor of mine. Sam Stevens

stayed at home and helped to eat the dinner. It was a hot day and two of their horses gave out. One of the men jumped up on a hay stack and was helping a man and boy at work but forgot to take off his uniform, which was a white cloth around his hat, and Burbridge brought him to camp. We heard the firing and Captain Knight urged us on at full speed. We found another horse lying in the road near Sam Bell's and knowing that Bell belonged to the militia Captain Knight had Mrs. Bell call her husband so that we could go back to the postoffice before the rebels got there. She blew the horn and Bell stepped out of the brush right into the muzzles of our guns, and we took him to camp. The two prisoners seemed to enjoy the joke as much as we did. Afterwards, while I was a prisoner in New London, it was told me that on the retreat Captain South, having the best horse, got in ahead of any of his men, and the next day asked them if they did not think they had made a strategic movement."

When Frank was captured he was with another scout. He was sent to New London and then to Hannibal. While at the latter place his name was put in the hat out of which were drawn the names of prisoners to be sent to Palmyra to make the ten shot by McNeil for the abduction of Allsman, the other five having been selected by Strachan from the Palmyra prison. Frank was shortly afterwards sent to St. Louis for a long stay in the old Gratiot Street prison. He gives a vivid account of prison life and of the many attempts to escape, a number of the prisoners preferring death to the tortures of hunger and cold. He saw Captain Ab Grimes[1] put into the dungeon preparatory to his execution as a spy, but the sly captain escaped and is living yet. He saw a Confederate Captain escape by falling in line with the retiring guard after securing suitable clothing by bribery. He has forgotten his name, but it was Judge R. L. Mau-

[1]See appendix O.

pin, now a prominent citizen of Mobile, Alabama, a native of Boone County, Missouri, and at that time a gallant captain in the Confederate army. His escape prevented his being shot as a spy. Frank McAtee now lives in Portland, Oregon.

The little remnant of our company, finding reconnoitering next to impossible on account of the vigilance of the militia, made its way cautiously, under the leadership of Moses Beck, back to Monroe County, rejoined Porter and was assigned to Major Snyder's battalion. Beck was an energetic, prosperous farmer about forty years of age. His education was limited; his convictions, political and religious, intense; his integrity spotless. He was unconscious of fear, unsparing of self, considerate of others, modest and gentle in demeanor.

It was reported that there was a large number of muskets stored at Ashley, Pike County, awaiting distribution to the militia about to be enrolled. Snyder was sent to get them. In the light of the very meager information obtainable about this undertaking, it seems the management was bad.

The Missouri Democrat of August 30 says:

"At daylight on Thursday morning last a party of guerrillas, one hundred and fifty in number, attacked a small detachment of State militia, some thirty in number, encamped at Ashley, Pike County. The fight had lasted about one hour when the rebels sent a flag of truce (the bearer of which was the notorious Captain Beck) with the following message:

August 28, 1862.

COMMANDING OFFICER:

We demand surrender, unconditional, of arms. Your men will be paroled.

COLONELS PORTER AND BURBRIDGE,
MAJOR SNYDER,
Commanding Division.

To which Captain Purse, commanding the State militia, made the following reply:

August 28, 1862.

COLONEL PORTER AND OTHERS:

Can't comply with your request. Your men should respect your own messenger.

W. H. PURSE,
Captain, Commanding.

"The allusion in Captain Purse's note to 'respecting their own messenger,' referred to the enemy shooting at our men and mortally wounding Beck, who was on his way back to his own lines with Captain P's reply. There were two rebels killed and left on the ground, of whom Beck was one. Several wounded were carried off. One of the State troops was killed—Mr. George Trower—and five wounded. Mr. Trower was not killed in the fight but was shot afterwards, by being decoyed by some of the secesh citizens to the edge of the town and then deliberately killed. After the receipt of Captain Purse's reply the rebels fled in every direction. Our informant, who was in the fight, states that as he came toward Louisiana he met four hundred or five hundred troops, under Colonel Anderson and Fagg, going to reinforce Ashley."

The reader of the foregoing account will be puzzled as to how Captain Purse knew before writing his note declining to surrender that the bearer of his note while returning with it was shot by his friends. But everything went that was calculated to throw discredit on the rebels. The report of Captain Purse to Colonel George W. Anderson makes no mention of this incident:

"We were attacked about daylight this morning by the enemy. Our loss, one killed and five wounded. We have found two of the enemy's dead, one of them being Moses Beck, captain. Also two of their wounded. We are satis-

DAVIS WHITESIDE

fied the brush around is swarming with them. Will report fully as soon as possible.

"W. H. PURSE,
"*Captain, Commanding.*"

If a demand to surrender was sent it was not by the hands of Captain Beck. Beck was not shot by his own men. Sam Minor was standing by him when he was shot. He says that Snyder was managing badly and seemed not to know what to do; that Beck was directing the loading of a wagon with hay for use as a portable fortification. As he stepped from behind the stack he received his death wound. He loosened his money belt, containing gold, and gave it with his revolver to Sam. He lived only a few minutes. Davis Whiteside was mortally wounded about the same time and a little later Henry Lovelace was wounded, but not severely enough to be left on the field. Henry Lovelace was the only member of Penny's company I have seen since the war. A successful physician, a man of the highest integrity and of most lovable disposition, he was my neighbor in Lincoln County for many years. He and his brother James Lovelace, of Montgomery County, have been dead about twenty years.

Sam Minor knows nothing of any demand having been made for a surrender. The other man killed was named Blue and was from Pike County—not a member of our company. The name of the other wounded man left on the field is unknown.

I know nothing of the military capacity of Captain Purse. Personally he was greatly respected as a good man and good citizen. Davis Whiteside lived several days after being wounded and until the end he was tenderly nursed by Mrs. Purse. I have been told that the militia—perhaps by Captain Purse's order—placed Beck's body just as it was in a plain coffin and gave it decent burial, and that

several years afterwards when the family exhumed it for interment in the family ground near Truxton, Lincoln County, they found several hundred dollars in greenbacks in his pocket.

After the Ashley disaster the remainder of our little company scattered and followed Colonel Porter's instructions to get through the lines as best we could.

Sam Minor scouted around on Indian Creek and in the early Fall went into Boone County and ran into the Federals at Rockport. He told them he was a poor farmer's boy going to Columbia to try and work his way through the Agricultural College. As he looked so innocent they let him go. Sam had joined Colonel Caleb Dorsey's regiment December, 1861, and in the disbandment after the Mt. Zion battle he hid in a house which was searched that night by the Federals. He escaped by getting into the trundle bed with the children and passing himself off as a ten year old. He, Pal Penn, John Bowles and two others then made for the Missouri River at Arrow Rock, swam their horses across mid the floating ice, ran into Federals and swam back. Early in 1863 he joined Colonel Jackman's force and got to the main army. Several of the boys made Calhoun County, Illinois—a safe rebel rendezvous during nearly the whole war—the base of preparation for getting through the lines.

From left to right are—Samuel O. Minor, living; James Lovelace, dead; Nicholas Johnson, shot at Ashley, Mo., a prisoner; Charles Wrenn, killed in battle of Corinth, Miss.

CHAPTER XX

CAPTAIN S. B. PENNY

Sylvester Baesman Penny was born March 28, 1836, in Baltimore County, Maryland,[1] eighteen miles west or northwest of the city of Baltimore, at his Grandfather Baesman's place—land that had been inherited through four generations and now in possession of the sixth generation of the same name—Baesman. His ancestor received a patent for it in 1681,[2] and another in 1741, the two grants making fifteen hundred acres.

Captain Penny's great-grandfather opened a large farm, bought a number of slaves, some of them from the trading ships. He was one of the founders of Methodism in this country, and a very devout Christian. Shortly before his death he freed every slave he had and the deed of manumission is on record at Westminster, Maryland. He was one of the contributors to the building of Stone's chapel at Westminster, the second Methodist church built in America.

Mrs. Mary Wright, Eolia, Pike County, one of the three surviving sisters of Captain Penny, writes: "My father was born in Baltimore County, Maryland, in 1800, married in 1828. There were fourteen children born, eight girls and six boys. Three boys died in infancy and two in young manhood. My brother, Captain Penny, was our last and for years our only brother. My father was given a postoffice under the William Henry Harrison administration, which he kept until he left for the West. It was called Harrisonville, twelve miles from Baltimore on what

[1]About forty miles north of where this narrative is written.
[2]Shortly after my ancestor came to Maryland.

was then called the Liberty road. In 1846 my father, mother and ten children, the oldest fifteen years and the youngest one month old, left our home and started overland for Missouri, with two wagons and seven horses. After what we children thought a very eventful journey we reached St. Louis in October. The weather was getting cool and my father considered it prudent to remain in St. Louis till Spring before going to Pike County, which was his destination before leaving Maryland. In 1849 he bought a part of the old Huff farm on the Salt River road, three miles west of Prairieville, where my parents lived until 1870, when they made a home in Edgewood.

"My mother was also born in Baltimore County, in 1807. She died in 1892; father in 1884. My brother, Wes, joined Captain Archie Bankhead's company at the first call. Early in 1862 he raised a company and joined Porter. At Moore's Mill, July 28, 1862, near the close of the battle he was struck in the stomach by a cannister ball. I understand that Colonel Porter sent him word to retreat, but he did not get it for some time after the others had left and his little company was about surrounded. He lived a short time. He had eighty dollars in gold in his belt. He took this off and gave it to a Federal officer with a request that it be sent to his father. Fayette Turner says this officer was General Guitar, but I have my doubts about that. Wes was taken to a house nearby and a kind woman was about to place a pillow under his head but a Federal officer would not allow it and cursed her for treating the rebels more kindly than the Federals. Wes said to this officer, 'You have killed me, but there are plenty of others to take my place.' Wes was taken up and put in a coffin and buried right there in the same graveyard where they found him. It was right close to a farmhouse owned by a Mr. Strother, but he sold it not long after the war. Mr. H. C.

Gibbs brought Wes's horse and all its trappings home, but the belt with the eighty dollars in gold never came to hand."

Mrs. Wright may well doubt the statement that General Guitar got Captain Penny's belt of gold. Guitar never got it. There was an effort made a few years after the war by a number of Confederates in Callaway County to trace this matter, and Guitar must have known of it. If, however, General Guitar had received the belt and forgotten the name and address of Captain Penny's father he would, at first opportunity, have made proper inquiry, and this remark applies to every Federal officer of any note that fought us that day. Not one of them would have violated the promise made a dying prisoner. Captain Penny must have given his belt to some dishonest subaltern, or else to some officer who forgot the address and who was killed before he had a chance to learn it.

Mrs. Annie G. Edwards, of Dameron, Lincoln County, writes: "My father, H. C. Gibbs, went with Mr. Penny to bury his son. The body was but slightly covered with earth, which they removed. As they gazed on the manly form, with tears the aged father said, 'My name died when he died.' Mr. S. F. Jett, of Edgewood, Pike County, a rebel soldier and an excellent man, married Miss Sue Penny, who died about two years ago. The old people lived with them until they died. Mr. Jett has an enlarged picture of Captain Penny hanging in his family room."

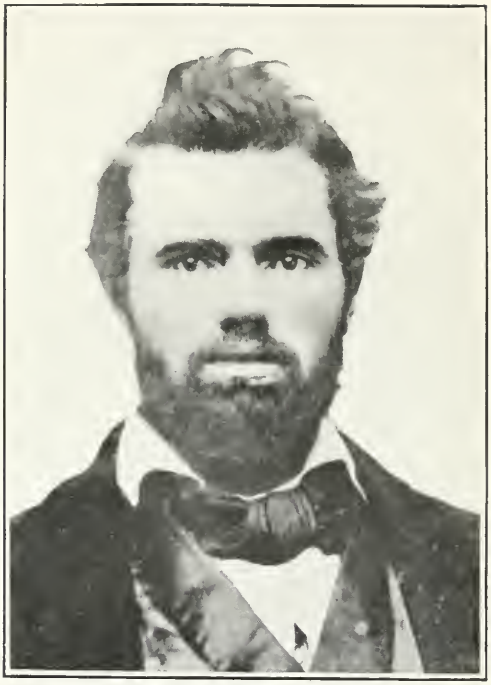
The following lines on the death of Captain Penny were written by Mrs. Laura Lewis Carr, one of Pike County's most charming women. For her active sympathy for the cause of the Confederacy she was banished from Missouri by the Federal authorities and escorted into the Confederate lines by way of Kentucky. The hardships of her imprisonment and banishment aggravated a disease of the heart and she died before the end of the war:

Mother! raise thy drooping head
  Bowed beneath the heavy blow,
Which has crushed thy bleeding heart
  As it laid thy nobled low;
Look beyond death's gloomy wave,
  Mother, raise thy head in pride!
For his name is hallowed now,
  'Twas for liberty he died.

Father! though thy son was lost
  In the summer of his days,
Listen to the thronging voice
  Of a Nation's grateful praise;
Thine the sacrifice and tears
  Sadly laid on Freedom's shrine,
But his immortality,
  And his glory, too, are thine!

Sisters! though thy loving tones
  Cannot wake him from his sleep,
Cannot thrill his pulse again.
  Gentle sisters, do not weep;
For the land for which he died
  Claims her loved ones as her own,
Leads them to the patriot's grave
  Where a Nation's heart shall mourn.

Gallant Soldier! rest in peace!
  With the green sod on thy grave,
Till the marble shaft upreared
  Points us to the True and Brave!
Little need! for every heart
  Cherishes his noble name
Linked with proud immortal words
  Graven there by Love and Fame.



CAPTAIN SYLVESTER B. PENNY

CHAPTER XXI

FROM NEWARK TO KIRKSVILLE

The history of the transactions of Colonel Porter in North Missouri, after the battle of Moore's Mill, is told mainly from the recollections of comrades who followed him to the end. The defeats he sustained and the changes in plans frequently made necessary by circumstances, affected neither his zeal, his vigilance, his buoyant faith, nor the efficiency and loyalty of his men. According to reports he was many times exterminated, scattered, deserted and betrayed, but he lost not a recruit except by the fortune of war. Checkmated here in a few hours he struck a luckless detachment in another county. Routed at one point, the next day he captured a garrisoned town fifty miles away. In the midst of it all he was directing Southward an endless stream of men. The rigid enrollment order of Governor Gamble overwhelmed him with unarmed men at an unfortunate moment, but his resourceful intellect and his marvellous vigor robbed disaster of its meaning.

Comrade A. J. Austin, of Goss, Monroe County, writes: "I was plowing tobacco on Friday, July 25, 1862, when my father came home from Paris with the news that the Governor had ordered everybody between the ages of eighteen and forty-five to join the militia and, as I was nineteen, my mother said she had rather I would go with the rebs. That settled it. I left home next day and fell in with fifty or more men that night. Sunday night we left camp at Bradley's Old Mill site on Salt River, and Monday

night[1] we joined Colonel Porter at Brace's old camp on the Elk Fork of Salt River. From there we went to Newark, Knox County, arriving on the morning of Friday, August 1. Here there were two hundred Federals camped. Colonel Porter divided his force, sending between four hundred and five hundred men around to attack from the north. These were put under command of Joe Thompson, who had been sent by Colonel Porter two days before to capture Paris, which he did without trouble. Colonel Porter with the remainder of the force attacked Newark on the south, but by some means the other detachment failed to show up. We dismounted and charged up a slant of about two hundred and fifty yards. In this charge my brother, R. D. W. Austin, and Raymond Shearer were killed, and Aleck Smith was wounded—all from this locality. A young man named Major with fifteen or twenty mounted men charged and lost one killed, Thomas Noonan. The Federals took refuge in a brick school house and it took three hours' fighting to dislodge them. They refused our invitation to surrender and Colonel Porter loaded a wagon with hay and had it pushed up against the house when up went the white flag."

The Paris Mercury, of August 8, 1862, says: "When we went to press last Thursday evening (July 31), Colonel McNeil, with some three hundred and fifty or four hundred men and three pieces of artillery, was in this place, having arrived here early in the morning after a forced march of several successive days and nights' travel in search of Colonel Porter. The horses and men looked jaded and fatigued. Learning that Colonel Porter was encamped at some point ten or twelve miles east of this place, about eight o'clock

[1]This must be a mistake. Colonel Porter left camp near Moore's Mill two hours after dark Monday evening, four or five hours after the battle, and traveled at least twenty miles in doubling on his tracks westward and eastward. It was not possible for him to go northward forty miles in time to camp for the night. It must have been Tuesday night that the junction was made.

he made a start for the aforesaid camp, but before getting out of town the alarm was given that Porter was coming, and preparations were at once made for his reception. But the alarm proved a false one and quiet was restored. Toward evening Colonel McNeil received reliable information that Porter had broken up camp and with some two thousand men had started, at two o'clock, in a northerly direction—and immediately after supper he resumed the pursuit. The next (Friday) evening Major Caldwell with a portion of his own command, part of Colonel Smart's brigade of Pike County, part of Colonel Guitar's regiment and some of Merrill Horse, numbering in all about one thousand men, arrived at this place, and the next morning struck north to the support of Colonel McNeil, the two commands forming a junction at some point below Shelbyville. Colonel Porter struck directly for Newark, where a company of Major Benjamin's command, some seventy-five strong, under Captain Lear, were stationed. He detailed a part of his command to take this company in; they were encamped outside of the town and he ordered a company of infantry to get in their rear to prevent their escepe to the brush, and a company of cavalry to get between them and the town and prevent them taking shelter in the houses; but these two divisions, it is said, failed to act in concert, and the cavalry charging directly upon the camp received the full charge of the company; the latter then made good their retreat to a large brick church, when Colonel Porter immediately demanded their surrender, stating his force and his ability to take them and his desire to save any unnecessary loss of life. The demand was acceded to and Captain Lear and his men delivered up their arms—whereupon Colonel Porter addressed them a few kind words, restored to the officers their sidearms and then paroled them. In this action Colonel Porter had eight killed and thirteen wounded, and the Federals four killed and seven wounded,

two of the latter having since died. It is also reported that several of Colonel Porter's men were mortally wounded. The most of the killed and wounded on his part were citizens of the county. Among those killed on the spot were W. T. Noonan, Richard Austin, John Harrison and a young Mr. Shearer.[1] When last heard from, Colonel Porter was encamped on the Fabius, some ten or twelve miles beyond Newark, and the Federal forces were close enough at hand to drive in Porter's pickets—both seemingly awaiting for reinforcements before coming to battle. Colonel Porter's force was variously estimated at three thousand to four thousand, and the Federal force about two thousand. A bloody battle in that quarter seems imminent.

The History of Shelby County says: "Many of Porter's men exposed themselves needlessly and paid dearly for it. At last Porter had prepared two wagons loaded heavily with hay, which he proposed running up against the buildings—Presbyterian church, Bragg's store, and the Masonic hall—setting on fire and smoking out his game. A flag of truce was sent first, demanding a surrender. Captain Lair himself came out, saw Porter, and the two talked the matter over. The militiamen surrendered. The terms were very liberal. The Federals were to be paroled and released, their private property was not to be taken from them, but they were to lose their tents, arms, etc. The prisoners were well treated. Captain Bob Hager, of Monroe, cursed Lieutenant Warmsley for being a d—n nigger thief; but nobody was hurt, and there was no hint at retaliation upon Captain Lair or any of his men for the killing of Major Owen, a former fellow soldier of Porter's, major of the regiment in which he had been lieutenant-colonel. Porter and his men camped in Newark that night, and it was not until next morning that the prisoners

[1]Raymond Shearer, brother of Mrs. James A. McAtee, of Hunnewell.

were paroled and released. The Federal loss in the Newark fight was four killed, six wounded and seventy-two prisoners; of the latter forty were of Company K, and thirty-two of Company L. The killed were Lieutenant Valentine Lair, a son of Captain Lair, and acting adjutant of the battalion, and Orderly Sergeant Francis Hancock, of Palmyra, both of Company K, and John Downing and James Berry of Company L. The Confederate loss was reported at from ten to twenty killed and thirty severely wounded. Eight are known to have been buried. In the Newark fight the men from Shelby bore a conspicuous part. Among the Confederates killed was Captain J. Q. A. Clements,[1] who fell dead at the head of his company, shot through the brain, and Lieutenant Tom West of the same company, who had his leg crushed by a minie ball and amputated, and who died in a day or two. Captain Clements was an intelligent, well-informed gentleman who was something of a lawyer. After his death Captain Samuel S. Patton took command of the Company. In Head's Company two Shelby County men were killed; Anderson Tobin, who lived in the Southwestern part of the county, was shot through the head and died instantly, and Kesterson, of Walkersville, was killed by a ball through the body."

These half-unwilling tributes to the personal worth of so many men who gave everything and braved everything for the Confederate cause are testimony of the line upon which Missouri sentiment divided. There were a number of high-class men in the Missouri Federal militia, but of the vast majority the less said of them the better. The cream of the State espoused the cause of the South. Ben Loan, rude but forceful, knew there was such a thing as "good society" and hated it, as he hated Southern sentiment, because in Missouri where one was found there also

[1]Only two or three days before Captain Clements had raised a company of eighty men in twenty-four hours in the western part of Shelby County.

was the other. While in command of the Central District of Missouri he bewailed the situation in a communication to General Curtis, War of the Rebellion, series I, Volume 13, page 806: "The inhabitants are generally disloyal, and a large majority of them are actively so. They are fierce, overbearing, defiant and insulting; whilst the Union spirit is cowed and disposed to be submissive . . . . . Another reason that has induced me to have these disloyal persons arrested is to break up the social relations here. Good society here, as it is termed, is exclusively rebel. Another motive is that the traders, merchants and bankers who transact the business of the country are all traitors. . . . . It requires a high and noble patriotism that can bear the comparison . . . . It is much easier to catch a rat with your hands in a warehouse filled with a thousand flour barrels than it is to catch a band of guerrillas where every or almost every man, woman and child are their spies, pickets, or couriers." With the exception of the Sixteenth Illinois Regiment, Colonel Robert F. Smith,[1] and the unspeakable Kansas troops, fit successors to the Sharp's rifle evangelists, all the Federal troops coming into Missouri from other States, either as regiments or parts of Missouri regiments, generally conducted war in an honorable way and were good soldiers. A comparison of their record with that of the Missourians who went into the Federal militia does violence to my State pride.

The movements of Colonel Porter from the evening of July 28 to the morning of August 6, kept McNeil in a ferment of unrest and perplexity. Separate detachments of his force captured the garrison towns of Newark and Canton, with valuable military property, and occupied the town of Kirksville; other towns were threatened, mystifying feints were made here and there; junctions and de-

[1]See appendix P.

tachments; marches and countermarches. His trusted agents, undeterred by the galloping, vulturous militia,[1] kept him informed at every point, and his own scouts and couriers kept the bridle path ablaze. Colonel Porter left Newark at nine o'clock Saturday morning, going northward, a short time before McNeil and Benjamin came in on the Shelbyville road. A mile from town the Confederate rear guard and the Federal advance guard had a sharp skirmish with trifling loss. McNeil awaited reinforcement at Newark and Porter on the western line of Lewis County was joined by the force returning from the capture of Canton, under Colonel Cyrus Franklin.[2] With this battalion was Lieutenant-Colonel Frisby H. McCullough, who had been very successful in procuring enlistments. He was known to be in favor of pushing on to the main army in Arkansas at the first opportunity. At a conference of officers it was decided that a very early day was opportune. The combined force numbered about two thousand, one-fourth well armed, something over another fourth fairly to poorly armed, and the remainder unarmed. With Captain Tice Cain's Schuyler County men already in the field—well officered and almost veterans they were—and other organized companies and unorganized squads ready to go into service, and principally in the Missouri River counties, an army of three thousand or four thousand men—magnificent material for war, much of it smarting under the outrages of the murderous militia—could be carried south. The passage of the Missouri River was a problem. General Schofield, speaking of the situation at this juncture, says in his official report,[3] "Determined to destroy this force, and not in any event allow it to join the enemy south of the

[1]The History of Shelby County, page 752, gleefully tells of McNeil "following Porter and camping that night on Troublesome Creek, on the farm of a 'secesh' gentleman named Kendrick, whom they 'ate out of house and barn.' "

[2]Colonel Franklin was a citizen of Iowa, but a native of Virginia.

[3]War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 13, page 13.

river, I caused all boats and other means of crossing the Missouri River and not under guard of my troops to be destroyed or securely guarded, and stopped all navigation of the river except by strongly guarded boats, and for a short time under convoy of a gunboat extemporized for the purpose of patrolling the river." Nevertheless, inside of a week or ten days arrangement could be made for a boat to happen along. To conceal this purpose and to draw troops from the river counties a feint in force would be made, involving perhaps a bloody battle. Memphis was agreed upon, but presently Captain Cain's courier came in with the news of his occupancy of Kirksville, and the forces headed for that point.

Comrade J. T. Wallace, of Oakland, California, writes: "I was sworn into the Confederate service July 31, 1862, by Colonel Frisby H. McCullough, in a camp on Troublesome creek, near Rev. P. N. Haycraft's, about two miles from Steffenville, Lewis County. The next day we moved to 'Sugar Camp,' two or three miles north of Monticello, where we joined Colonel Franklin's regiment. Even before we were fully organized we had to move on, for a strong State militia force under McNeil and Rogers was close after us. Before we left this camp Colonel Joe Porter joined us. We had double-barreled shotguns and squirrel rifles. In Porter's command there were, I think, three hundred or four hundred muskets, the rest, shotguns and rifles. I belonged to Captain John Hicks's company, of Marion County. The first lieutenant was James Bowles of the same county. I was nineteen years old, with but little experience with the world, fresh from the farm from where I had been preparing to enter La Grange College, the goal of my youthful ambition. We left Sugar Camp on August 3 and marched westward with all convenient haste to Kirksville, which we reached on the forenoon of the 6th. Here Colonel Porter determined to make a stand. I think it was unfortunate

that he chose to fight in a town where, on the high open ground, the enemy with their artillery and their long-range guns had all the advantage. If he had gone on to the breaks of the Chariton we, with our inferior arms, would have had nearly an equal chance. The Federals were wise enough to keep out of our reach, and they swept the streets and soon knocked to pieces the wooden buildings. I fired twenty-four shots with my deer rifle but I have no idea that I was near enough to hurt anyone. After about three hours fighting Colonels Porter and Franklin had a consultation and decided to put the Chariton River between us and the enemy. The retreat was at first in pretty good order, but it increased in disorder as the crowd thickened on the narrow road as we approached the river. We had little difficulty in fording it, though the smaller horses had to swim."

Comrade Austin says: "By this time we were stirring up trouble among the Federals and a large force with cannon were sent after us. They came up with us just east of Kirksville. Porter desired to fight them in the town, so we were ordered to go beyond the town on the west, hitch our horses and come back to the eastern edge. About twenty of our company occupied a newly built house on the northeast outskirts in plain view of the enemy. We could see their every maneuver. When the battle begun it was furious, but most of the fighting was done at long range, the enemy standing off and using their cannons. Our house was shot to pieces and when a bomb burst in it we left. Some went one way and some another; I went west. As we left that house it seemed to me the air was as full of minie balls as it could hold. I don't see how they missed me; but they did. I believe I had with me all the time a guiding hand that protected me. I think Porter had three thousand men at Kirksville. I don't know what our loss was; I saw several men killed at the house we occupied.

Neither do I know the loss of the other side. The battle lasted several hours. When we retreated they came into town and captured some of our men who did not get the word to retreat. One of the prisoners they shot was my neighbor, Rube Thomas, who lived three or four miles from my home."

Comrade R. K. Phillips, of Perry, Ralls County, writes: "A month or two before I joined Colonel Porter I was arrested by Captain Henry C. Gentry's company of New London, and on account of sickness in my family I was ordered to report to Major Hunt, at Hannibal, as soon as my family were well enough for me to leave them. In the meantime, one Colonel Thompson, of Audrain County, had collected a lot of men and torn up quite a stretch of the North Missouri Railroad. The grand jury being in session at the time supposed that I had some connection with it and sent the sheriff after me to appear before them. After they got through with me I reported at Hannibal, took the oath and gave my individual bond for $1,000, and was allowed to go home. The order was issued for every male over eighteen years to report at the nearest headquarters and enroll in the State militia by the 26th of July. I tried to get off. They would not let me off, but told me I would be treated as a bushwhacker. There were about one hundred and thirty of us who concluded to take our chances as bushwhackers. William Martin, who had been out with Price and had come home on a furlough, had been riding around encouraging the boys. A part of them came from around Frankford, Pike County, others from Madisonville, Cincinnati, and Lick Creek, Ralls County, so that we had a fine company. I had some good friends in business in Hannibal, so I took a large pair of old-fashioned saddlebags, bought two twenty-five-pound sacks of No. 1 buckshot, ten pounds of bar lead, six pounds of powder and six thousand water-proof percussion caps, put them in the

bottom of the saddle-bags and over them a lot of tea, coffee, soda, etc., in small packages. On the top of each bag I put a quart bottle of the best old whiskey that Buck Brown had in his establishment, and then I was ready for the pickets. I got through all right, and when I reached the pickets at New London, I pulled out my bottles and told them the countersign was pasted on the inside of the bottom and they verified it by drinking the last drop. They said the countersign was correct, that I could always pass when I had it and that they would always love me. I said I hoped that the more they saw of me, the more cause they would have to remember me. They wished me good luck and I got home without further incident.

"The day after the battle of Moore's Mill we organized at Glenn's Mill on the Middle Fork of Salt River, east of Paris, by electing Ben Ely, now of Monroe County, captain; William Martin, first lieutenant; a Dutchman from Frankford, second lieutenant, and myself third lieutenant; Stephen D. Ely, orderly sergeant; David Ely and T. J. Pettitt, corporals. I was twenty-seven years old, reared in Oldham County, Kentucky, twenty-five miles above Louisville. I never enlisted before. We joined Colonel Porter on Salt River near Florida. With him were Captain Jim Porter; Captain Valentine of our county, a Vermonter, and a good fighter; Hawkeye Captain Livingston, of Marion County; the Chain Gang from Pike County—the name of its captain I have forgotten[1]—and others. We started north to draw the militia from the Missouri River so that we might make a dash and get across. Captain Porter was sent down North River to get some ammunition stored there, and I was sent with fifty picked men to Houstonville

[1]The captain's name was William C. Hilleary, of Marion County. He was elected after the death of Captain Stacy. The name Chain Gang was given the company in a spirit of fun and adopted by it in the same spirit. The men were from Shelby and Marion Counties, principally the former; no member of it was from Pike County, if I remember correctly.

to cover his rear from a possible attack by the militia from La Grange. Owing to the time lost by our guide in the pitchy darkness we were too late to participate in the attack on Newark. There besides the militia under Captain Lair we captured about two hundred recruits. We got a large number of tents, blankets and other property and about five hundred old fuse muskets only good for drilling purposes, and as we had no time to drill we made a bonfire of them. Our army was now becoming very cumbersome by so many joining us without arms. It had a demoralizing effect. I do not think that out of two thousand or twenty-five hundred we had more than five hundred or six hundred armed men. The militia were crowding us on every side. On Sunday afternoon, August 3, on the North Fabius, we formed two or three companies in line of battle in a little creek at the foot of a long hill. We had a strong position. Our pursuers would have to come up in the open and we were completely hid in a place where they could not flank us. They stopped on top of the hill, took in the situation, backed out and went into camp. We stayed in line for some time and just got started when a fearful storm came up and we had to take what shelter we could. Several horses were killed by falling timber but no men were injured. We moved on. The next morning dawned bright and clear, and at seven o'clock we camped long enough to get breakfast. We reached Kirksville Wednesday forenoon. I am not certain, but I think we went in from the north. There was a square section of land on the side we came in on. The town was built on the south, east and west of this section. We were formed along the front row of houses with reinforced lines a few blocks back. The Federals came in on the northeast corner of this square, and formed along the north side with artillery on the right. Merrill's men formed in front and charged, but double-

barreled shotguns are an ugly thing to charge on. They made three charges but were forced to fall back. Then they moved their artillery to the front.

"Our company held the right center. Captain Ely and First Lieutenant Martin with thirty men behind a frame house, the second lieutenant on the right, behind a barn with twenty men and I behind a hen house with seventeen men. There was a thick patch of corn between Captain Ely and me so that I could not see him or the second lieutenant; behind me on the left was a log stable. The artillery made our men very nervous, they never before having heard anything of the kind, but they stood their ground remarkably well for new men just from their homes. Captain Ely ordered his men back but did not let me know of it. We could see nothing in front except Federals and they were getting uncomfortably near. I went out to see Ely but he was gone. I looked for the second lieutenant and he was shaking the dust from his feet as fast as he could. I went back to my men, told them to follow me, and we dashed through that corn in somewhat of a hurry until the stable was reached, where we gave the advancing enemy four or five rounds. We then went through a large frame house, through the court-house and behind a picket fence we came up to our company. We fired a round or two and dropped back to another company, but the Federals were flanking us and we broke ranks and took to the brush. Here we were safe, as the enemy came no farther. Our company lost six killed and seventeen wounded. My understanding was that there were twenty-two prisoners killed, but they were all strangers to me. We got all our wounded out, so there were none of them killed."

Comrade Wine, of Townsend, Montana, a member of Franklin's regiment, says our forces amounted to about two thousand men, that Colonels Franklin and McCullough

favored offering battle in the timber west of town and that Colonel Porter chose the town, that Porter's men held the town until driven out, that Franklin's men were held in reserve, that the cannonading was furious for three hours, and that his services were offered to Colonel McCullough in his illness and declined.

Sergeant D. G. Harrington, of Merrill Horse, now of Bennett, Colorado, says: "On August 6, we came upon the pickets about 3 p. m., and came into Kirksville with them. Our force was twelve hundred, composed of eight hundred of the Second Missouri Cavalry, Merrill Horse, and four hundred State militia and two small guns. Lieutenant Cowdrey, of company A, charged through the town with ten men to locate the enemy and strange to say, with all the firing, had only two men wounded. Our loss was twenty-eight killed and eighty wounded. We took about forty prisoners and they reported their loss was about ninety killed and one hundred and ten wounded."

Captain J. E. Mason, commanding a company of Merrill Horse, writes: "We came up with your command at Kirksville, August 6. You were reported to have four thousand or five thousand men. We had seven hundred or eight hundred. I expect you have the account of Lieutenant Cowdrey's charge with ten men into the village. He came out with one man wounded. I would like to know how many of your men were hit in that charge. I was told by one of your men that he was behind a fence with others; that one on each side of him was shot and that he was struck but was saved by the bullet striking the clasp of his pocket book."

Captain George H. Rowell, of Merrill Horse, writes: "I think it was just ten days after the Moore's Mill fight that we again overhauled Porter, barricaded in the village of Kirksville. Colonel Lewis Merrill had then joined the

campaign and assumed command of his regiment.[1] General McNeil had also joined us, but whether he brought any troops with him or not I do not know, but being the ranking officer on the field took command. We had with us our own battery of six mountain howitzers, a section of an Indiana battery, twelve-pound Parrott guns, and some smaller guns—two-pounders. The enemy put up a pretty stiff fight, and were entirely concealed in the buildings, comprising the then small village, the brick court-house seeming to be the general rendezvous. We took position on the east and south of the village; could see no enemy, only what seemed to be a few men in a grove back of the town, sharpshooters as they afterwards proved. We unlimbered our cannon and commenced shelling the town from the east and could see the enemy pouring from the houses and trying to get to a place of greater safety. With my company, I was that day guard to the two guns of the Indiana battery. We were too far away from the enemy then in sight to do execution with our carbines, so I ordered my men to lie down in line in rear of the cannon. This is where I was wounded. I was walking about in front of the line when I was wounded in the right breast by a minie ball, fired, as was supposed, by one of the enemy's sharpshooters. The fight lasted about three hours. Before the enemy had disclosed themselves General McNeil called upon Second Lieutenant John N. Cowdrey, of company A, to take six men of his company, ride to the third street of the village and draw the enemy's fire. Cowdrey and I were personal friends, and knowing him I regretted to see him called out to execute this perilous order. He made no comment, but in

[1]The generally very accurate recollection of Captain Rowell, except in a few minor details, fails him here. Colonel Merrill was not with his regiment on this occasion. It was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel William F. Shaffer. At this date Merrill was colonel Second Regiment, Missouri Cavalry, three years' volunteers, also known as Merrill Horse, date of commission, August 23, 1861. McNeil was commissioned colonel of the Third Missouri Infantry, May 8, 1861, but he was mustered out August 17. He was commissioned colonel of Second Missouri State Militia Cavalry June 30, 1862. Merrill was, therefore, the ranking officer.

five minutes was ready to start. All was still, not a shot was fired until the little squad arrived at the second street, when from each side the fusilade commenced and it is safe to say there were at least a hundred shots fired at this little band; but they came out with slight damage. Cowdrey's horse was shot but he brought him out, still riding him. One enlisted man was shot, but not seriously. Cowdrey died in St. Louis, several years ago. His son, Harry, is representing one of the St. Louis districts in Congress."

In the official report of Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer this incident is described: "Not being able at first to discover the whereabouts of the enemy, Colonel McNeil ordered a cavalry charge to be made. I detailed Lieutenant Cowdrey, with part of Company A, Merrill Horse, who charged through the town, receiving a severe fire from the enemy from the houses and behind the fences and trees. This was a most gallant charge and reflects great credit upon Lieutenant Cowdrey and his brave men. Two of them were mortally wounded and three slightly, and five horses were killed."

The History of Shelby County says: "After receiving the fire of a thousand shotguns, rifles and revolvers, losing only one man killed, a soldier named A. H. Waggoner, one mortally wounded, William Ferguson, and having but two others struck the dauntless Cowdrey rode back and reported. . . . . As to loss; six Federals fell dead on the field—Captain Mayne of the Third Iowa; A. H. Waggoner, Mathias Olstein, and Sylvester Witham, privates of Company C, Merrill Horse; Sergeant William Bush, Company B, Ninth Missouri, State Militia; H. H. Moore, private, Company E, First Missouri, State Militia. The wounded number thirty-three; of these at least two afterwards died. The Federals claim they buried fifty-eight of Porter's men who were killed outright; that eighty-four were left severely wounded, and that they captured two hundred

and fifty prisoners. The Confederate loss was never exactly known by that side, and the Federal statements could not be disputed. The Federal loss was and is a matter of official record. Among the Shelby County Confederates killed were Timothy Hayes, of Patton's company, formerly Clement's; John Richardson, of the same company, was mortally wounded and died a day or two later. A number were wounded. The fight began at 11 a. m., and lasted about five hours. During the engagement a lady resident of Kirksville, a Mrs. Cutts, was shot by a stray bullet and mortally wounded. She was just coming up from the cellar when she was struck."

There is a difference of opinion among the survivors of Porter's and Franklin's men as to which was responsible for the selection of the town as the battle-field. The weight of the testimony submitted places it upon Colonel Porter. There is a doubt as to any recollection being based upon positive knowledge. Colonel Porter was the most audacious of men, but he was likewise exceedingly prudent and cautious, and at all times careful about the safety of his men. The History of Lewis County says that "in reaching a determination"—to march westward—"Colonel Porter was aided greatly by the counsel of Colonel Franklin. But for the latter it is quite probable that the battle would have been fought either at Short's well, in the Fabius bottom, or somewhere in the woods of Knox or Adair." It goes on to say that "Porter did not wish to fight. Not that he lacked bravery or personal courage, but because he possessed that discretion which was the better part of valor. He knew that his own force largely outnumbered the pursuing Federals, but the greater number of his men were raw recruits, and many of them were unarmed. He had not a single piece of cannon, while McNeil had five. He had only about five hundred men whom he could depend upon, while every man of McNeil's was a disciplined soldier."

Colonel Porter did not have any such number that he could depend upon in the sense of the writer above quoted. He had less than a hundred and fifty of the "old guard." These were mostly boys below the age of normal physical strength, but they slept in the saddle, laughed at hunger and thirst, and laughed at the scorching sun and drenching rain and laughed at raging torrent and thorny bramble and, more than all, laughed at battle. With a very few exceptions, who had seen previous service, these knew nothing of the drillmaster's secrets, because every moment must be given to matters of more importance, but they had the brightness of the pearl absorbed from the wearer, and their interpretation of the mind of their leader supplied, in large degree, their want of knowledge of the tactics. There were others—perhaps enough to make the aggregate five hundred—just as well armed and mounted, just as brave and just as pliant to the demands of the hour, but they lacked the experience. No quality of the soldier can equal the discipline of the drill. What Colonel Porter accomplished with his opportunities places him among the most capable commanders of the war.

Following is the official report of Colonel McNeil:

HEADQUARTERS MCNEIL'S COLUMN,
PALMYRA, *September, 17, 1862.*

MAJOR:

I have the honor to send you herewith report of Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer, commanding Merrill's Horse, and of Major Caldwell, commanding detachment of Third Iowa Cavalry, and of Major Benjamin, commanding detachment of the Eleventh Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, of their operations in the action of August 6, 1862, between the force under my command and the army under the guerrilla chief, Joseph C. Porter.

I also append as brief a narrative of the events of the

march and engagement as I deem their importance to allow, with such mention of the conduct of individuals as their merits justly entitle them to.

My command was composed of a detachment of the Merrill Horse, under Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer, of fourteen officers and three hundred and twenty men; detachment of Second Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, under command of Captains McClanahan and Edwards, five officers and one hundred and seventeen men; detachment of Eleventh Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, Major Benjamin, three hundred and twenty men; the command of Major Caldwell, Third Iowa Volunteers, composed of detachments of his own regiment, the Ninth Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, and Red Rovers, Missouri State Militia; detachment of the First Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, under Major Cox, five officers and one hundred and thirty-two men; section of Third Indiana Battery, Lieutenant Armington; section of steel two-pounder battery, Lieutenant McLaren; Sergeant West, with a twelve-pounder howitzer, Second Missouri State Militia; making an aggregate of ——— officers and ———men.

The train guard and those required to hold and guard horses while combatants dismounted for action, the support of the artillery and reserve deducted, left us about five hundred men with which to engage the enemy.

The pursuit which had preceded and led to this action had been long and arduous, and most of the troops engaged had been constantly on the march since the middle of July. I had hung on the trail of the enemy from the time I struck it on the 29th of July. Beginning the chase with one hundred and twenty men and a twelve-pounder howitzer, with which I marched from Palmyra on July 29, augmented at Clinton, in Monroe County, by Major Cox with one hundred and sixty men and two small steel guns, I marched to Paris at night, expecting to find Porter in that place,

as he had sacked it that evening. Finding that he had moved to the Elk Fork of the Salt River, we prepared to attack him there, when suddenly he made a feint of an attack on us in Paris. This kept my men on the *qui vive* all day, our skirmishers driving the attacking party in every direction. But finding that this feint was only to cover his retreat across the railroad, and that he had broken up his camp at noon, we marched in pursuit all the next night, arriving at Hunnewell at 5 o'clock next morning. We moved as soon as possible after resting our men and horses, worn-out with forty-eight hours' constant pursuit, camping that night at 10 o'clock at a farm four miles east of Shelbyville. Hearing during the night that Porter had taken Newark the evening before, we marched next morning for Bethel, where we were joined by Major Benjamin, of the Eleventh Missouri, State Militia, with eighty men, making our entire force three hundred and sixty men. With this small force we pushed on to Newark, expecting to find it occupied by Porter with his entire force of two thousand men. Our advance guard entered one side of the town while the retreating enemy's rear was still in sight from the other. Such pursuit was made as the worn-out condition of our men and horses and the character of the country made prudent against so numerous an enemy.

We marched at 12 m. next day and continued pursuit of the enemy over a most difficult country, following his devious and eccentric windings through brake and bottom and across fields, often where no wheel had ever turned before. He had destroyed bridges and obstructed fords by felling trees. Notwithstanding this, we kept well up with him, driving in his pickets, beating up his camps, and left many of his men prone upon the track.

We came up with him at Kirksville about 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, August 6, and learning that he had

expelled the people from the town, concluded that he would occupy the houses and defend the place.

Kirksville is situated on a prairie ridge, surrounded completely by timber and corn fields, with open ground on the northeast, from which direction we approached. The advance guard, comprising detachments of the Second and Eleventh Missouri, State Militia, under Major Benjamin, had been gallantly pushed forward, and held the northeastern approach of the town long in advance of the arrival of the main column and artillery.

Upon information that the enemy held the town everything was hurried up without regard for horse-flesh, leaving the train to take care of the rear guard. I deployed columns on the northern and eastern faces of the town, the ground on the northeast being highly favorable for attack. Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer was put in command of the right wing, composed of the Merrill Horse, under Major Clopper; detachments of Second and Eleventh Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, under Major Benjamin, and the section of the battery of the Third Indiana Artillery, under Lieutenant Armington. The left wing was put in charge of Major Caldwell, of the Third Iowa Volunteers, and was composed of his own command, as stated above, and the detachment of the First Cavalry, Missouri Volunteers, under Major Cox. A section of a steel battery of two-pounder howitzer, in charge of Sergeant West and ten men of company C, Second Missouri, State Militia, acted, as did the Indiana artillery, by my order, under the direction of Captain Barr, of the Merrill Horse.

These dispositions having been rapidly made I concluded to ascertain the position of the enemy, as nothing could be seen or heard of him, except one man in the cupola of the court-house who retired at the bidding of a Sharp's rifle; and a rifle-shot from a house at an officer who appeared too curious about what was going on in town. For this reason

I called for an officer and squad who should charge into the town. Lieutenant Cowdrey, of the Merrill Horse, with eight men, did the business most gallantly—dashing at the northeast corner of the town where he drew a most terrible fire from houses and gardens on all sides. He dashed around the square, coming out at the other corner, with small loss, considering the nature of the perilous errand. The enemy discovered, the attack commenced.

The artillery opened, throwing shot and shell into the corn fields, gardens and houses where the enemy were ensconced. The dismounted men were thrown forward to seize the outer line of sheds and houses on the northern and eastern sides of the town. This was gallantly done by the commands of Major Benjamin and Lieutenant Piper, of Merrill's Horse; the detachment of Ninth Missouri, State Militia, under Captain Leonard; the Red Rovers, under Captain Rice, and the detachment of the Third Iowa. Major Cox, with his detachment, occupied and skirmished through a corn field on the southeast of the town, driving a large body of the enemy out and pursuing them with effect. The advance was steadily made, house after house being taken, the occupants killed or surrendering.

In this work we lost the most of our men that were killed or wounded—including Captain Mayne, of the Third Iowa, who fell at the head of his command, leading them up as only a brave soldier can. A simultaneous charge of both wings now carried the town and court-house; but still the western line of houses and corn fields were defended with energy, our lines receiving a galling fire; but the right wing, gallantly led by Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer and Major Benjamin, made short work of this part of the field, while the left wing took full possession of the southern line of the town.

The pursuit was continued through woods to the west of the town, where large quantities of horses, arms, cloth-

ing and camp equipage were found, and the entire brush skirmished. Major Clopper was ordered, with a body of the Merrill Horse, to pursue the flying foe, which he did until he became convinced that they had crossed the Chariton, when he returned to camp. Further pursuit for the day, however desirable, was almost impossible in our condition. The men had for the most part had nothing to eat for two days and the horses were almost entirely used up. The enemy had been numerous, and we were still unadvised whether he had crossed the river in mass or whether part of his force had not fallen back to the northwest, from which point they might fall on our rear.

We went into camp, taking measures for the collection of forage and subsistence and putting our men and horses in condition for pursuit. I had several days previously detached Lieutenant-Colonel Morsey, with four hundred and twenty men of the Tenth Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, and Major Rogers, with the Second Battalion, Eleventh Regiment Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, to move north, outflank the enemy and prevent his getting into Scotland or Schuyler Counties; and have the best reason to believe it was the proximity of this force, of which Porter was well advised, that obliged him to make a stand at Kirksville. This command came into camp next day, swelling our force to nearly seventeen hundred men, without any but the precarious means of subsistence left in a country that had been desolated by the passage of an army of nearly three thousand men.

Happily, on the morning of the 8th, Lieutenant Hiller arrived from Palmyra, by the way of Edina, with eight thousand rations and a timely supply of horseshoes. The address and boldness of Lieutenant Hiller in moving with a guard of but forty men, and for days, is worthy of the highest commendation. It is an instance of devotion to duty

that I would respectfully call to the attention of the commanding general as worthy of reward.

On the morning of the 9th we moved, on information from headquarters, toward Stockton, hoping to cut the enemy off from the road; but hearing at Bloomington that Colonel McFerran's forces had met and dispersed the remainder of Porter's army, we marched to the railroad. I here directed such disposition of the different commands as I considered efficient to prevent their crossing the road to rally again in Monroe County.

Our loss in the engagement at Kirksville will be found by the surgeon's report to be five killed and thirty-two wounded. That of the enemy may be stated without any exaggeration at one hundred and fifty killed and between three hundred and four hundred wounded and forty-seven prisoners.

Finding that fifteen of the persons captured had been prisoners before, and, upon their own admission, had been discharged on their solemn oath and parole of honor not again to take arms against their country under penalty of death, I enforced the penalty of the bond by ordering them shot. Most of these guerrillas have certificates of parole from some provost-marshal or post commandant with them, for use at any time they may be out of camp. These paltering tokens of pocket loyalty were found on the persons of nearly all the men so executed. Disposed that an evidence of clemency and mercy of the country toward the erring and misguided should go hand in hand with unrelenting justice, I discharged on parole all the prisoners who had not violated parole and who were in arms for the first time against their country and Government.

I cannot close this report without commending the conduct of the officers and men under my command. Each corps seemed to vie with the other in the noble competition of duty. Brave men fell, and we mourn their loss. But as

brave men live to receive the thanks of their country for gallantry and good conduct in the face of a vastly outnumbering enemy, I would beg leave to mention my immediate attendants, Lieut. Alexander McFarlane, acting assistant adjutant-general, and Capt. H. Clay Gentry, Eleventh Regiment. The first was wounded early in the action and carried to the rear, but not until he had given evidence of coolness and courage that promise well for him wherever he shall meet the enemy. Captain Gentry continued throughout the action to carry my orders to all parts of the field and through heavy lines of fire without apparently losing a moment to think of himself. His bravery is worthy the name he bears.

Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer and Majors Clopper, Benjamin, Caldwell, and Cox, each did their duty like brave officers, and especially would I mention Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer and Major Benjamin as having shown distinguished gallantry and a faithful discharge of duty while under a galling fire of the enemy in entering the town.

To Captain Barr, of the Merrill Horse, I am indebted for directing the fire of the section of the Third Indiana Battery. His services were truly valuable, and I found him there, as I have found him everywhere, the best of soldiers and the most modest of gentlemen. The noncommissioned officers and men of this battery behaved in a way which even Indiana, who has so much to be proud of in this war, may applaud.

Captain Rice, commanding that gallant little company, the Red Rovers, demeaned himself like a true soldier, remaining on the field during the entire action after having received a severe wound in the face.

Lieutenant McLaren, of the section of steel battery, gave them "grape" in good style; and Sergeant West did good execution with the howitzer until the axle broke, rendering

it useless for the rest of the day. Captains Leonard and Garth, of the Ninth Missouri, and Captains McClanahan and Edwards of the Second, and Lieutenant Donahoo, of the Eleventh Regiment, came under my immediate notice as acting with soldierly bearing and gallantry, as did Lieutenant Piper, of the Merrill Horse, who led the first attack to seize the houses, under a deadly fire, and did the work like a true soldier.

I might be deemed partial or extravagant if I were to attempt the expression of the admiration I feel for my young friend Lieutenant Cowdrey, of the Merrill Horse, for his gallant dash into the town to discover the enemy. It well entitles him to official notice, and when promotion comes to him it will fall on a capable officer—one proud of the service and devoted to duty. There were other instances of individual bravery that came under my notice which I would be glad to mention, but the limits of this report deprive me of the privilege.

The full effect and importance of our action in this pursuit and engagement will be better estimated by those who shall hereafter chronicle the events of the time than by the actors. But I think events will prove that it will have broken up recruiting for the rebel Government in Northern Missouri under the guerrilla flag, and if vigorously followed up by a prompt application of force, with unrelenting and prompt execution of military justice, Northeast Missouri will hereafter refer to that day as a point in her history.

Justice to those who did their whole duty would not be done should I omit to mention Dr. Lyon, surgeon of the Second Regiment, and Dr. Trader, assistant surgeon of the First Missouri. I inclose herewith Surgeon Lyon's report of killed and wounded.

This report has long been delayed, in consequence of my continued occupation in the field since the date of the

action, rendering it impossible for me to attend to any clerical duty.

I have the honor to be, your obedient servent,

JOHN MCNEIL,
Colonel, Commanding Expedition.

GEORGE M. HOUSTON,
Major and Assistant Adjutant-General.

CHAPTER XXII

"MAY GOD FORGIVE YOU THIS COLD-BLOODED MURDER"

In the first years of his mature manhood and with these words addressed to his executioners one of the bravest, purest, gentlest, most conscientious men that ever lived surrendered his life for his convictions of duty. The manner in which Lieutenant-Colonel Frisby Henderson McCullough met death in the afternoon of Friday, August 8, 1862, was worthy of his record and worthy of the cause he had espoused.

Almost immediately after the battle of Kirksville Colonel McCullough became so ill that he could not keep up with the command. Colonel Porter detailed two men to go with him to a place of safety where after recovering he could continue the work of recruiting in which he had been so successful. He declined this escort saying that in his present condition, which he thought would soon improve, it would be difficult to evade the vigilence of the Federals; that the presence of the escort would increase the risk, and that he could not consent to endanger the life of anyone for himself. He must have traveled the greater part of the night notwithstanding being alone and sick. By next day he had gone some eighteen miles eastward to a point eight miles northwest of Edina, and here in a little grove he lay down for rest and sleep. A man seeing him lying on the ground in a Confederate uniform reported to the militia. It is given in other authorities that a squad of militia searching for stragglers saw him enter the bush and one of them, a man named

Holmes, volunteered to go in the wood and found him at bay. The account here given is that obtained from his sister, Mrs. J. W. Moore, of La Belle, Lewis County, and it differs slightly from that of the History of Knox County and of the Palmyra Courier of that date. The militia rushed in and demanded his surrender. He, seeing resistance was useless against such odds, answered that he would surrender on the condition that he should be treated as a prisoner of war. The promise was given and in consequence he surrendered.

The History of Knox County, page 699, says: "Elated at the capture of so important a personage, the militia bore McCullough in something of triumph to Edina and turned him over to Captain Lewis Sells, then in command of the post. The cry ran through the town, 'Fris McCullough is taken! Fris McCullough is taken!' and the citizens flocked to the court-house where he was held to see him. The prisoner was of large and athletic build. He wore a new and handsome gray uniform, and so arrayed, and bearing himself with his natural dignity, looked every inch the soldier and sir knight. His calm and gentlemanly deportment, added to his apparent modest heroism, called forth many expressions of admiration and actual sympathy. Had his fate been left to the disposition of even the stanchest Unionist of this county, he might have been alive today. Soon there came to Edina, McNeil's supply train, under Quartermaster Hiller, en route for Kirksville. Its small escort was commanded by Captain James S. Best, who treated him with proper consideration. He rode with him, talked freely with him and delivered him without a thought of the melancholy fate which was so shortly to befall him."

At Edina Colonel McCullough requested that he be sent to Palmyra instead of Kirksville. It is not known why his request was not granted. The most charitable supposi-

tion is that it was more convenient to send him to Kirksville. The History of Knox County, which is not very fair to the Confederate side, says that Captain Best treated his prisoner kindly and delivered him without a thought of the fate in store for him. This is probably true. It can only be inferred why Colonel McCullough preferred Palmyra to Kirksville. He may not have known of the executions at Kirksville the previous day, but he well knew the bloodthirstiness which continually cried out "Give them no quarter," "Shoot them down," "Exterminate them," and it is probable that he foresaw his doom and thought that at Palmyra he might have an opportunity to look once more upon the faces of his wife and babes.

The Palmyra Courier in its issue of August 15, following the execution, says "The news of the capture of this famous guerrilla excited the utmost enthusiasm among our troops." How this enthusiasm was manifested is told by Colonel McCullough's sister: "The army was drunk and mad after their bloody deed of killing those prisoners. There was a friend of our family in Kirksville at the time, Mr. Thomas Welch, who told us how they treated him. They led him on his horse up and down the streets[1] and, he said, if all the demons in hell had been turned loose there would not have been a greater uproar."

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[1]To the common cruelty to the prisoners of the militia was frequently added the buffoonery of savagism when the victim possessed refinement or prominence. A detachment of Krekel's regiment arrested Major Harrison Anderson, a prominent and prosperous farmer and merchant of Chain of Rocks, Lincoln County, and took him to O'Fallon. He was a peaceable, quiet and very charitable man, but his brother-in-law, a lieutenant in the Confederate army, was killed in the battle of Corinth. Everything to humiliate the major that they could think of was done, and finally they ordered him to mount a large packing-box and cry out: "Hurrah for Lincoln." He objected that if he did so he would act the hypocrite. They told him to take his choice, that or death. He was still reluctant, but they lifted him on the box and, prodding him with bayonets, ordered him to halloo loudly and quickly. The major's voice was naturally husky and low, and the situation was not calculated to make it any clearer. With a great effort he got out the first word loud enough to be heard three feet away, but the other two were inaudible. Imprecations and oaths and the cocking of muskets made the second attempt not different from the first. The major stopped a moment then and with the composure that expected instant death said: "I cannot say it." He was finally bonded to give no aid to the Confederate Government and allowed to return home.

The History of Lewis County[1] says: "Here he was charged with being a guerrilla and an outlaw. It was said he had no commission as an officer, but was fighting on his own responsibility and without authority, and was therefore a guerrilla, purely and simply. It was charged further that he was engaged in recruiting for the Confederate service inside the Union lines, and had 'duped men into entering the rebel army in violation of their paroles.' A few of the paroled prisoners asserted that they were persuaded by McCullough to join Porter. A drum-head court-martial, presided over by Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Shaffer, of Merrill's Horse, tried and convicted him of these charges, and sentenced him to be shot, and his trial, conviction, sentence and execution all happened the same day of his arrival at Kirksville, Friday, August 8, 1862.

"* * * To the court-martial he had claimed that he was a Confederate officer with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; but admitted that the latter title had been given him only a few days previously at Short's Well, where he was *elected* second in command of a regimental organization of which Cyrus Franklin was chosen colonel. He had been a lieutenant-colonel in the Missouri State Guard, but his term of service in that army had long before expired. The fate of the young Confederate leader excited considerable sympathy among the Federals present. The officer who brought the sentence to him was moved to tears. McCullough himself was cool and collected. Leaning against a fence he wrote a few lines to his wife, and these, with his watch and one or two other articles, he delivered to an officer to be given her, with assurance of his devoted affection in the hour of death. Upon the way to the place

[1]The histories of Lewis, Knox and Scotland Counties and of many other counties in Missouri were written by Mr. R. J. Holcombe. He was employed by a Chicago publishing company. About thirty years ago I gave him my recollections of a certain point in controversy about the battle of Wilson's Creek, for his history of Greene County. He was a conscientious historian, but his sympathies against our side will crop out here and there.

of his execution he requested the privilege of giving the order to fire, which was granted to him. All being ready, he stood bravely up, and without a tremor in his manly frame or a quiver in his clarion voice, he called out, 'What I have done, I have done as a principle of right. Aim at the heart. Fire!' * * * His body was given to friends in Kirksville, who buried it there, but it was afterwards removed to and reinterred at Asbury Chapel, Lewis County. Colonel McCullough had long been a resident of Marion County. He was a good citizen, a high-minded gentleman, of fine presence, brave as a lion, gentle as a woman. Even in his death the strongest Unionists who knew him respected and admired his virtues and entertained the most bitter regrets that what they considered his misconceptions of duty had led him to his fearful fate. At the time of his death he was thirty-three years of age."

In a foot note on the same page is this: "In a communication to the writer, General McNeil says: 'Colonel McCullough was tried by a commission of which Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer was president, under Order No. 2, of General Halleck, and Nos. 8 and 18, of General Schofield. He had no commission except a printed paper authorizing "the bearer" to recruit for the Confederate army. He was found guilty of bushwacking, or of being a guerrilla. He was a brave fellow, and a splendid specimen of manhood. I would have gladly spared him had duty permitted. As it was, he suffered the fate that would have fallen to you or me if we had been found recruiting inside the Confederate lines. He met a soldier's death, as became a soldier.'"

After protesting against his execution Colonel McCullough asked to be allowed to write to his wife. He was told that his death would be delayed fifteen minutes for that purpose. Leaning against the fence, with paper resting on his knee, he wrote with a steady hand, "My darling Eloise, may God be with you 'till we meet in a better world." He

was then taken a short distance west of town and shot. Out of the volley he received one wound—in the breast—and fell limp to the ground. Asking his executioners to straighten his leg from under him he made for them the prayer quoted at the beginning of this chapter. The printed accounts, all written to mitigate as much as possible the horror of the deed, quote him as saying: "I forgive you for this barbarous act." Colonel McCullough was an unselfish man and a devout Christian. It was conformable to his character that his last words should be a prayer for mercy for those who were taking his life and which included his own forgiveness. His friends say the soldiers dispatched him with their revolvers; the other accounts say they reloaded and emptied their muskets. The difference is immaterial.

The then editor of the Palmyra Courier, whose thirst for rebel blood may be appeased at this late day and in a habitation remote from these scenes[1] (but it never was during the war), has this to say of him: "Colonel McCullough was a resident of Marion County. We have known him personally since he was a boy. He was ever, as a citizen, a high-toned gentleman—really a noble specimen of a man. Brave as a lion, no danger could intimidate him. We doubt whether the rebel ranks contain a more honorable man than he was. Yet his judgment led him to commit the fatal error of taking up arms against his country. He has been one of the most active and vigilant rebels in the Northeast Missouri. Honorable as he was, however, as a gentleman, he justly merited the fate he received, as a rebel, in unlawful and barbarous warfare against the authorities of the land. Had he engaged in the service of his country with the zeal he evinced against it, he would

[1]J. Rice Winchell holds, or did hold a few months ago, the position of treasurer in the office of Collector of Customs, port of New Haven, Connecticut.

doubtless have arisen to a high position of honor and renown.[1] He was capable of great attainments, but unfortunately threw his opportunities away. Even in his death we respect and admire his virtues, and entertain a bitter regret that his misconception of duty led him to a fearful fate."

Of his personal history his sister writes, under date of October 12, 1908: "My brother was born on a farm in New Castle County, Delaware, March 8, 1828. My father's name was James McCullough. My mother's name was Delia Pennington; she died in 1849, a short time before my brothers started to California. There were seven children in our family, four boys and three girls; brother Frisby was the fifth child. My father settled in the northern part of Marion County in 1840. When he came to Missouri he was a slaveholder, of which I am not ashamed, for he was a kind master. His slaves loved him and never left him until he told them they would have to go as he could not take care of them any longer. He inherited his slaves. My brother was also a farmer. In 1849, with two older brothers, he went to California with teams of oxen. He stayed there five years and coming back bought a drove of horses and took them across the plains to that country, returning home to stay. He was married a few years before the war to Eloise Randolph, of a Maryland family, who died about two years ago. When the war came on, his sympathies being with the South, he left his farm and enlisted on that side. He went South as a captain with General Green and was in the battle of Lexington, where he proved himself a brave soldier. I do not remember how far he went South with the army, but he was sent back by General Price to recruit for the army. I cannot remember the month he returned to North Missouri, but he came back with Captain Jim Porter in the Spring of 1862, the

[1]The idea of a man of Colonel McCullough's character touching elbows with John McNeil, John F. Benjamin and Ben Loan!

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FRISBY H. McCULLOUGH

same year he was killed. I saw his commission, though they said when they murdered him that they did it because he was a bushwhacker, when bushwhacking was something he never allowed his men to do. He was always opposed to fighting in North Missouri, as he said it only caused trouble (which proved to be true) and accomplished nothing; but he was overruled by Colonel Porter, who insisted on fighting in this State. I remember my brother had made all arrangements to go into Palmyra, take the prisoners out of the jail, which was filled at that time with Confederate soldiers, and go South with them. Colonel Porter opposed the undertaking and, being the superior officer, his view obtained. My brother was much respected by everybody, friends and enemies, who knew him. His son bears his name and is a prominent attorney of Edina, Knox County. I am sorry the picture I send you is such a poor one, but it is the best we have. I wish it looked like him when last I saw him. When Frisby was elected captain in Colonel Green's regiment, William was elected first lieutenant; he was my youngest brother, Frisby being next older. William was killed at the battle of Corinth, Mississippi, October 4, 1862."

Colonel McCullough came to our command only once while we were with Porter, and remained in camp about one hour. I was introduced to him by Colonel Porter. He was a man of striking and most pleasing appearance. His face, his bearing, his conversation, mirrored the qualities of mind and heart described in the generous tributes of his enemies. It was generally understood that he was to be our lieutenant-colonel, although he was not in active service with us, because his services in the recruiting field were too valuable. If the statement that he was elected lieutenant-colonel of Franklin's regiment is correct, it does not conflict with the understanding that he was to have the same office in our regiment. It only meant that after both regiments, or either

of them, became fully organized Colonel McCullough could take his choice of positions. The fact was that at the time of his execution he was an officer of the Missouri State Guard. This was a six months' service, but the terms of commissioned officers did not expire, nor had the organization itself been merged into the regular Confederate army. Governor Jackson on September 14, 1862, says the report of Colonel Waldo P. Johnson to General Price, War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 13, page 880, "made an order turning over all the State Guards now in Missouri to the Confederate States, requiring them to report to me; withdrawing from all persons all power to recruit in future for the Missouri State Guard. I have not seen General Parsons, but arrangements are on foot to turn his entire command over to the Confederate States service, and I think it will be successful, as Governor Jackson, General Hindman, and General Parsons are all trying to effect it in a manner satisfactory to the men."

The news of the execution reaching General Thomas A. Harris, then a member of the Confederate Congress and, the year previous, the commander of the brigade to which Colonel McCullough belonged, he sent the following communication[1] to Hon. G. W. Randolph, Secretary of War, which was also signed by Hons. G. G. Vest, A. H. Conrow, and T. W. Freeman, members of the Confederate Congress from Missouri:

"Sir: Inclosed herewith please find an elaborate account extracted from the local papers in Missouri and the Northern press of the the execution of Colonel Frisby H. McCullough, of the Second Division, Missouri State Guard, and sixteen privates near the town of Kirksville, in Adair County, Missouri, by the United States authorities under the command of Colonel John McNeil. The frequent recurrence

[1]War of the Rebellion, Series II, Volume 4, page 886.

of the flagrant outrages upon the people of Missouri, and especially upon the officers of this Government assigned to duty in that State, is becoming exceedingly disheartening to our people and calls aloud for retaliation. The papers herewith inclosed fully establish the high moral, social and official standing of Colonel McCullough, and I have to urge that you bring the subject to the attention of the Executive in order that by summary retaliation a stop may be put to these outrages upon humanity and civilization."

War Department,
Richmond, *October 8, 1862.*

Robert Ould, Esq., *Agent, etc.*

Sir: Your attention is asked to the inclosed copy of a letter from Colonel J. C. Porter, and you are respectfully requested to inform the agent of the United States Government in the strongest language that if this warfare be continued we shall set apart prisoners by lot for retaliation. Such atrocities cannot and will not be endorsed.

Your obedient servant,

Geo. W. Randolph,
Secretary of War.[1]

The copy of Colonel Porter's letter is not recorded.

Colonel Vest wrote to General Price, concerning the matter and received this reply.[2]

Headquarters Second Corps,
Grenada, *January 4, 1863.*

Hon. G. G. Vest, *Member of Congress.*

Sir: General Price directs me to acknowledge the reception of your communication of the 30th ultimo in relation to the murder of Colonel Frisby H. McCullough by the Federal authorities in Northern Missouri, and to state

[1] War of the Rebellion, Series II, Volume 4, page 912.
[2] War of the Rebellion, Series II, Volume 5, page 804.

in reply that the general is under the impression that Colonel McCullough obtained recruiting authority from him at Springfield, last winter. He does not know whether Colonel McCullough organized troops under his authority or not. Your communication has been referred to Adjutant-General Hough, to whom all the books, etc., pertaining to the Missouri State Guard were delivered with the request that he will furnish to you a copy of the recruiting authority given to Colonel McCullough. The general further directs me to say that he will cordially cooperate with you in any endeavor that you make to prevent the murder of citizens and soldiers of Missouri.

JAMES M. LOUGHBOROUGH.

These official communications settle the military status of Colonel McCullough. General McNeil says (1887) that "he was found guilty of bushwhacking or of being a guerrilla," and he adds, "as it was, he suffered the fate that would have fallen to you or me if we had been found recruiting inside the Confederate lines."

No record of the military commission can be found. The History of Lewis County says he was tried by a court-martial. Colonel McCullough was not triable by a court-martial but by a military commission. There is the word of General McNeil that a commission was held, and he distinctly states that the victim was found guilty of bushwhacking or of being a guerrilla—no other charge, or if any other charge was laid it did not appear in the finding. The charge was false; the records say so, the facts say so. Colonel McCullough was in no battle and took part in no offensive movement against the enemy in North Missouri except at Kirksville, and there was nothing in that engagement to warrant the charge of bushwhacking against any participant. There remains only the intimation that recruiting

inside the Federal lines merited death without a trial. I know nothing of military law and cannot have an opinion as to the correctness of that contention, but there are some facts that seem to me to have a bearing upon it. The State of Missouri was a member of the Confederacy. Its area was Confederate territory, and Confederate recruiting officers and the recruiting officers of the State organization rendering allegiance to the Confederate Government had a right there. Under an act of the General Assembly of the State of Missouri, approved October 31, 1861, "declaring the political ties heretofore existing between the State of Missouri and the United States of America dissolved," and certified to by B. F. Massey, Secretary of State, the Congress of the Confederate States of America enacted "That the State of Missouri be and is hereby admitted as a member of the Confederate States of America, upon an equal footing with the other states of the Confederacy, under the Constitution of the Provisional Government of the same," approved November 28, 1861.[1] The United States Government recognized the Confederate Government as *de facto* and accorded to it all the rights of belligerents, and this recognition applied to Missouri as well as the other Confederate states. There were a number of Federal regiments and independent companies recruited in Confederate states and practically inside of Confederate lines. A number of these were captured at various times. The Confederate Government never executed one on account of recruiting inside their lines.

I can find no mention of the court which sentenced Colonel McCullough to death in the published Government records. The Federal troops at Kirksville were Missouri State Militia, and the proceedings of courts-martial and of military commissions should be on file in the office of the

[1]War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 53, page 758.

adjutant-general at Jefferson City. My inquiry there brought this reply, dated June 20, 1908:

"Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your letter asking information of certain events of Missouri history that occurred during the Civil War. I cannot find among the records of Colonel McNeil's regiment any answer to the questions by you. I would suggest that you refer to Switzler's History of Missouri, and examine the records of the Rebellion covering that period. Rebellion Record is a government publication, and you doubtless have access to it.

"Very respectfully,

"James A. DeArmond,

"*Adjutant-General.*"

If there was really a court-martial its character and the amount and value of the testimony brought before it may be judged by the time between the arrival of Colonel McCullough at Kirksville and his execution, and the fact that the greater part of it was consumed in parading him in the streets as a show. Colonel Shaffer is dead and cannot defend himself, but I do not believe he would have presided over such a court and have approved its finding. With some personal knowledge of McNeil, before and after the war, I would not believe his word in anything. In his official report of the battle of Kirksville he says: "Finding that fifteen of the persons captured had been prisoners before and, upon their own admission, had been discharged on their solemn oath and parole of honor not again to take up arms against their country under penalty of death, I enforced the penalty of the bond by ordering them to be shot." Note that in this report there is no mention of Colonel McCullough's execution and no mention of any court-martial. Note the words "I enforced the penalty of the bond."

If there was a military commission it was not conducted according to the "Rules and Articles of War." General Halleck to General Pope, December 31, 1861, says:

"I send herewith the proceedings of a military commission ordered by Colonel Deitzler, First Kansas Regiment, for the trial of certain prisoners at Tipton, Mo., within the limits of your command.

"In the first place, a military commission can be ordered only by the General-in-Chief of the Army or by a General commanding a department, consequently all the proceedings of the commission ordered by Colonel Deitzler are null and void. The prisoners are therefore in precisely the same position as if no trial had taken place.

"In the second place, military commissions should, as a general rule, be resorted to only for cases which cannot be tried by a court-martial or by a proper civil tribunal. They are in other words, tribunals of necessity, organized for the investigation and punishment of offenses which would otherwise go unpunished. Their proceedings should be regulated by the rules governing courts-martial, so far as they may be applicable, and the evidence should in all cases be fully recorded."—War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 8, page 822.

On the following day General Halleck issued General Orders No. 1, setting forth in detail what offenses, relating to war, should be tried by court-martial, what by military commission and what by civil tribunal and describing how courts-martial and military commissions should be conducted.

Trial or no trial, these executions were the result of the bloodthirstiness of that day created by the rabid press of the State for political purposes and stimulated by frequent orders of which this from Major-General Samuel R. Curtis, at St. Louis, to Brigadier-General Ben Loan, at Jefferson City, is a sample. Speaking of the rebels he says:

"So far as they are concerned a reign of terror is the proper check to them, and it would be well to make them understand they will have no sympathy at your hands." Speaking of Porter's men, "they deserve no quarter; no terms of civilized warfare. Pursue, strike and destroy the reptiles and report to these headquarters as often as possible." —War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 13, page 688.

The Missouri Democrat, June 14, 1862, under the heading, "The Right Way and the Safe Way," said editorially, "Eight bushwhackers were shot about three miles from Lexington, on Sunday last, under the orders of Colonel Huston, of the M. S. M. There were ten of the party, and eight of them found their rights on the spot. Two escaped.

"Colonel Huston, we are informed, has given the general order that all guerrillas taken lurking or ambushing with arms in their hands be shot by the capturing party. Under this very proper order the eight were shot."

Six days later it said: "We learn that the well-known secession sheet, the "Leavenworth Inquirer," has been suppressed, and all parties concerned in the publication are secure in the calaboose. Toleration to treasonable sheets of the kind in the North has been carried quite too far. There is another Inquirer of wider circulation and influence that should be shut up."

On the 27th of the same month it said: "Let those who contemplate guerrilla resistance to its (the Federal Government's) power look for guerrilla hangings and shootings with short shrift."

CHAPTER XXIII

TEMPORARY DISBANDMENT

Six days after the battle of Kirksville General Schofield reported to General Halleck that Porter's band of three thousand men had been driven a distance of not less than three hundred miles and whipped five times in ten days. "His entire force is broken up and scattered. He probably has not twenty men with him." On the same day General Merrill, at Hudson, reported to General Schofield: "The country is full of wounded from the Kirksville fight. It has spread terror among secesh. Porter is used up in Northeast Missouri and it only remains to organize loyal men thereby and arm them and make secesh foot the bills, and the matter is forever settled." The next morning, August 13, the Missouri Democrat said editorially: "General Schofield last night received highly satisfactory intelligence confirming that of the utter rout of Porter and his brigands. Porter's force is entirely and remedilessly scattered, hundreds of his men being killed, many more taken prisoners and the remainder separated and fugitive."

But the matter was not forever settled and the situation was not remediless. On the afternoon of August 9 Captain Purcell swooped down upon Columbia so suddenly that the Federals walking the streets and sitting under the shade trees had barely time to escape to their camp before all the streets and roads were picketed. The Statesman—Colonel Switzler's paper—says: "After going through these preliminaries they proceeded to the jail, demanded the keys of the jailor, who surrendered them, and released three rebel prisoners therein confined, namely, William R.

Jackson, of Audrain, William Rowland and Amos Marney, Jr., both of this county, the latter a cousin of the rebel captain, Purcell. The release of these men appeared to be the principal object of their visit to Columbia, for shortly after this was accomplished they evacuated the town, creating no further disturbance. * * * This band was mounted on good horses and mostly armed with double-barreled shotguns. A few had United States muskets with some revolvers and sabres." Captain Purcell captured eighty-one Government horses grazing on the pasture of Major Cave, a mile north of town, which had been guarded by four soldiers, three of whom escaped.

A little later William M. Reading, enrolling officer for Lewis County, wrote to the Missouri Democrat: "The situation of Union men in this county, God knows, is bad enough, isolated as they are, with prying and prowling devils all around them, watching every motion."

About the middle of August Porter was reported, according to the Palmyra Courier, to have fifteen hundred men in the vicinity of Florida and in consequence there was lively marching hither and thither by the forces of Colonel McNeil and Majors Rogers and Dodson. A despatch to the Hannibal Herald tells of forty rebels from Sharpsburg crossing the railroad going south and "swearing into the Confederacy all they could find," adding that the woods below Hunnewell are full of them and that they intend to rally around Porter again. A letter from Lewis County calls on the military authorities for more troops, as Porter is still at the head of a large guerrilla force, carrying terror and dismay through the country. Notwithstanding all the reported defeats, demoralizations and scatterings of the rebels, there were camps here and there and there were squads riding about catching and paroling the militia and with the refinement of cruelty stopping them from foraging upon the disloyal. As the writer of the above mentioned bitterly

says: "We are hardly able to protect ourselves from attack and collect provisions for our present necessities; for our only means of subsistence is by foraging off the disloyal people of the surrounding country, no provision whatever being made by the Government to supply us with anything but arms and ammunition."

The plan of conducting the war "with greater severity" seemed to multiply the number of rebels; the burning of their houses multiplied it, the killing of prisoners multiplied it, confiscations multiplied it, and the reign of terror did not terrify. In fact, the Missouri rebel was the most perverse and least understandable being on earth. Chase him a hundred miles without food, water or sleep and if he gained a half hour he tied his horse and ambushed his pursuer. Scatter him today and he was one of a swarm to sting the scatterer on the morrow. Cast a net around his lair at night and daylight would show a water-haul. His horse, as perverse as its master, would gallop from the Iowa line to the Missouri River and in camp, day or night, be as immovable and silent as death.

Comrade J. T. Wallace, of Oakland, California, kept a record of his experience in the army. He writes: "We pushed on after the battle of Kirksville, hoping to cross the North Missouri Railroad before the militia could concentrate their forces to oppose us. But in this we were disappointed. On the 8th of August we encountered a force near Macon City.[1] After a short contest here retreat was deemed advisable and we marched rapidly back toward the Chariton River, farther down. Before we reached it the long line of Federal cavalry could be seen on our track from Kirksville. They took a short cut-off and were soon in hot pursuit. When our rear guard had crossed the deep ford of the river they were nearly upon us. This

[1]General Merrill in his official report designates this as near Stockton.

place afforded us an excellent opportunity to give them a check. The main command continued the line of march, while by order of Colonel Porter two companies, commanded by Captain Jim Porter and Captain John Hicks, remained to ambuscade the enemy at the ford. The ground was admirably adapted for this purpose. The river at this point was deep for fording and was about two hundred yards wide. The road on the east side, where we were to take position, followed up the river on high ground and nearly parallel with it was a dry sag or low ground which curved in such a manner as to afford us ample concealment and protection at short range and with full command of the ford. We had orders to remain as still as death until the enemy began to come up the hill and were fully abreast of our line. When the river was full of men and swimming horses a murderous fire from the two companies was poured upon them at from twenty to one hundred and twenty yards. The effect was terrible. Not less, I think, than a hundred and twenty-five men must have fallen at the single volley from double-barreled shotguns and rifles. Nearly all who fell from any cause into the swift current were drowned amid the plunging horses. This stratagem gave us ample time to retire to our horses a quarter of a mile away and to escape our pursuers. They bombarded the woods for some hours after we left before they ventured to cross. This signal success was gained on the 9th of August. However, being foiled in our efforts to cross the railroad and finding our way of escape south in a body cut off, it was deemed best to disband the organization and allow each company to take care of itself. This was done on the 11th of August. For three weeks we were secluded in the woods foraging quietly upon our friends.

"While Captain John Hicks and his company of about ninety men were encamped on the South Fabius, about three miles north of Emerson, Marion County, we went out one

night on a scout to learn what the prospects were for a general gathering. On our way back to camp the Captain thought he would like to pay a visit to his former friend and neighbor, Harvey Mann, who, he had heard, was a red-hot Union man and quite officious as a reporter for McNeil. So we called at his house about nine o'clock in the evening and found him at home. Captain Hicks remained out of sight but in easy hearing while Lieutenant Bowles proceeded as the inquisitor. Bowles posed as an officer of McNeil's command and asked if he knew of any rebels camped in the neighborhood. Our Union friend at once became enthusiastic and very communicative. He told us that John Hicks and his band of bushwhackers were now camped two or three miles from there on the South Fabius and he expressed the belief and the hope that the whole crowd could be killed or captured, and that he was willing to guide us to his camp in the woods. His remarks about Captain Hicks and his band of rebels were of the most uncomplimentary character. At this point he was told to put on his coat and come along with us, and he recognized the last speaker as his neighbor and brother in the Church. Without much delay, but with great fear and trembling he made ready to accompany us. Mounting one of his own horses he rode away with us, leaving his wife and children weeping hysterically. They doubtless expected that he would be treated as a Southern man, under similar circumstances, would be treated by McNeil or Rogers, and that they would never see him again alive. After a few hours in camp and a plain heart to heart talk with Captain Hicks, who reminded him of the relation that had so long existed between them and asked him if he had ever known or even heard of himself or any of his men taking anything that did not belong to them, Mr. Mann confessed that he had not treated Captain Hicks as a brother should, not even as he should treat an enemy. He gave a solemn promise that

if he were permitted to go home he would in the future attend to his own business and let the men in uniform attend to theirs. It may be added that, so far as the writer knows, he kept his promise. He was released and rode back on his own horse, a wiser man."

Comrade Phillips says: "When we left the battle-field at Kirksville we fell back to the Chariton River, which was barely fordable. I was detailed to guard the ford and another detail was placed at the bridge a little farther up. We had a big, fat major who had done a lot of blowing before the fight. As I was trying to find the command, I found him with thirty or forty men hid in a deep hollow. I asked him what he was doing there. He said he was waiting for Porter's command. I told him I was covering Porter's rear. He did not wait for any other command but went like old nick after him.

"The morning of the 7th we continued moving in a southeasterly direction. I did not get up with the command until noon. The Federals camped in Kirksville until the 8th and then followed our trail. In the meantime, there was a force moving from the southwest to head us off. On the 8th we were going up a long open ridge with quite a stretch of timber off to our left. All at once the Federals opened fire on us; but they made a bad calculation on the distance and over-shot us. We fell back to Walnut Creek, crossed it, detailed every fifth man to hold horses and formed in line under the bank of the creek, which made a nice rifle pit. They came charging down furiously. We held our fire until they got almost upon us, and then they went back a good deal faster than they came. Beyond our range their officers halted them, dismounted them, formed a line and ordered a charge, but the men never moved a foot. The fellow with a bugle got out in front and sounded the charge, but no charge. The bugler kept coming a little nearer and tried to encourage the men but it was no go.

Colonel Porter came along and asked me if I had any long range guns. I answered that we had three. He told me to pick that fellow off. The three boys got up on the bank, took rest on trees and fired at command. The fellow jumped two feet in the air and fell dead. That was enough for the rest; they took wings and fled. The boys mounted and went and got the bugle and the bugler's cap.

"We moved on that evening and the next morning a Dutch regiment came in our right and we turned our course. A little after noon on the 9th we came to the Chariton and found it very deep fording. There was a steep bluff running parallel with the river for some distance with just room for a good road, and when we crossed the river the road ran along the bank for a half mile and a deep ravine along the road. It was just the place to form our line. Colonel Porter ordered Major Majors to wait until the advance guard got across and up to the head of our column and then open fire. The Major got a little bit nervous and ordered us to fire a little too soon. The river was full of them and the sight was fearful. I do not think a man got out until he was dragged out the next day. I was told there were seventy or eighty taken out. We got one prisoner and several horses. The Federals went up that bluff on their hands and knees. We mounted our horses and were a mile or two away when they commenced to shell the woods, and for the next ten miles we could hear them shelling the woods. We lost one man, and he was shot by our own men. He jumped up and ran in front of the line while we were firing and was killed.

"We moved on in a southeasterly direction all the next day until about the middle of the afternoon, when Colonel Porter called a halt and disbanded us to meet at our several company headquarters. So we scattered and left no trail for the Federals to follow. Our company scattered to meet

on Salt River, near Cincinnati, in Ralls County, where we had a jolly time for two or three weeks."

Comrade Wine says: "We tried to cross the North Missouri Railroad at Stockton but were met by the Yanks. We took position behind the bank of a stream that was dry and repulsed every charge they made. When their bugler sounded retreat I thought it the sweetest music I ever heard. When we were hotly pursued on our way to the Chariton River, our company—Hicks's—and another company in the timber to check the enemy. They would stop, bring their artillery and begin to shell the woods and we would move on. After crossing the Chariton our company and Captain Jim Porter's were left to halt them. A dry slough came into the river about twenty feet below the ford. We occupied it. When we fired it looked to me as if we killed a hundred, but I believe they reported it as sixty. One of their men was not hurt and we took him prisoner."

Comrade A. J. Austin says: "From Kirksville we went toward the southwest and then turned eastward, and on Friday, the 8th, we fought another battle at Painter's Creek.[1] A force of several thousand men attacked us. Colonel Porter ordered us to go back a mile, hitch our horses and return to the creek. There was timber a hundred yards wide on the creek. We fought from one o'clock till about night and we drove them from the field. We had one man killed and one or two wounded. We turned back the same way we had come. The next day, after reinforcements had come to Macon City, they sent out a large force after us. They came up while we were cooking breakfast. Colonel Porter ordered us to move. We were then on the west side of the Chariton River and it was up to the saddle skirts, so the wagons had to go around some ten or fifteen miles to a bridge. In order to give them time, Porter had us

[1]Designated by General Merrill as near Stockton.

dismount and form a line to check the enemy. About the time the Feds would get ready to fight we would be up and gone. Then the Colonel would line us up again and give them another check until he knew the wagons had had plenty of time. Then we had orders to go and we left the enemy. When we crossed the Chariton, Colonel Porter had some large trees cut so the enemy could not get out with their cannon. He then stationed Captain Jim Porter with one hundred men to give the Federals a gentle surprise—and Jim Porter was the man to do it. When they came to cross, the river was swift and high. They rode right in and were letting their horses drink and were having a good time in the thought that the rebs were gone. Their good time lasted a very short time. They were stretched clear across, a hundred or more. Our men raised up and killed or drowned nearly every one of them. We took one prisoner, a man about sixty years old. We went east for twenty or thirty miles and late that evening Colonel Porter stopped out in the prairie and told us that it would be necessary for us to disband. Each company was directed to go back to its own county and told that it would be called at an opportune time. We came to Monroe and were not with Porter again until the Palmyra fight."

CHAPTER XXIV

THE CAPTURE OF PALMYRA AND THE MURDER OF ALLSMAN

On his forty-third birthday, Friday, September 12, 1862, Colonel Porter captured Palmyra and demonstrated to the Federal commanders how powerless they were to defeat his plans. The inhuman McNeil, with superior numbers and equipments, might run death races over the counties; the unspeakable Benjamin might fume and rage and send murderous men over the trails; the alert and vigilant Guitar might make his best endeavor to execute his boast of "following Porter to the jumping-off place and of spoiling the jumping-off place;" one Federal commander might give him battle, another might ravage his camp, others patrol the highways and by-ways of his territory, but so resolute and so resourceful was his purpose that enlistments went on, practically without interruption, until the harvest was gathered. The situation was mortifying to the district commanders, to General Schofield and to the rabid press of the State. The Missouri Democrat, in its issue of July 22 said editorily: "The many complaints relative to the Missouri State Militia and its efficiency in operating against guerrilla bands in Northern Missouri . . . . . naturally induce inquiry as to how these things can be, in a country occupied by an army triple in numbers that of the enemy. The fact stands out in unquestioned clearness that something is wrong, either in the army or in the system of warfare pursued."

The something was wrong in both the army and the system, but mainly in the system. Inhuman warfare, as

practiced by McNeil and Benjamin, and as demanded by the rabid press is not always successful, and Porter more than matched in generalship the combined Federal commanders who opposed him in the field. Had he possessed half their opportunities he would have driven them from the State.

Colonel Porter captured Palmyra to draw the Federal troops away from the Missouri River in order to facilitate the escape of companies, squads and individual recruits to the main army; to release the Confederate prisoners held there and take out of the State Andrew Allsman, a notorious informer, who was considered responsible for much of the misery inflicted upon the inmates of that horrible prison.

The capture was accomplished without trouble and without loss. The companies, as directed, to the number of about three hundred, left their various rendezvous and marched without detection to the designated point on the North Fabius River, fifteen or twenty miles north of Palmyra. This distance was easily made during the night. The lights in the streets of Quincy were glimmering and the hoarse soughing of the Keokuk packet in its course down the Mississippi could be plainly heard, but not a word was said. At daybreak the horses were hitched in a convenient place west of town and the men marched on foot through the fields adjoining the town, evading the pickets who were stationed on every road. The surprise was complete. The place had been occupied fifteen minutes, some houses had been surrounded and prisoners taken, including Colonel Lipscomb,[1] before the militia knew there was an armed rebel within fifty miles. There was some firing, but it was desultory, with small loss on either side. Little attention was paid the militia occupying the town except those defending the jail, where were fifty or more Confederate prisoners. It was taken without loss and the prisoners

[1]See appendix Q.

liberated. The office of the provost-marshal, a two-room log house across the alley from the Spectator office, was filled with the personal bonds of Southern sympathizers—collateral security for the observance of oaths of allegiance. This was raided and every paper carried off. A few of the men had the satisfaction of destroying their own bonds.

Comrade J. T. Wallace, of Oakland, California, says: "After about an hour of spirited fighting we gained possession of the town, to the infinite satisfaction of its many warm-hearted Southern citizens. The cowardly and lecherous Provost-Marshal William R. Strachan, had fled by train to Hannibal. His office with most of his precious oaths and bonds was taken by us. Every paper of any consequence was carried away and destroyed. I had the great pleasure of securing my own personal bond for one thousand dollars, as well as the iron-clad oath extorted from me when sick, and of using it for gun wadding.

"Andrew Allsman, a notorious old crone, who haunted the provost-marshal's office and made himself particularly obnoxious to Southern people by sending troops out after them or their stock, was captured. From the first he was dreadfully frightened, and not without cause. We moved away to the northeast, through Lewis County, and two or three days later we were suddenly attacked and had to scatter. When we assembled again and asked about Allsman, he was gone. From all I heard from those who were guarding him, I have no doubt he met his fate. There were scores of men in the command who would have counted it a duty and a privilege to end his miserable existence rather than that he should escape.

"I was a prisoner at Hannibal when the ten men were shot for Allsman and I knew several of them. John McPheeters belonged to Captain John Hicks's company. He was a modest, quiet young man with a young family. Thomas Humston and I were schoolmates. He was entirely

inoffensive and not very bright. His father, Larkin M. Humston, lived only two or three miles from my boyhood home. Thomas Humphrey,[1] who was among those first sentenced to be shot, but afterwards his name was removed from the list by Provost-Marshal Strachan, was my cousin. His case was very peculiar and especially disgraceful. I shall here quote from Captain Griffin Frost's journal. 'Mrs. Humphrey on hearing of the doom which awaited her husband proceeded at once to Palmyra to see if she could do something for him. She went to Strachan accompanied by her little daughter, leaving her other four children at home, and implored him to spare her husband on account of her children, begging as only a mother and wife knew how to beg for the life of a husband and father. The fiend in human shape, seeing that he had the poor heartbroken woman in his power, told her if she would accede to his wishes and pay him five hundred dollars he would release her husband and shoot another in his place. She, in order to save her husband, consented and the cowardly villian committed the hellish deed of violating her person. While he was thus engaged the little girl was seen outside the door crying, which led to his detection. The Federal soldiers, suspecting the situation, found him committing the act.'

"I can vouch for the truth of this terrible statement. Tom Humphrey was a quiet citizen of Lewis County where he lived for many years after the war."

Comrade J. R. Wine, of Townsend, Montana, says: "We battered down the door of the jail and released the rebel prisoners. We also took Andrew Allsman, who was noted as a reporter and persecutor of Southern people. Just before

[1]Mr. R. M. Wallace, cashier of the bank of Dolgeville, California, writes: "There is absolutely no foundation for the statement that Hiram Smith volunteered to die in place of Tom Humphrey. George Humphrey, Tom's son, now prominent in Missouri politics, has in a way helped to let the false story be given greater credence. He erected a monument to Smith's grave in Shelby County a few years ago, giving as a reason for so doing that Hiram Smith suffered vicariously for his father. So we see how difficult it is to know how much of any history is true."

sunset, Sunday, we heard firing to the north, and the Federals came in right after our pickets. We were ordered to scatter and I obeyed the order promptly. We all crossed the South Fabius. Most of the command went straight on. My brother and I turned into the brush to the right, recrossed the Fabius and went northward. Allsman went with us of his own accord. We went ten or twelve miles and camped for the night on a small stream called Grassy. The next day Colonel Porter came over with thirty or forty men. Just before sunset he said to Allsman 'I had intended to take you out of the State, but we cannot hold you any longer.' Allsman said he was afraid some one would kill him and wanted to be sent to a safe place. Porter asked what he called a safe place. He said out on the public highway or at some loyal man's house, and he asked for a guard. Porter told him to choose his guard. He selected three men. Porter added three to the number and they all left at sunset. The guard returned to camp next morning at sunrise. Allsman was about fifty-five years old; five feet, nine inches high; had blue eyes, and was rather good looking."

Comrade J. B. Threlkeld writes about his prison experience in Palmyra: "Provost-Marshal Strachan thought he had me pretty well worn out, and writing to my father asked him to influence me to take the oath, give bond and go home, or he would have to send me to Alton, Illinois, the following Monday morning. My father got Uncle Bob Threlkeld and Judge Foster to come to Palmyra and see what they could do. They got me out that night on parole, to report next morning at eight o'clock. Andrew Allsman was in the office when I went in and remained there during my entire examination. Strachan put a great many questions to me which I answered. Allsman told Strachan that he very readily recognized me, and that I had done some terrible deeds, all of which I denied. It was hard to bear, but circumstances

were such that I had to make the best of it. I told Strachan before I took the oath that I would never go into the militia. I had been at home two months when the order came for every man to go into the militia. I got on my horse and went to Porter, taking forty men with me, and we were sworn into the Confederate service for three years or during the war. When Porter went to Palmyra he burned all of Strachan's papers, my oath and bond with the rest, which was good for me. He took Allsman with him. At Whaley's Mill he released Allsman and furnished him with a horse to ride back to Palmyra. I think Allsman's bones lie in a cave between Whaley's Mill and Palmyra."

Comrade R. K. Phillips says: "When Porter captured Palmyra he got old man Allsman who had been a source of trouble in that country. I think he was paroled with a safety parole—one that he could not break, but it cost us dearly. Three of the men killed in retaliation belonged to our company: John M. Wade, my wife's first cousin, F. M. Lear and Herbert Hudson. The whole ten were men of good reputations, and some of them were the best in their respective communities, and they were sacrificed for a most worthless character; one who knew every man in and around Palmyra and was said to be ready to accuse everyone. He had caused a great deal of trouble and his death was a relief to the country."

The detail which took Allsman from his bed that Friday morning was commanded by Captain J. W. Shattuck who had escaped from prison into which he had been cast on information furnished by Allsman. A short distance outside of Palmyra all the prisoners except Allsman and three others were paroled.[1]

For a long time the fate of Allsman was a mystery. I never knew it until I began collecting material for this

[1]See appendix R.

narrative. There are probably men living today who could give more information concerning his death than I have been able to get. All accounts agree that he had a guard of six men who were directed by Colonel Porter to take him to what he considered a place of safety; that these men left camp with Allsman Monday night and returned at daybreak next morning and reported that they had obeyed their orders. Did this guard kill Allsman and make a false report to Colonel Porter, or did others follow and wreak their vengeance on Allsman after the guard abandoned him? Only actual participants in the tragedy, if any survive, can answer. It is said that Allsman selected his entire guard; it is also said that he selected only three and that Colonel Porter appointed three more, and the weight of the testimony favors the latter statement. If Colonel Porter selected half the guard, I believe it obeyed his orders implicitly and that it was innocent of any knowledge of Allsman's death.

If Colonel Porter had been disposed to connive at or knowingly to permit the killing of Allsman he would not have prevented the execution of Creek and Dunlap in retaliation for the killing of the boy prisoner, Fowler, at Florida; nor would he have treated as a prisoner of war, Captain Lair, taken to Newark, after the latter and Captain Collier had ordered the shooting to death after capture of Major Owen, of Colonel Porter's first regiment.

The killing of Allsman was undeserved, but the men who were threatened with confiscation and death did not reason that way. They do not today, they did not yesterday, they will not tomorrow. It was unfortunate; its expiation placed an enduring stain upon the name of the State.

CHAPTER XXV

THE PALMYRA MASSACRE

The number of prisoners, citizen and Confederate, killed in Missouri during the war by the Federal militia reached many hundreds, but no case of single or wholesale slaughter created so great an inquiry or so general reprobation as the killing of Willis Baker, Thomas Humston, Morgan Bixler, John Y. McPheeters and Hiram Smith, of Lewis County, Herbert Hudson, John M. Wade and Marion Lair, of Ralls County, Thomas Sidenor, of Monroe County, and Eleazer Lake, of Scotland County, by order of General John McNeil, at Palmyra, Saturday, October 18, 1862.

A notice was served on Colonel Porter by publication in the local papers and by a copy placed in the hands of Mrs. Porter which read thus:

PALMYRA, MO., *October 8, 1862.*

JOSEPH C. PORTER.

SIR:—Andrew Allsman, an aged citizen of Palmyra, and a non-combatant, having been carried from his home by a band of persons unlawfully arrayed against the peace and good order of the State of Missouri, and which band was under your control; this is to notify you that unless said Andrew Allsman is returned unharmed to his family within ten days from date ten men who have belonged to your band, and unlawfully sworn by you to carry arms against the Government of the United States, and who are now in custody, will be shot as a meet reward for their crimes, among which is the illegal restraining of said Allsman of his liberty.

and if not returned, presumably aiding in his murder. Your prompt attention to this will save much suffering.

Yours etc.,

W. R. Strachan,
Provost-Marshal General District N. E. Missouri.
Per order of Brigadier-General
Commanding McNeil's Column.

The dread day came without light on the fate of Allsman. Of the prisoners confined in Palmyra, a list of five was made by Strachan himself, who gratified his fiendish hate by personally announcing their doom to the selected. This announcement was made on the evening preceding the execution. The list had on it the name of William T. Humphrey, of Lewis County. Mrs. Mary Humphrey had come with her little daughter to visit her husband in prison, ignorant of the awful sentence. The next morning, on her knees before Strachan, she begged for her husband's life. Strachan, maddened by three demons, liquor, lust and human hate, named an infamous price, and she paid it. Her little daughter sat crying on the doorstep. Two Federal soldiers, attracted by the grief of the little one, peered through the window and saw the payment of the price. These two happened to be men, and in their indignation they took the news to McNeil who used every means in his power to prevent all knowledge of this additional horror. Perhaps he had a prescience that the retaliation he had ordered would call down upon himself the execration of the whole civilized world. It was three months before Mrs. Humphrey revealed the secret to her husband. When Humphrey's name was taken from the list Strachan filled the blank with that of Hiram Smith. Two of Smith's brothers had married daughters of Willis Baker, one of the condemned. The boy was comforting the old man when Strachan informed him that he had two hours to live. With a smile he announced

his readiness and busied himself with letters to his brothers and sisters, his parents being dead. The other five were selected by lot from the Hannibal prison.

Tom Humston, aged nineteen, laughed as he said: "Why not death now as well as any other time?" Morgan Bixler was a man of strong religious sentiment. Since the birth of his two sons his most earnest hope was that they might grow up and lead Christian lives and the theme of his affectionate letter to his wife was that she might rear them as carefully as he had done. He included a message to his relatives and friends not to avenge his death, as he had fully forgiven his executioners. Lake wrote a brave letter to his wife and children commending them to the protection of the Almighty in their trials, which he exhorted them to bear with patience and resignation.

The fortitude of the ten victims in the face of death robbed Strachan of half his pleasure in the deed. McNeil, strange to say, did not remain to witness the final scene. The ten men kneeling, the Rev. R. M. Rhodes offered the last prayer. Mr. Rhodes and Strachan gave their hands to the condemned men. Baker refused Strachan's hand saying: "Let every dog shake his own paw." When, the evening before, the Rev. J. S. Green in administering spiritual consolation had proposed the forgiveness of McNeil and Strachan, Willis Baker refused. They were murderers he said, and murderers deserved hell and he would not forgive anything pertaining to the devil. Let us hope that his unforgiveness was for the crime and not the criminals.

Of all the men, Captain Tom Sidenor aroused the greatest interest. Young, handsome, cultivated, of high parentage, he had given his best to the cause of the South and the din of battle was sweet music to his ear. "Aim here," he said, placing his hand over his heart, and his executioners, merciful to him, did his bidding, but many of the soldiers purposely aimed high; their repugnance and horror preventing

them from realizing that obedience to orders was not only a duty but a mercy.

A friend claimed the body of McPheeters at the request of his brother. The reply of Strachan was: "You may have the whole damned lot for all I care. I have no further use for them." But there came a time when he did care, and it was not very long in coming.

The editor of the Palmyra Courier, whose hatred of everything Confederate or Southern was bounded only by the scope of his vigorous intellect, gave a minute description of the tragedy. Heretofore he had gloried in the killing of prisoners, the burning of houses and all the lesser "severities," but now, no word of approval for this tragedy, and scarcely a word of condemnation for its victims: "He (Captain Sidenor) was now elegantly attired in a suit of black broadcloth with white vest. A luxurious growth of beautiful hair rolled down upon his shoulders which, with his fine personal appearance, could not but bring to mind the handsome but vicious Absolom. There was nothing especially worthy of note in the appearance of the others. One of them, Willis Baker, of Lewis County, was proven to be the man who last year shot and killed Mr. Ezekiel Pratt, his Union neighbor, near Williamstown, in that county. All the others were rebels of lesser note, the particulars of whose crimes we are not familiar with."

This account was copied into the Southern papers and thus brought to the notice of President Davis and to that of the European press.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE,
RICHMOND, *November 17, 1862.*

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL T. H. HOLMES,
Commanding Trans-Mississippi Department.

GENERAL: Inclosed you will find a slip from the Memphis Daily Appeal of the 3rd instant, containing an account, purporting to be derived from the Palmyra (Missouri) Courier,

a Federal Journal, of the murder of ten Confederate citizens of Missouri, by order of General McNeil, of the U. S. Army.

You will communicate by flag of truce with the Federal officer commanding that department and ascertain if the facts are as stated. If they be so, you will demand the immediate surrender of General McNeil to the Confederate authorities, and if this demand is not complied with you will inform said commanding officer that you are ordered to execute the first ten United States officers who may be captured and fall into your hands.

Very respectfully yours

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

General Curtis replied to General Holmes, St. Louis, December 24th, that "General McNeil is a State General, and his column was mainly State troops. The matter has therefore never come to my official notice. His proceedings seemed to have been a kind of police resentment against citizens of Missouri who had violated paroles and engaged in robbery and murder, and has only been presented by such newspaper reports as you have sent me. I transmit to you a slip from the Palmyra Courier of the 12th instant, signed by William R. Strachan, Provost-Marshal, which further describes the affair, but I am not so informed of the facts as to say whether the slips are true or false. Being thus explained by the provost-marshal, I am not disposed to meddle with it, and am not therefore authorized to admit or deny, justify or condemn." The inclosure referred to was the "Vindication of General McNeil,"[1] a remarkable document, which, being inclosed with the letter of General Curtis, entitled it to be published in the War of the Rebellion. (Series I, Volume 22, Part I, page 861.)

The English press considered the massacre the infamy

[1]See appendix S.

of all history. The London Star, which could see nothing good in the South and nothing bad in the North, asked: "What comment is needed upon a crime like this? Its stupidity is as astonishing as its ferocity is terrible." The New York Times, equally fierce and unjust to the South, echoed the denunciation of the London Star. In a long and terrible arraignment it said: "There can be no possible justification for such a butchery, and our Government owes it to itself, to the country and to the sentiment of the civilized world to mark by some prompt and distinct action its reprobation of it."

Colonel William F. Switzler's History of Missouri, which is in many places colored by his intense hatred of rebels, speaking of "two[1] of those atrocities which unhappily blacken the history of its civil war in Missouri," says, page 417: "One of these atrocities was the execution at Macon, Mo., on Friday, the 25th of September, 1862, of ten rebel prisoners on the triple charge of treason, perjury and murder; and the other the execution at Palmyra, Mo., on Saturday, October 18th, 1862, of a similar number to expiate the abduction and probable murder by some of Porter's band of one Andrew Allsman, a Union citizen of Marion County . . . . . Whatever may be said to excuse, extenuate or justify this execution [referring to that at Macon], what can be pleaded to mitigate the horrible butchery at Palmyra a few weeks thereafter?"

In one of McNeil's frequent visits to St. Louis, after the massacre, he was introduced at the Planters' House to a Federal general, and advanced, offering his hand; the officer turned his back on McNeil, saying: "I do not shake the hand of a murderer." I have forgotten the name of this general. It was told me in 1867 by a relative, dead many years, who had personal knowledge of the incident.

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[1]There were many more than two.

To stem the torrent of indignation and its possible consequences, Strachan wrote his letter to the New York Times, McNeil procured many signatures to his memorial to President Lincoln, many claiming since that they signed through apprehension of the consequences of a refusal, and worked up all possible influence from every quarter. On the twenty-third of January, as the Missouri State Journal, published at Jefferson City, put it, "the man who had demonstrated that one loyal citizen was worth ten traitors unexpectedly made his appearance in the House" during the session of the legislature. His former provost-marshal was a member from Shelby County. McNeil was formally introduced. Speeches were made. McNeil said it was the proudest day of his life and he was deeply grateful for the spontaneous endorsement of the Representatives of the State.

The demand of President Davis was considered in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. Political party interest in Missouri, and probably in other States, was imperative that McNeil should be upheld, and at that day party was above all other considerations. The rabid press of the country cried for more blood and statesmen echoed the cry. Senator Henry S. Lane, of Indiana, during the Christmas holidays, his heart softened by the memory of the Infant Prince of Peace, speaking of rebels, said in the Senate Chamber: "I would blast them with lightning; I would rain upon them showers of fire and brimstone, for which they are now as ready as Sodom and Gomorrah were in the olden time." This expressed the sentiment. General McNeil was promoted and not surrendered, and Mr. Davis did not proceed with the threatened retaliation.

The letter of Strachan is a lurid denunciation of "the deep malice, the enormous crimes, the treacheries, the assassinations, the perjuries that invariably have characterized those, especially in Missouri, who have taken up arms

avowedly to destroy their Government." The greater part of his charges are general, and appeal to prejudice instead of reason. Nearly every direct charge is false in part or in whole. The ten men executed were not all taken with arms in their hands. Sidenor, Baker, Bixler, Humston and Smith were not taken with arms in their hands and it is doubtful if any of the ten were. They had not taken the oath, and it is doubtful if any of the ten had. The only man selected for death known positively to have taken the oath was Humphrey, and he was allowed by Strachan to go physically unharmed.

Strachan mentions eight Union men in Northeast Missouri, besides Allsman, who were murdered. Of these the murder of Aylward has been described. The killing of James M. Preston was done some time before that of Aylward and by order of the same man. The History of Shelby County, page 727, says: "Stacy tried Preston, after a fashion, found him guilty of playing the spy on him and his band, and shot him forthwith." The killing was probably as indefensible as that of Aylward, but this much can be truthfully said of Stacy: He never molested a man on account of his political sentiments. His trial "after a fashion" was at least just as formal and honest as McNeil's alleged trials. Had the situation been reversed Preston would have gotten from the militia what he got from Stacy, only he would have gotten it more expeditiously. If Willis Baker killed Ezekiel Pratt, and it is believed that he did, and if Pratt's widow gave a true account of the killing (see History of Lewis County, page 97) he was justified. John W. Carnegy was a strong Union man, but such was his character that he had the respect and good will of every Southern man who knew him. His death by the hand of Lieutenant Garnett, of Franklin's regiment, in the capture of Canton,[1] was an accident of the kind that happens some-

[1]History of Lewis County, page 93.

where every day in the year. When Garnett learned the situation he expressed sincere regret, released his prisoners and directed them to give the wounded man every care that his life might be saved. As to the killing of the other four, if they were killed, I have been unable to learn anything. It avails nothing in the argument to mention the number of men killed by the militia for no other reason than that they were sympathizers with the Southern cause, but one cannot help remembering that the latter list is very many times longer than the former and that it was the first begun.[1]

The honesty of the statements in the Vindication may be guaged by the fact that Strachan signed himself provost-marshal twenty days after the office was abolished. The falsification of current history was considered necessary to strengthen Union sentiment in Missouri and to palliate crimes against humanity. It was so generally, and Strachan only followed the fashion. The line of this policy, most vigorously and persistently followed, was the classification of the men who fought under Porter, Poindexter, Franklin, and other authorized officers with those of Anderson,[2] James and others who brought discredit upon the cause they claimed to fight for.

The claim that this massacre lessened Confederate activity in Northeast Missouri is false. Taking out of considera-

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[1]In the territory of the murders denounced by Strachan I can recall: In Scotland County, Benjamin Dye, near Etna, 1861; Judge Richardson, Memphis, November 18, 1861; William Moore, Sand Hill township, 1862, and Thomas Bonner and his son, John, near Bible Grove, August 3, 1862; in Clark County, a young man (name forgotten) riding along with Captain Josiah McDaniel, five miles west of Fairmont—McDaniel escaped; Samuel Dale and Aquilla Standiford, at Fairmont, May 26, 1863; Dr. B. R. Glasscock, five miles southeast of Fairmont, June 16, 1863; Samuel Dillard, Bear Creek, August 4, 1864; autumn of 1864, Mr. Moore, near Waterloo; Samuel Bryant, three miles south of Kahoka; Samuel Davis, between Fairmont and Colony; S. Kibbe, at Athens; in Marion County, W. G. Flannigan and Jesse Mallory, July 24, 1864, near Tucker Mill; in Lewis County, William Gallup, October 10, 1864, at Monticello.

[2]Bill Anderson was the most noted guerrilla in Missouri. His meeting with Major Johnson, at Centralia, has been called a massacre. It was a fair battle. What every Confederate denounces Anderson for are his robberies and his murder of prisoners. Captain Cox, the militia officer who killed Anderson, perhaps his own pistol being the instrument, was a good soldier and a man of the highest character, incapable of a cruel or mean act. The stamping out of the James gang would have been indefinitely postponed had it not been for the cooperation of the ex-Confederates of Jackson and the adjoining counties with Governor Crittenden.

tion the fact that about this time Colonel Porter succeeded in drawing out his last available man, there was no appreciable difference. The only effect of the deed, besides outraging the conscience of civilization, was to intensify political hate on both sides.

When the ægis of the militia lost its virtue Strachan fled to Old Mexico. Tiring of that country and not daring to return to Missouri, he went to New Orleans, where, less than a year after the end of the war, he died of a horrible disease, friendless and alone.

When but few Democrats in Missouri were allowed to vote, McNeil was elected sheriff of St. Louis. Preceding the election held April 2, 1889, he was nominated for auditor. The only mention of his name in the canvass by the leading organ of his party was this, a few days before the election: "The Democratic organs are very much disgusted over the falsely reported introduction of 'war issues' by Colonel Butler, but just watch how they wave the bloody shirt at John McNeil because of a trifling event at Palmyra during the war." McNeil's ticket was generally successful by majorities ranging from 1,186 to 6,142, but he was defeated by 4,351 votes. About ten years before this date he was nominated for United States Marshal but the Senate refused to confirm him.

McNeil was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, February 4, 1813. He died on the afternoon of Monday, June 8, 1891, in Post Office Station E, 1113 South Jefferson Avenue, where he had been superintendent. He was sitting in a chair dead, before it was known that he was ill. The Globe-Democrat mentioned the fact in its local columns and gave the principal events[1] of his life, but spoke not a word editorially.

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[1]The notice said that President Garfield nominated him for Indian Inspector and that Senator Armstrong, of Missouri, was the only Democrat voting for confirmation. This is a mistake. Shields succeeded Armstrong and Vest succeeded Shields before the inauguration of Garfield.

The gifted but eccentric P. Donan, while conducting the Lexington Caucasian, published in October of each year in burning words the details of the tragedy, with the statement that he should publish it annually while John McNeil lived.

In 1870 McNeil made an effort to gain some favor with the people by entering the campaign on behalf of the liberal and against the proscriptive wing of his party, but it was useless. The verdict stood.

CHAPTER XXVI

LAST DAYS IN NORTH MISSOURI

After the capture of Palmyra Colonel Porter marched northward into Lewis County not far from Nelsonville. The next morning, going toward Newark, he was joined by a good company under Captain Ralph Smith, of Lewis County, making his force about four hundred. He visited his home and went into camp at night near Whaley's Mill. Before pitching camp he prepared a trap for a detachment of the Eleventh Regiment Missouri Militia which, instead of falling into it, likewise arranged an ambuscade for the rebels. Both troops camped for the night half a mile apart, neither dreaming the proximity of the other.

The next day the movements of McNeil were ascertained and Colonel Porter made arrangement for an immediate retreat, division of his force and subsequent concentration. He had hoped to stay in the vicinity twenty-four hours longer to receive much needed supplies, especially ammunition, already on their way from Edina and Canton. He had gotten a good supply of muskets, shotguns, rifles and revolvers at Palmyra, but no ammunition, and his powder and lead were about exhausted. New arrangements had to be made and the time was short, but Porter was always ready for any emergency. The camp had scarcely been half emptied before McNeil came in closely following the pickets. A few shots, with a trifling loss on either side, and the rapid retreat began and ended according to direction. That night near Judge Bragg's home, in the northeast corner of Shelby County, Henry Latimer and John Holmes were captured and by order of McNeil were shot at sunrise. McNeil also

ordered Whaley's Mill to be burned, saying: "That mill has ground its last grist for the rebel commissary department." The Palmyra Courier, referring to the burning of "that notorious rendezvous," said: Such measures look severe, but it is only by severe means that these wretches can be driven from the country."

Colonel Porter had now given his last battle in North Missouri. For the next six weeks his whole time and energy were spent in getting twelve hundred men through to the Confederate lines, the last installment of about five thousand sent through during his eventful campaign. There were some scouting and skirmishes but they were, like all his hard fighting and marching had been, only aids to his great purpose.

On the 16th of September, near Paris, Captain McDonald captured Colonel J. T. K. Hayward of the Enrolled Missouri Militia under circumstances deeply mortifying to the latter. On his way from Hannibal to Macon City he was riding with three men a mile and a half in advance of his regiment, and stopped at a farm house near the road for dinner. Seeing a small force of mounted men passing by and mistaking them for expected reinforcements from New London, he sent his orderly to tell them that he wished to see them. The Palmyra Courier, describing it, says: "The sergeant obeyed and informed the passers-by that Colonel Hayward wishes to speak with them. 'Ah, the colonel wishes to see us, does he?' So the colonel came out and saw more than he bargained for—a band of bushwhackers—and himself a prisoner! The rebs coolly possessed themselves of the colonel's horse and brace of pistols and, after administering the usual oath, released him." The St. Joseph Journal of the 21st made this comment: "For a colonel accompanied by three men to stop for dinner in the heart of the enemy's country, and then instruct his sergeant to hail them—apprise them of his where-

abouts—is strategy extraordinary—a strategic maneuver that would put to shame any of those which Orpheus C. Kerr so graphically describes of the celebrated Mackerel Brigade."

Few men could have accomplished what Colonel Porter did in September and October, 1862. Heretofore wherever he went he evaded or fought a force superior in equipment and nearly always superior in numbers. The foe was everywhere active and relentless. Only the touch of the master-hand could solve the problems of the enrollment of every available man, of clearing the way for the escape of those who elected to go direct to the seat of war, of arming, equiping and subsisting the dare-devils who preferred to follow him, of maintaining and guarding them with great success against the usual fortunes of war and of finally placing them under the unfurled Confederate banner. But now the difficulties greatly increased. To still the sentiment created by the execution of prisoners at Kirksville, Macon City, Palmyra and elsewhere, it must be shown that their effect made peace and quiet in that quarter of the State. Therefore: greater numbers, greater vigilance, greater fury, for the suppression of the pestiferous rebels.

To forward the main purpose, the proposition of surrendering some of the companies was considered. It was thought that if a few companies surrendered under the lead of officers capable of managing the job skillfully, the way might be made easier for the crossing of the Missouri River. The difficulty was to get the men to agree to the scheme. Only enough of two companies consented to make the plan a partial success. Captain Gabriel S. Kendrick, a good soldier and competent officer volunteered. Negotiations with McNeil were begun the latter part of September or the first of October, and the Captain and all of his men that were willing to take the risk, surrendered. McNeil's report to Merrill states that this "captain of a guerrilla company

under Porter" surrendered "nearly every man in his command"—twenty-seven men, sixteen horses and saddles and as many guns and pistols. McNeil's reported is dated October 11; how many days elapsed between the surrender and the sending of the report cannot now be ascertained—most probably eight or ten. Kendrick had one of the largest companies under Porter at Kirksville, and his deceiving McNeil in accounting for the remainder was in pursuance of the plan agreed upon. Kendrick magnified many times the losses sustained by Porter and Franklin, and represented to McNeil that the numbers reported to be operating with Porter were greatly over-estimated; that there was a division of sentiment among the men—Porter and some of the officers wishing to continue the campaign of bushwhacking in North Missouri while the majority of the men much preferred to join the main army at once; that in consequence of the few boats left on the river being so well guarded there was little hope of crossing the Missouri; that discontent was growing, and that he and his men decided to risk a surrender for the sake of an exchange.

A few other detachments were surrendered and generally these movements were successful in getting through by exchange and by some improvement of conditions on the Missouri River. Comrade R. K. Phillips was elected captain and Tod Powell first lieutenant of a new company which expected to cross the Missouri without much difficulty or delay. Finding the situation not so promising, most of the members voted to surrender in the event of a reasonable chance for a speedy exchange. Comrade Phillips communicated with the Federal authorities at Mexico and arranged the matter satisfactorily; but he had no confidence at that time in the word of a Missouri Federal so, turning the execution of the plan over to Lieutenant Powell, he, with Joe Inlow and Sam Murray went south by way of Kentucky.

Previous to this, Phillips had been collecting scattered

detachments, awaiting notice to meet on the Missouri River, and had been in the unsuccessful effort to cross with twelve hundred. In scouting for this purpose, while waiting for breakfast at a farmhouse six militiamen came along the road. The rebels numbered only seven—evenly enough matched to have a rattling time—but the six were easily captured. They were paroled and only one of them violated its terms. About the same time Dick Underwood, Al Purvis and a man named Kelso were captured by Colonel Smart's regiment of militia and shot. The scouting party of seven separated with the understanding to meet the following Monday night at Joel Pierce's, on Spencer Creek, Spencer and Sutton going to Pike County, Dan Ely and Press Yeager going to Salt River, Thomas J. Pettitt, Jim Ely and R. K. Phillips to Lick Creek. When Spencer and Sutton reached the rendezvous they ran into a detachment of Federals. Sutton was a dead shot, but he had just traded his horse for a young and untried one and when he pulled his gun the horse reared and wheeled around. Before he could recover and fire he was shot to death. He lived only long enough to tell the Federals that our men would be on the scene in a few minutes and that they had better get away in a hurry. They took his advice. When the others came up Sutton was dead. Sutton was a mere boy but he had a character that made him respected and popular; handsome, well educated, carefully reared by pious parents, brave, untiring unselfish. He was the grandson of the Rev. Jesse Sutton, a patriarch of the Methodist Church in Northeast Missouri, whom I well knew, whose character was redolent of everything good and noble and who was a fit successor to another old Methodist patriarch, the Rev. Andrew Monroe—Father Monroe—as known far and near from fifty to eighty years ago.

An arrangement had been made to cross twelve hundred men over the Missouri River at Portland, Callaway County,

on the 16th of October, and Moore's Mill was designated the rendezvous. Through some misunderstanding a thousand men were two or three hours late. A detachment of Colonel Krekel's regiment reached Portland[1] in the interval between the passage of about two hundred men and the arrival of the main body. The small detachment of Confederates on the north side of the river were outnumbered five to one and could make but little resistance. But for this mistake the whole body could have crossed with trifling loss. As it was the thousand men went through singly and in small squads, and by various routes, the greater part by crossing the Missouri River, but many by way of Kentucky and Virginia. Colonel Porter sometime afterwards crossed the river in a skiff at Providence, Boone County, and reached the army in Arkansas with thirty-five men, having many skirmishes on the way and losing some of his best men.

The men who crossed on the Emilie at Portland were commanded by Captains Ely and Craig. They were ambushed by the Federals two days later at California House, Pulaski County, and extricated themselves without much loss, inflicting very slight loss upon the hidden enemy. The report of Colonel Sigel[2] estimates our loss at twenty killed and about the same number wounded. It further says that the rebels "were commanded by Captain Ely, Captain Brooks and two captains both with the name of Creggs." In Captain D. W. Craig's company the first lieutenant was G. R. Brooks and the second lieutenant, W. W. Craig. Its first muster roll after being assigned to the Ninth Missouri Infantry, Confederate Army, dated November 9, 1862, makes no mention of casualties in the engagement with Sigel's men. The loss of Ely's company is unknown, but was doubtless slight. The Federals frequently counted Confederate losses through magnifying glasses.

[1]See appendix T.
[2]See appendix U.

The report of Major-General Hindman to Adjutant-General Cooper, dated Richmond, June 29, 1863, says: "In the enrollment and organization of troops from Missouri, Brigadier-Generals Parsons and McBride; Colonels Clark, Payne, Jackman, Thompson, Porter, McDonald and Shelby; Lieutenant-Colonels Caldwell, Lewis and Johnson; Majors Murray, Musser and Pinchall, and Captains Standish, Buchanan, Cravens, Perry, Quantrell and Harrison were especially zealous and useful. In estimating the value of their labors and of the many other devoted men who assisted them, it is to be considered that in order to bring out recruits from their State it was necessary to go within the enemy's lines, taking the risks of detection and punishment as spies, secretly collecting the men in squads and companies, arming, equiping and subsisting them by stealth and then moving them rapidly southward through a country swarming with Federal soldiers and an organized militia, and whose population could only give assistance at the hazard of confiscation of property and even death itself. That they succeeded at all under such circumstances is attributable to a courage and fidelity unsurpassed in the history of the war. That they did succeed beyond all expectation is shown by the twelve fine regiments and those batteries of Missouri troops now serving in the Trans-Mississippi Department."

The enumeration of General Hindman does not include all the Missouri recruits of the summer of 1862. Many joined Missouri regiments operating in Tennessee and many joined Virginia and Kentucky troops.

Ben Loan, chairman of a delegation representing the counties of the Seventh Congressional District, in relation to the condition of affairs in Missouri, in a communication to President Lincoln, October, 1863, says—War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 53, page 581—"During General Halleck's absence at Corinth and elsewhere, General Schofield, as district commander and as major-general of the Missouri

State Militia, had unlimited control and the direction of military affairs in Missouri. In the summer of 1862 he permitted the State to be overrun by guerrillas. Porter, in the northeast, was allowed to raise more than five thousand armed men, who ravaged that part of the State for a long time, killing great numbers of Union men and stealing large quantities of property."

CHAPTER XXVII

HIS LAST BATTLE

"At the command a thousand warriors sprang to their feet and with one wild Missouri yell burst upon the foe; officers mix with men in the mad melee and fight side by side; some storm the fort at the headlong charge, others gain the houses from which the Federals had just been driven, and keep up the fight, while some push on after the flying foe. The storm increases and the combatants get closer and closer.

"I heard the cannon's shivering crash
As when the whirlwind rends the ash;
I heard the musket's deadly clang,
As if a thousand anvils rang!"

So read the report of that enthusiastic, dashing cavalryman, General Joe Shelby, of the capture of Hartville, Wright County, Sunday, January 11, 1863.

General Marmaduke, commanding, said officially: "January 10 a junction was made with Porter, near Marshfield, who had captured the militia (some fifty) and destroyed the forts at Hartville and had also burned the fortifications at Hazlewood. On the night of the 10th the column was put in motion toward Hartville. A little before daylight the advance encountered a Federal force coming from Houston via Hartville to Springfield, and hearing that a strong cavalry force was in my rear I deemed it best not to put myself in battle between the two forces, but to turn the force in my front and fight them after I had secured, in case of defeat, a safe line of retreat. This I did by making a detour

seven miles, and fought the enemy (two thousand five hundred Iowa, Illinois, Michigan and Missouri troops) at Hartville. The Federal position was a very strong one and the battle was hotly contested for several hours till the enemy gave way and retreated rapidly and in disorder, leaving their dead and wounded, many arms, ammunition and clothing on the field and in my possession. I have established a hospital, leaving surgeons and attendants sufficient to take care of the dead and wounded, Confederate and Federal. Here fell the chivalrous McDonald, Lieutenant-Colonel Wimer and Major Kirtley, noble men and gallant officers, and other officers and men equally brave and true. Here, too, was seriously wounded Colonel J. C. Porter, a brave and skillful officer. He was shot from his horse at the head of his troops."

Colonel Porter's report of the movements culminating in the capture of Hartville, dated February 3, is here given. The writer of the report is unknown. The style is not Colonel Porter's; his was direct, forceful and concise. He was physically unable to write a report, being so seriously wounded that he died fifteen days later.

"SIR: In obedience to your order I, on the 2d day of January, 1863, detached from my command (then encamped at Pocahontas, Randolph County, Arkansas) the effective men of my command, numbering in the aggregate eight hundred and twenty-five men, and proceeded westward with said detachment through the counties of Lawrence and Fulton, in the State of Arkansas. Arriving at or near the northwestern corner of Fulton County I learned of a considerable force of Federals stationed at Houston, in Texas County, Missouri. I therefore continued my march farther to the west, going farther west than I had anticipated. Arriving at a point nearly due south of the town of Hartville, in the county of Wright, State of Missouri, I changed my course northward and in the direction of said town (Hartville). However, before changing my course to the north on account

of the roughness of the roads and the impossibility of having my horses shod, I was compelled to order about one hundred and twenty-five of my men back to camp, as being unable to proceed farther for want of shoes on their horses, leaving my detachment only seven hundred strong. No incident of importance occurred worthy of note up to this time, save that my men so well behaved that I enabled to surprise all citizens along the road and enabled me to capture some of the worst jayhawkers that infested the country.

"The men of my command seemed well satisfied and all things went well, notwithstanding the hardships all were compelled to undergo on account of shortness of provisions and clothing.

"On the morning of the 9th of January, 1863, we neared the town of Hartville, Wright County, Missouri, at which point I learned that a company of the enrolled militia of Missouri was stationed. Putting my command in order, I detached a company as advance guard, ordering them to reconnoitre, to ascertain the position and, as far as possible, the strength of the enemy. Following my advance I found upon approaching the town that the enemy, forty strong, had surrendered to my advance without firing a gun. Before approaching the town, however, I ordered the detachment of Colonel Burbridge's regiment, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel John M. Wimer, to support Captain Brown's battery; the rest of my command, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell and Colonel Jeffers, marching under my immediate command. Upon the surrender of the town, we took thirty-five prisoners (militia) and two United States soldiers and some citizens, and destroyed the fortifications with two hundred stand of arms, finding no commissary or quartermaster's stores or trains.

"Remaining in Hartville until 8 p. m. of the 9th of January, and receiving no orders from you as I had anticipated, I concluded to march upon Lebanon by way of Hazel-

wood, and immediately despatched a messenger informing you of my plans.

"At 8 p. m. of the 9th of January, I moved my command upon the road to Marshfield some six miles and bivouacked till sunrise on the morning of the 10th of January, when I ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Wimer to proceed with his command to the town of Hazelwood and, finding the place evacuated by the enemy, forthwith burned the blockhouse and rejoined my command some two hours after I had met the balance of my command; joined yours about four miles from the town of Marshfield.

"At 3 o'clock p. m. my command was ordered back three miles on the road to Hartville to encamp. At 11 p. m. I received orders to proceed with my command to Hartville, at which hour I moved my command in the direction of said town, sending in advance the detachment of Colonel Burbridge's regiment under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wimer, to take possession of and operate the mill at Hartville, following with the rest of my command to wit, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, Colonel Jeffers and Captain Brown's two-gun battery.

"The advance, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wimer, when within five miles of the town of Hartville (at 3 a. m., 11th of January), were fired upon by Federal pickets, upon which Colonel Wimer fell back a short distance, dismounted his command and formed in line of battle, immediately after which a scout of Federal cavalry advanced upon Colonel Wimer's command. Arriving very near they were fired upon by Colonel Wimer's command, killing two, and killing and wounding several horses.

"Upon receiving information of the enemy in front, I ordered Colonel Wimer to skirmish with the enemy and to fall back gradually upon my command, at the same time ordering Captain Brown's guns in position in the center,

with Colonel Campbell on the right and Colonel Jeffers on the left; also despatching a courier to you. I continued my advance as skirmishers until daylight and your arrival, the enemy during the time shelling to the right and left of my line, slightly wounding one of my men in the leg. Whilst the advance, under Lieutenant-Colonel Wimer, were falling back upon my line, the sharpshooters of Colonel Campbell, by mistake, fired upon and wounded two of Lieutenant-Colonel Wimer's command.

"At 7 a. m. (11th January), I was ordered to fall back and follow your command which I did, however, keeping my battery (Captain Brown) in position for a time, when I perceived Federal cavalry advance up the road and ordered Captain Brown to open on them; upon which Captain Brown fired two rounds dispersing them but doing no further damage. Captain Brown then limbered up his guns and fell back with the other command. After marching, per order, until about 1 p. m., we again neared the town of Hartville. I was then ordered to dismount my command and place Captain Brown's battery in position on the left. Before having completed or carried out the last order, I received information that the enemy were in full retreat from the town of Hartville, and at the same time an order to remount my command and pursue the enemy. On arriving at the courthouse with the head of my column, I found the enemy formed in the brush just above the town, within fifty yards of my command. Immediately upon perceiving the enemy in position, I ordered my men to dismount; but the enemy poured upon us such a heavy volley of musketry that my command was compelled to fall back somewhat in disorder, I being at the same time wounded in the leg and hand. I ordered my adjutant to report the fact to you. Having, at the same time that I ordered my men to dismount, ordered Captain Brown's battery to take position near the head of my column; after Captain Brown took

position as ordered, he was compelled for want of ammunition (his ammunition being carried off by his horses stampeding) and a galling fire of the enemy, to retire, leaving his pieces on the field, which were afterwards brought off by a part of Colonel Greene's and Burbridge's men. Lieutenant-Colonel Wimer was shot dead whilst leading the detachment of Colonel Burbridge's regiment. Colonel Jeffers, without fear, led his men through the fight. The detachment of Colonel Greene's regiment was gallantly led by Lieutenant-Colonel L. C. Campbell, assisted by Major L. A. Campbell. I would do great injustice did I make distinction among my officers present on that occasion, all having displayed great gallantry. My men, I must say, acquitted themselves with honor, almost without exception. Our loss foots up six killed and thirty-eight wounded. I would here mention that Captain George R. McMahan and fifty of Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell's men destroyed the blockhouse and stockade at Dallas, the enemy fleeing before him.

"On our return march from Missouri my men and officers displayed great energy in undergoing the fatigues and privations necessary. Arrived at Camp Salado, Janury 20, 1863.

Respectfully,

Jo. C. Porter,

Colonel Commanding Porter's Brigade.

General Marmaduke.

I have heard the order sending Colonel Porter into the death trap at Hartville criticized by Missouri Confederate officers, but wherever the responsibility may have been Colonel Porter rapidly placed his command in a better position to withstand greatly superior numbers before he was severely wounded, and his men after the first severe loss, stood bravely the unequal contest. In his report Colonel Porter modestly refers to this part of the engagement and places no blame anywhere. Here, as everywhere, when acting in a subordinate capacity he implicitly obeyed orders.

Evans's Confederate Military History, volume IX, page 114, thus describes the ending of the battle:

"Shelby, in the rear, heard the uproar and with intuitive knowledge divined the cause. Without waiting for orders he rushed his command forward, crossed the stream at the nearest point and dismounting his men, charged through an open field to gain possession of the fence and strike the enemy in the flank. But the Federals held the fence with terrible tenacity and twice his brigade was beaten back. The third time he accomplished his purpose, drove the enemy before him and saved Porter's brigade and the day. But the loss was fearful. Colonel John M. Wimer and Colonel Emmett MacDonald were killed and many field and company officers. Colonel Joseph C. Porter was shot from his horse and seriously wounded at the head of his troops. Shelby mentioned of his command Major George R. Kirtley and Captain C. M. Turpin, of the First, killed; Captain Dupuy, of the Second, lost a leg; and Captain Washington McDaniel, of Elliott's scouts, fell with a bullet through his breast just as the enemy retreated. Lieutenant Royster was left on the field badly wounded; Captains Crocker, Burkholder, Jarrett and Webb, of the Second, were also severely wounded; Captain James M. Garrett fell in the front of the fight. Captains Thompson and Langhorn and Lieutenants Elliott, Haney, Graves, Huff, Williams, Bullard and Buckley were also severely wounded. Shelby was hard hit on the head and his life was saved by the bullet glancing on a gold badge he wore on his hat.

"That night, January 11th, the dead were buried by starlight and the next morning the command moved slowly and sorrowfully southward. Colonel John M. Wimer and Colonel Emmett MacDonald were citizens of St. Louis. Colonel Wimer had been mayor of the city and was universally respected. Colonel MacDonald was born and reared there and, though a much younger man than Colonel Wimer, was

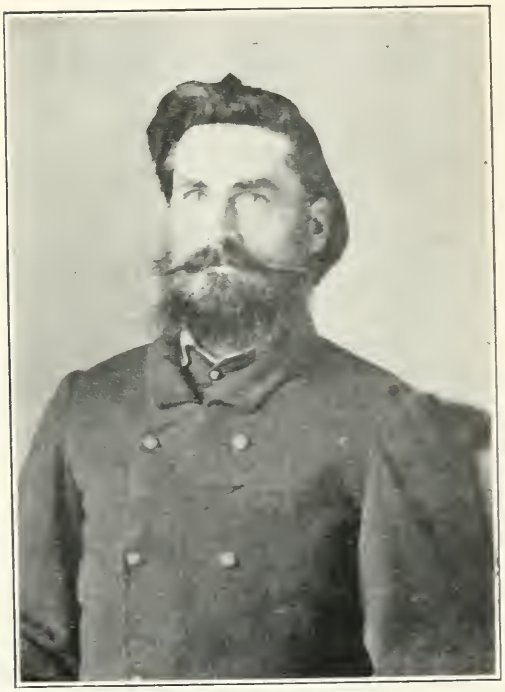
almost as well known and as highly respected. The bodies of both were taken to the city by their friends for burial. But the provost-marshal there, Franklin A. Dick, refused to allow them decent and Christian burial, and had their bodies taken from the houses of their friends at night and buried in unknown and unmarked graves in the common potters' field.

"The retreat to Arkansas was a severe one. It was now in the middle of January and the weather suddenly became very cold. The change was ushered in by a snow which lasted ten hours. The snow covered the earth to the depth of nearly two feet and, freezing on top, made marching difficult and dangerous to men and horses. Many of the men were poorly clad and suffered greatly, some of them having their hands and feet frozen."

Captain Emmett MacDonald—the title by which we knew him when we joined Price's army—was an officer in the camp of instruction at Camp Jackson. Of all the men captured there he refused to be paroled, claiming that the organization of which he was a member was created by a law of the State, that when captured it was engaged in duties ordered by the State in conformity with the State law; that the capturing forces had no legal status, not being authorized by any State or Federal law. His contention was upheld by the courts and he was released from custody. Lieutenants Guibor and Barlow, on the strength of this decision, considered their paroles illegal and immediately joined Price's army and the former was assigned to the command of the battery attached to Parsons's Division. In the cartel between Generals Fremont and Price, the latter however protesting that the capture of Camp Jackson was done by a force not recognized by law, State or Federal, First Lieutenant Henry Guibor, of the Missouri Light Battery, was exchanged for First Lieutenant J. Skillman, of the First Illinois Cavalry, and Second Lieutenant W. P. Barlow, of

the Missouri Light Battery, was exchanged for Second Lieutenant H. Fetter, of the Fourteenth Missouri. MacDonald was given the command of a company of cavalry. At the battle of Carthage, in the temporary confusion due to the separation of the unarmed cavalrymen to be sent to the rear preparatory to the cavalry attack upon the enemy's flank, Captain MacDonald took his company out on the high prairie in full view of every man in each contending army and in the midst of the flying shell and canister made it perform all the best maneuvers of the tactics. It was a beautiful sight and very inspiring to us who there got our first view of real war. He was an ideal soldier, brave, reliant, energetic, attentive to detail, exacting in duty yet courteous and gentle, brilliant in mental grasp, proficient in books, delicate in sense of honor, unassuming, modest.

Colonel Porter's vigorous constitution was unequal to the effect of his severe wounds and the consequent exposure to the hardships of a long march in winter. He died in camp near Batesville, Arkansas, February 18, 1863.



CAPTAIN JAMES W. PORTER

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CHAPTER XXVIII

LETTERS FROM COLONEL PORTER'S FAMILY

PALMYRA, MO., *July 28, 1908.*

My father, Joseph Chrisman Porter, was born in Jessamine County, Kentucky, September 12, 1819. His mother's name was Rebecca Chrisman. His parents moved to Marion County, Missouri, in 1828, and there he was married about 1844, to Miss Mary Ann E. Marshall. Several years later he moved to Knox County where he lived until 1857 when he moved to Lewis County, five miles east of Newark.

We have no picture of him; the only one we ever had was destroyed when our home was burned by the soldiers during the war.

I do not know of any special circumstance that led to his joining the army. He was a man of strong convictions and, from the first, sympathized with the South. He had for neighbors a number of Northern men who made things very unpleasant for him in many ways. I think this perhaps hastened his decision to join the army, but cannot say how. I do not know the names of the officers under him in 1862. You can probably get them with any other information in regard to him from my uncle, Mr. William M. Glasscock, Cherrydell, Missouri.

I knew Colonel McCullough. He has a sister living, Mrs. James Moore, La Belle, Lewis County.

My uncle's name was James William Porter, he was a captain and then a major.

The Palmyra Courier was published by Mr. Joseph R. Winchell. About 1863 he moved it to Hannibal and con-

tinued the publication there. I do not know when it was established or when it was discontinued. Mr. Winchell is collector of customs at the port of New Haven, Connecticut.

Very sincerely,

Mrs. O. M. White.

In reply to further inquiries Mrs. White wrote again, August 10:

My father and Uncle James went south with Colonel Martin E. Green's regiment in time to join General Price in the attack on Lexington, September, 1861, where Mulligan's brigade was captured. Colonel Green raised his regiment in Lewis and the neighboring counties and my father was lieutenant-colonel. Early in the spring of 1862 my father came home to raise recruits for the Southern army. He was colonel of the regiment and Uncle James was captain of a company of boys from Marion and Lewis Counties. This company was called "the yearlings" on account of the youthfulness of its members.

The Union soldiers came to our home many times to arrest my father, usually in the day time, but several times at night. At one of these times they burst the door open before we could get out of bed to answer them. They never found anyone there except women and children, though Uncle James, at several different times, camped near the house for several days at a time and we carried provisions to him.

On the night of March 2, 1862, a company of Glover's men came to our home and were quartered there and at Uncle James's house until the 5th. They had full possession of Uncle James's house and left us only one room of our home. They took all our provisions; even burned meat in the stove and took everything in the house they wanted. Among other things, they found a pair of white yarn socks which I had made with a Confederate flag knitted into each sock. I was then about sixteen years old. They had a num-

ber of citizen prisoners confined under guard in our kitchen. I was acquainted with some of these men and one evening they asked me to sing some secession songs. I refused until the soldiers joined in the request when I sang several Southern songs. The officer in command ordered the guard not to let me out that night, but the guard was changed before I tried to leave the room and, for some reason, the new guard did not detain me. My uncle's house was robbed just as ours was and left in a terrible condition.

My mother was taken prisoner in 1862 by Colonel Lipscomb and was kept one night at the home of Mr. Seeber, one of our Union neighbors, where Lipscomb was quartered for the night. She was arrested as she was passing the house. The children, not knowing what had become of her, remained alone all night. Uncle James's two children were there with my six brothers and sisters, the oldest was not yet fourteen and the youngest less than two years old. Colonel Lipscomb abused my mother, calling her, among other names, a "she wolf." She was kept in a room guarded by soldiers, and though she was well acquainted with the women at the house, not one of them went near her.

About the burning of our home, I cannot give you any very definite information. I was away at school. I am not certain what year it was but think it was in the Fall of 1863 or 1864. Nobody was at home except my mother and the younger children. My oldest brother was out hunting, and my mother had with her her five children, two of Uncle James's and several of Uncle Dr. Marshall's small children. They were all in bed asleep except my mother, who frequently did not retire before midnight. I do not know anything about how the house was fired, but the fire started on the outside and on the side nearest to Mr. Seeber's where the Union soldiers were quartered for the night. My mother was not able to save anything except the children. All of our near neighbors were Union men and not one of them came

to offer aid. The soldiers at Mr. Seeber's watched the fire from its very start. The children were sleeping upstairs and as several of them were quite young—from two to six years old—it was very hard for my mother to get them all out and take care of them in the confusion. The two colored girls who were staying with her were too small to be of any help at such a time. My oldest sister carried out a few pieces of clothing, but nothing of any importance. Aside from these they did not save any clothing except the night-clothes they had on. Every one has always thought that the soldiers set fire to our house.

In regard to Mr. Lipscomb, I have always understood that my father paroled him at the capture of Palmyra. I feel sure my father did not "forget" it, and so far as I have heard, Lipscomb never violated his parole.

Very respectfully,

Mrs. O. M. White.

Colonel Porter's sister who signs herself Mary Love Porter Myers, "all that is living," writes from Newark, Missouri:

We came to Missouri in the Fall of 1829. My brother, Joseph Chrisman Porter, attended Marion College, at Philadelphia, Marion County. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church. He was a prosperous farmer and cattle trader, but no slave holder. He married Mary Ann Marshall, of Marion County, who died at DeWitt, Arkansas, about two years after the war closed. We have no picture of him. He visited his home several times during the year 1862. You did not mention Captain Whaley[1] as one of the officers under him.

My brother, Major James William Porter, was born in 1827. He attended his home schools and was a member of the

[1]Captain Marion Whaley's company was enlisted after my connection with the regiment ceased.

Presbyterian Church. He married in 1853, Columbia Marshall, who died in DeWitt, Arkansas, within a year after the death of her sister, Mary Ann. He and his brother, Joseph, farmed together. He also visited his home several times in 1862. We have no better picture of him than the one you have.

Yes, we lived here during the war; still living on the same farm, one-fourth mile east of Newark. My father, James Porter, was living three miles east of Newark. It was a sad and gloomy time in this vicinity.

Colonel Frisby H. McCullough left a wife and three children, two daughters and a son, the latter now living at Edina.

Dr. John L. Taylor[1] was well known in Newark and was killed here a year or two after the war by Tom Everman.

We knew Willis Baker, one of the ten who were shot by McNeil at Palmyra. It was true that he shot and killed Ezekial Pratt.

Colonel Porter's son, Joseph I. Porter, Stuttgart, Arkansas, writes, October 21, 1908: I know but very little about the war and have been trying to forget what I do know. I hope never to read a history of it.

Mr. J. M. Shipp, a nephew of Colonel Porter, of Bowling Green, Missouri, but residing temporarily at Newport, Arkansas, writes: A. B. Glasscock, of Vandalia, Audrain County, and William M. Glasscock, of Emden, Shelby County, are stepbrothers of Colonel Joseph C. Porter, and they both served with him from the beginning to the end of

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[1]Dr. Taylor was surgeon of Colonel Glover's regiment. While in camp at Ironton he wrote a letter which was published in the Missouri Democrat, denouncing the outrages of Colonel Porter in Northeast Missouri and suggesting the surest method of stopping them was the confiscation of the property of the colonel, his father, his brother and his relatives, Colonel Bradshaw, Merritt Shipp and William Kendrick, all being holders of considerable property. Dr. Taylor was a man of many good traits. He was a Union man from patriotic and disinterested motives and always had the courage of his convictions. But, unfortunately, he possessed an overbearing temper and a quarrelsome disposition. It is said that he killed two men before the war, and that he was about to kill Everman, but the latter was too quick for him.

the war. Both married my sisters. J. Russell Myers, brother-in-law of Colonel Joe and Major Jim Porter, and his wife are living at Newark, Knox County.

Mrs. Andrew B. Glasscock, of Vandalia, writes: My mother was seven years old when my grandfather, James Porter, came to Missouri, and she, I think, was next to Uncle Joe, who was the oldest of the family. Uncles Joe and Jim went to California in 1849; came back; married sisters; went in the stock business together and prospered until the war came. Uncle Joe had eight children, but only the two oldest are now living—a daughter and a son. Uncle Jim had four children; only one—a successful physician of Memphis, Tennessee—is now living. After the war Uncle Jim returned home penniless. He and Uncle Joe's oldest son went to Arkansas and in the stock business prospered greatly. I send you Uncle Jim's picture. It was taken in the brush and you can see it is a very poor one. My husband was a member of Captain Kendrick's company of Uncle Joe's regiment and his brother, William, was a member of Uncle Jim's company and was quartermaster[1] of the regiment in Northeast Missouri.

Colonel Porter some time after the capture of Palmyra started with twelve hundred men to the Missouri River, having made arrangements with a steamboat captain to cross. One hundred and ninety crossed. He went back to hurry up the remainder, but before he could get to the river the Federals rushed in and beat him off. So he remained on this side until he got all his men through in squads, which were assigned to the most convenient commands. When he got through he had only thirty-five men with him. It was his intention to go to Richmond and try to get his men assigned to him, but General Hindman, who was commanding the Trans-Mississippi Department, wanted him to take com-

[1]After the death of Captain Marks at Florida, July 22.

mand of a brigade and go on the Hartville expedition, where he was mortally wounded. Uncle Jim went into Colonel Burbridge's regiment and was afterwards promoted to major.

Mr. Glasscock remembers the names of only two survivors of Captain Jim Porter's company, his brother, William, and Samuel Smoot, Bethel, Shelby County. The Glasscocks are from Virginia. My grandfather Porter was married three times.

Mrs. James W. Porter, who conducts her husband's business at DeWitt, Arkansas, writes: "He came to Arkansas in 1866. He and I were married in 1871. He died July 15, 1898. After the death of Colonel Joseph C. Porter he was assigned to Colonel Burbridge's regiment as major and was afterwards promoted to lieutenant-colonel. I should like to know more of his history in the army as my chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy wish me to give them what they are pleased to call a 'Porter Day.' "

CHAPTER XXIX

VIOLATION OF PAROLES

I have no comment to make for the course of those members of the Missouri Militia captured by Confederates, who voluntarily gave their parole not to take up arms until exchanged in order to secure release, and then violated the terms of such parole. Many, or all, may have conscientiously believed in the contentions of the rabid press that rebellion was a crime sufficient to void all contracts with its supporters; that the Confederates in Missouri were only guerrillas or bushwhackers, without military or moral right to give a parole, and that faith was not to be kept with men whom the press and the departmental commanders said were only "to be exterminated." Such was the temper of the times that many good men believed their paramount duty was to subordinate everything to the pleasure of the Government, and the pleasure of the Government was too often interpreted to them by men whose highest conception of patriotism was personal or party plunder.

My knowledge of the conditions during the war period in Missouri was somewhat extensive and I have in the collection of material for this narrative secured as many additional details as time and opportunity permitted. It is my firm belief that no Missouri Confederate ever violated his parole. A great many Southern men in Missouri violated the oath of allegiance which they were forced to take or took to escape imprisonment, confiscation of property and death. Whatever of crime or dishonor there was in such proceeding let it be recorded against them and against the cause they stood for. Not one of them believed it to be a crime; a great many Union

men believed it to be no crime. The principle has always obtained in this country that a citizen can change his allegiance at will.

At the December term, 1866, of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case Ex-parte Garland, a member of the Confederate Congress, Mr. Justice Field delivered the opinion on the constitutionality of the act of Congress prescribing an oath for attorneys before the Courts of the United States. A short extract of this opinion is given as pertinent to the status of oaths of allegiance. "The oath prescribed by the act is as follows,"—the first, second, third and fourth clauses are omitted—"and fifth. That he will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic, and will bear true faith and allegiance to the same. This last clause is promissory only, and requires no consideration," and only the first four clauses are considered in the opinion. In this opinion and also in the opinion against the constitutionality of the Missouri Test Oath, in the case of Cummings vs. The State of Missouri, Justices Wayne, Nelson, Grier, Clifford and Field concurred. Chief Justice Chase, and Justices Swayne, Miller and Davis dissented. Subsequently the Chief Justice expressed his concurrence in the opinion of the majority; and the decision was followed by the entire court, with the exception of Mr. Justice Bradley, in the case of Pierce vs. Carskadon, decided at the December term, 1872—16 Wallace, 234.

The "reign of terror," considered so necessary in September, 1862, by General Curtis, commanding the Department of Missouri, to check the rebels, had been on for a year or more, and its agencies were the killing of citizens, the crowding of men for little or no cause into filthy and already overcrowded prisons, where often a sentry's bullet was the reward of an attempt to get a breath of fresh air; the compelling of prisoners to do hard or ignominious tasks; the levy-

ing of grievous burdens by assessments of money; the confiscation and destruction of property; the burning of homes,[1] barns, crops and farm improvements; the killing of prisoners on false pretexts, and all the while the rabid press of the State was calling for "greater severity." General Schofield was a good officer and not a cruel man, but the following despatches[2] show how far he was influenced by the bloodthirsty press of the State:

ST. LOUIS, MO., *September 9, 1862.*

Brig. Gen. Lewis Merrill, Warrenton, Mo.:

I want to select a prominent case to test the question whether a bushwhacker can be shot in a proper manner. I want to know what I can rely on.

J. M. SCHOFIELD,
Brigadier General.

WARRENTON, MO., *September 9, 1862.*

Brigadier General Schofield:

All right. I will run him up for you.

LEWIS MERRILL,
Brigadier General.

ST. LOUIS, MO. *September 9, 1862.*

Brig. Gen. Lewis Merrill:

I think Poindexter had better be tried by military commission. I believe I can secure the execution of a sentence.

J. M. SCHOFIELD,
Brigadier General.

WARRENTON, MO., *September 9, 1862.*

Brigadier General Schofield:

I had intended to have him shot on Friday, but if you think the sentence will be executed he had better be tried.

LEWIS MERRILL,
Brigadier General.

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[1]See appendix V.
[2]War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 13, page 621.

Referring to the demands of the bloodthirsty element in Missouri, General Schofield, in writing to President Lincoln, August 28, 1863, said: "I have permitted those who have been in rebellion, and who voluntarily surrender themselves and their arms, to take the oath of allegiance and give bonds for their future good conduct, and release them upon condition that they reside in such portion of the State as I shall direct. For this I am most bitterly assailed by the radicals, who demand that every man who has been in rebellion or in any way aided shall be exterminated or driven from the State. There are thousands of such criminals, and no man can fail to see that such a course would light the flames of a war such as Missouri has never seen. Their leaders know, but it is necessary for their ascendency, and they scruple at nothing to accomplish that end."—War of the Rebellion, Series I, Vol. 22, part 2, page 483.

A summary of General Fremont's Order No. 10—War of the Rebellion, Series II, Vol. 1, page 282, is given:

HEADQUARTERS, WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
SAINT LOUIS, MO., *September 2, 1861.*

Before the military commission, which convened at the Saint Louis Arsenal on the 5th instant, pursuant to Special Order, No. 118, current series, from these headquarters, the following prisoners were arraigned, viz:

Phineas P. Johnson, William Shiftell, Jerome Nall, John Williams, James R. Arnold, Charles Lewis, John Deane, Doctor Steinhoner, W. W. Lynch, T. J. Sappington, James Thompson, Thomas Grigsby, John Crow, David E. Perryman, John W. Graves, Alfred Jones, William Durnham, C. H. Hodges, James Marr, G. S. Yertes.

Many of the prisoners above named were found without any charge whatever lodged against them; others had but trivial charges, and being unable to procure witnesses in their respective cases the commission deemed it expedient to have

the same released, which was carried into effect after a rigid cross-examination and having the oath of allegiance duly administered in each individual case.

The commission would respectfully report to the commanding major-general that they have found imprisoned in the arsenal a great many persons charged with being spies and traitors. These charges were not sustained by any evidence whatever. The persons taking them prisoners did in most cases send no names of witnesses along. In others the names of witnesses were sent without their addresses and residences. Some were sent here prisoners because one Union man considered them dangerous.

* * * * * * *

The commission would respectfully suggest that orders be issued preventing persons from being arrested unless there is some strong circumstantial proof of facts of which your commission can avail itself. It seemed to your commission, even, and it is with deep regret that they are compelled to report such things to you, that in a few cases men were arrested as spies and traitors and sent here because they raised objections when their property was taken while they were absent in prison without any cause whatever.

* * * * * * *

The reflections contained in the report of the proceedings have occurred to the commanding general. He is surprised to find that in many of the cases no evidence whatever has been presented to the commission. He concurs in the opinion expressed relative to groundless charges against citizens, unwarrantable seizures of their persons and unjust depredations upon their property.

The attention of the commanders is again called to the full observance of the orders that have been issued from these headquarters concerning arrests.

By order of Major-General Fremont:

J. C. Kelton,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

"As Mr. McAfee was a sympathizer with the Confederate cause and had been an active and prominent secessionist, he was especially obnoxious to the Federals, who treated him severely—worse than any of their other prisoners. General Hurlbut forced him to labor hard in the hot sun, engaged in digging 'sinks' or privies for the soldiers. A few days afterwards he was taken from Macon to Palmyra and the general ordered him to be tied on the top of the cab of the engine to prevent the bushwhackers from firing at the engineer. The latter said he would not run the engine if Mr. McAfee was mounted upon it in that way; the soldiers delayed executing their orders until the train was ready to start, and then signalled to the engineer to pull out, which he did." —History of Shelby County, page 719.

John McAfee was then the speaker of the Missouri House of Representatives. He was an educated and cultured gentleman.

Early in September, 1861, Major Joseph A. Eppstein, commandant of the post of Boonville, arrested six prominent citizens, W. E. Burr, H. N. Ells, J. W. Draffin, R. D. Perry, J. W. Harper and the Rev. H. M. Painter, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and informed them that they as Southern sympathizers would be put on the breastworks in the attack about to be made by the Confederates. He granted their request to be allowed to communicate his purpose to the commander of the attacking party and in consequence the Confederates retired when they had sufficient force to make the capture easy. Mr. Painter was banished to the State of Massachusetts during the war and there he published a pamphlet giving horrible details of the cruelties he suffered in prison. It was printed in the office of the Boston Daily Courier and is entitled a "Brief Narrative of Incidents in the War in Missouri, and of the Personal Experience of One Who Has Suffered." I give a short extract, knowing it to be a sample of how they did things: "The writer once

heard the following colloquy between an enrolling officer and a citizen whom the officer had never seen nor heard of before:

"*Officer.* 'How shall I enroll you, sir?'

"*Citizen.* 'As a Union man; I am for the Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is.'

"*Officer.* 'Damn such an answer. Such men are the damnedest rebels! I enroll you disloyal!'

"*Citizen.* 'I cannot help it then. Such are my sentiments. I am a peaceable farmer, who loves my whole country.'

"*Officer.* 'I cannot help that; you are a rebel.'

"That enrollment exposed the person to arrest and banishment, and his property to confiscation."

General Merrill reported to General Schofield the old story of Porter "demoralized and broken up," after a skirmish in Macon County. Note mention of the execution of "twenty-six prisoners who had taken the oath and given bond." Had McNeil written the report he would have said, "violated their parole."

HANNIBAL, MO., *August 9, 1862.*

GENERAL: McNeil's column overtook Porter again near Stockton yesterday afternoon and whipped him again. The fight ended at dark. During the storm Porter managed to slip away.

Nothing definite of the loss on either side. Report says McNeil's loss eight wounded, one mortally; Porter's loss fifty killed and wounded and some prisoners. Porter is demoralized and, I think, broken up.

McNeil found among his prisoners twenty-six who had taken the oath and given bonds. They were executed yesterday.

Inspected Palmyra yesterday; found everything going to the devil; relieved Stearns and Pledge and sent them to Hannibal. Stearns was going off with a large amount of money

belonging to soldiers which he will not account for, and I have just put him in close confinement. Yesterday caught a man who tried to throw passenger train off the track. If it can be proved clearly on him will execute him formally to-morrow. Will leave at two o'clock for Macon City. Please send up my telegraph men.

LEWIS MERRILL,
Brigadier General.[1]

GENERAL SCHOFIELD.

The Quincy, Illinois, Herald, of August 11, 1862, tells, on the authority of an officer of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, of the shooting of twenty-six rebel prisoners at Macon City for "breaking their paroles." It learns that twelve paroled prisoners at the same place will probably suffer a similar fate.

"After the battle at Kirksville, seventeen prisoners were condemned to death, and shot by order of Colonel McNeil, for violation of their parole; they having been caught in arms after taking the oath of allegiance. Among the number was Lieutenant Colonel McCullough, second in command under Poindexter, who met his fate courageously, giving the order himself for the executioners to fire."—Switzler's History of Missouri, page 415. Note the claim that breaking the oath of allegiance is a violation of parole. McCullough had never before been arrested, had never taken the oath of allegiance and had never been connected with Poindexter, who, by the way, was a good soldier and a man of the highest character.

"Thursday, the next day after the battle, quite a number of 'oath-breakers,' as they were called, were tried by a Federal drumhead court-martial, convened by McNeil, in Kirksville, and fifteen of them were convicted of violation of their paroles, and sentenced to be shot. McNeil approved the proceedings and the order, and the poor fellows were executed

[1]War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 13, p. 224.

the same day. Their names, as can best be learned now, were: William Bates, R. M. Galbreath, Lewis Rollins, William Wilson, Columbus Harris, Reuben Thomas or Thompson, Thomas Webb and Reuben Green, of Monroe County; James Christian, David Wood, Jesse Wood and Bennett Hayden, of Shelby; William Sallee and Hamilton Brannon, of Marion, and John Kent, of Adair. It is reported that Thomas Stone, of Shelby, was shot at the same time. Of the Shelby County victims all lived in the southwestern part of the county. James Christian, three miles east of Clarence, aged between thirty and forty; David and Jesse Wood were young men living west of Shelbina; Bennett Hayden lived near the present site of Lentner Station, aged thirty. All were married but David Wood, and all had been arrested and released on parole and bond."—History of Shelby County, page 757.

Concerning these executions the observing reader will notice one unvarying incident. The fight near Stockton took place "yesterday;" it ended at "dark." Twenty-six prisoners had taken the oath; they were executed "yesterday." "And the poor fellows"—at Kirksville—"were executed the same day." What was the testimony? What could be the testimony in the few minutes between the capture and execution? Did McNeil carry with him in his forced marches a list of the unfortunates whom his provost-marshals made swear allegiance, and could he or his men truly identify them on the moment? The question carries its own answer. To offset the objection as to identification it is claimed that "some of the prisoners even bore upon their persons copies of their paroles or certificates of loyalty." The hypocrisy of this claim is apparent. However bad the Missouri Confederates may have been, there was not one idiot among them. The History of Lewis County, says, page 135: "It seems almost incredible that any man would be so foolish as to carry about him such a paper, but it is explained that copies of paroles

and certificates of loyalty were used as passes and exempted the bearer from arrest and molestation so long as their terms were complied with." A little reflection will show the absurdity of this explanation. A man who had been compelled to take the oath would not have to produce a copy of the oath as a pass or as evidence of his right of exemption from further molestation, in the vicinity of his home where he was known, because the facts as to his compliance with the terms were patent. To present his copy, if he had one, where he was not known would be the height of folly. It would be conclusive proof that his disloyalty was pronounced and prominent enough to merit the punishment of the military authorities of his own county, and it would make him an object of suspicion and hate. The average standard of intelligence of the North Missourians in the Federal Militia was not very high, but Governor Gamble's order of enrollment did not include the Fulton Lunatic Asylum. But suppose it did, and the Confederate oath-breaker took advantage of the fact, would he keep the copy of the oath on his person after capture? If so, his epitaph should have been written, "Died at the hand of the Fool-killer."

No; no Missouri Confederate ever violated his parole and no Missouri oath-breaker was ever captured and killed with the copy of the oath on his person.

CHAPTER XXX

WAS THE CAUSE BAD?

If it is proper to estimate the cause in the light of the character of the men who upheld it, the good name of the South will be secure when, a century from now and long after the bitter words, inspired by hate or want of a knowledge of the truth, are forgotten, the historian shall tell of the events of the Great Conflict. Without any intention of suggesting a comparison between the men who met in the struggle and the people who sent them, a few comments are given from which, while far from being comprehensive, may be inferred the governing idea of our people.

"Today the centennial of the inauguration of George Washington, the first President of the United States, will be celebrated at the National Capital. The commemoration exercises will be held in the Hall of the House of Representatives, and will be attended by the President and his Cabinet, the delegate of the Pan-American Congress and other representatives of foreign Governments, and the Senators and Representatives of the United States. Today, the funeral of Jefferson Davis, the first and only President of the Confederate States of America, will take place in New Orleans. At Washington the character and achievements of the great Virginian will be the inspiration of the eulogist and orator. At New Orleans the recollections of the virtues of the great Mississippian, his devotion to principle, his valor in battle, his genius in statesmanship, his glory in martyrdom, will comfort his people in the hour of their sorrow.

"To the reflecting mind these two contemporaneous events—

the centennial of Washington's inauguration and the funeral of Jefferson Davis—are full of significant interest. When impartial history shall have made up its judgment, Washington and Davis will stand together, the most illustrious Americans, the highest type of American manhood. It is right that they should occupy an equal station in the affections of the American people. They represented the same great principles, they staked their lives and fortunes, and their sacred honor on the issue of the struggles in which they were engaged. They were the unyielding champions of the right of the people to govern themselves."—Charleston News and Courier, December 11, 1889.

"Both men were unselfish in their devotion to their country. Both men were pure patriots. Davis believed his first allegiance was due to his State. Lincoln gave his first allegiance to the United States. He was so fortunately situated when the war came on that his allegiance to his State and the United States did not conflict. In the case of Mr. Davis he had to choose between Mississippi and the United States. There was no middle course for him. He had to go with his own people against the North or with the North against his own people. He went with his people. Robert E. Lee had to choose between the United States and Virginia. He went with Virginia. There was no middle way for an honorable or patriotic man to go. * * *

"Jefferson Davis was a strong and masterful man, a brilliant orator, a statesman, a scholar, a man of the highest and purest standards of honor and integrity, to whom principle, patriotism and duty were the loftiest words in the lexicon of life. He sustained the indignities and cruelty to which he was subjected with patience and fortitude, and after his release spent the remainder of his days in dignified retirement, receiving many visitors from the North and South,

impressing all with his nobility of character, his dignity and kindly courtesy."—Baltimore Sun, June 3, 1908.

"Jefferson Davis began life well. He had a clean boyhood, with no tendency to vice or immorality. That was the universal testimony of neighbors, teachers, and fellow-students. He grew up a stranger to deceit and a lover of the truth. He formed no evil habits that he had to correct, and forged upon himself no chains that he had to break. His nature was as transparent as the light that shone about him; his heart was as open as the soft skies that beat in benediction over his country home; and his temper as sweet and cheery as the limpid stream that made music in its flow through the neighboring fields and forests. * * *

"He was an ideal Senator, dignified, self-mastered, serious, dispassionate, always bent on the great things that concerned the welfare of the nation. He was never flippant—never toyed with trifles, and never trifled with the destiny of his people. His was the skill and strength to bend the mighty bow of Ulysses.

"When Jefferson Davis entered the United States Senate, the glory of that upper chamber was at its height. Possibly never at one time had so many illustrious men sat in the highest council of the nation. There were giants in those days. There sat John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina; Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts; Henry Clay, of Kentucky; Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri; Lewis Cass, of Michigan; Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio; Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and other men of lesser fame. In that company of giants Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, at once took rank among the greatest, 'eloquent among the most eloquent in debate' and worthy to be the premier at any council table of American statesmen. The historian, Prescott, pronounced him 'the most accomplished member of the body.'"—Bishop C. B. Galloway, in the Methodist Review.

Mr. James Ridpath, a life-long political opponent, after having been for months domesticated with him, said:

"Before I had been with Mr. Davis three days, every preconceived idea of him utterly and forever disappeared. Nobody doubted Mr. Davis's intellectual capacity, but it was not his mental power that most impressed me. It was his goodness, first of all, and then his intellectual integrity. I never saw an old man whose face bore more emphatic evidences of a gentle, refined, and benignant character. He seemed to me the ideal embodiment of 'sweetness and light.' His conversation showed that he had 'charity for all and malice toward none.' I never heard him utter an unkind word of any man, and he spoke of nearly all of his more famous opponents. His manner could be described as gracious, so exquisitely refined, so courtly, yet heart-warm. The dignity of most of our public men often reminds one of the hod carrier's 'store-suit'—it is so evidently put on and ill-fitting. Mr. Davis's dignity was as natural and as charming as the perfume of a rose—the fitting expression of a serene, benign, and comely moral nature. However handsome he may have been when excited in battle or debate—and at such times, I was told, he seemed an incarnation of the most poetic conception of a valiant knight—it surely was in his own home, with his family and friends around him, that he was seen at his best; and that best was the highest point of grace and refinement that the Southern character has reached.

"Lest any foreigner should read this article, let me say for his benefit that there are two Jefferson Davises in American history—one is a conspirator, a rebel, a traitor, and the 'Fiend of Andersonville'—he is a myth evolved from the hell-smoke of cruel war—as purely imaginary a personage as Mephistopheles or the Hebrew Devil; the other was a statesman with clean hands and pure heart, who served his people faithfully, from budding manhood to hoary age, without

thought of self, with unbending integrity, and to the best of his great ability—he was a man of whom all his countrymen who knew him personally, without distinction of creed political, are proud, and proud that he was their countryman."

"Born in this environment, matured in these traditions, to ask Lee to raise his hand against Virginia was like asking Montrose or the McCallum More to head a force designed for the subjection of the Highlands and the destruction of the clans.

"Where such a stern election is forced upon a man as then confronted Lee, the single thing the fair-minded investigator has to take into account is the loyalty, the single-mindedness of the election. Was it devoid of selfishness—was it free from any baser and more sordid worldly motive—ambition, pride, jealousy, revenge or self-interest? To this question there can, in the case of Lee, be but one answer. When, after long and trying mental wrestling, he threw his fate with Virginia he knowingly sacrificed everything which man prizes most—his dearly beloved home, his means of support, his professional standing, his associates, a brilliant future assured to him. * * *

"Next to his high sense of allegiance to Virginia was Lee's pride in his profession. He was a soldier; as such, rank and the possibility of high command and great achievement were very dear to him. His choice put rank and command behind him. He quietly and silently made the greatest sacrifice a soldier can be asked to make. With war plainly impending, the foremost place in the army of which he was an officer was now tendered him; his answer was to lay down the commission he already held. Virginia had been drawn into the struggle; and, though he recognized no necessity for the state of affairs 'in my own person,' he wrote, 'I had to meet the question whether I should take part against my native State; I have not been able to make up my mind to

raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home.'

"It may have been treason to take this position; the man who took it, uttering these words and sacrificing as he sacrificed, may have been technically a renegade to his flag—if you please, false to his allegiance—but he stands awaiting sentence at the bar of history in very respectable company. Associated with him are for instance, William of Orange, known as the Silent; John Hampden, the original *Pater Patriae;* Oliver Cromwell, the Protector of the English Commonwealth; Sir Harry Vane, once a Governor of Massachusetts, and George Washington, a Virginian of note. In the throng of other offenders I am also gratified to observe certain of those from whom I not unproudly claim descent. They were, one and all, in the sense referred to, false to their oaths—forsworn. As to Robert E. Lee, individually, I can only repeat what I have already said—if in all respects similarly circumstanced, I hope I should have been filial and unselfish enough to have done as Lee did. Such utterance on my part may be 'traitorous,' but I here render that homage. * * *

"Into Lee's subsequent military career there is no call here to enter. Suffice it for me, as one of those then opposed in arms to Lee, however subordinate the capacity, to admit at once that, as a leader, he conducted operations on the highest plane. Whether acting on the defensive upon the soil of his native State or leading his army into the enemy's country, he was humane, self-restrained and strictly observant of the most advanced rules of civilized warfare. He respected the non-combatant, nor did he ever permit the wanton destruction of private property. His famous Chambersburg order was a model which any invading general would do well to make his own, and I repeat now what I have heretofore had occasion to say: 'I doubt if a hostile force of any equal size ever advanced into an enemy's country or fell back from it in retreat, leaving behind less cause of

hate and bitterness than did the army of Northern Virginia in that memorable campaign which culminated at Gettysburg.' * * *

"Lee had at that time supreme confidence in his men, and he had grounds for it. As he himself then wrote: 'There never were such men in an army before. They will go anywhere and do anything, if properly led.' And, for myself, I do not think the estimate that he expressed was exaggerated; speaking deliberately, having faced some portions of the army of Northern Virginia at the time and having since reflected much on the occurrences of that momentous period, I do not believe that any more formidable or better organized and animated force was ever set in motion than that which Lee led across the Potomac in the early summer of 1863. It was essentially an army of fighters—men who individually or in the mass could be depended on for any feat of arms in the power of mere mortals to accomplish. They would blanch at no danger. This Lee from experience knew. He had tested them. * * *

"Narrowly escaping destruction at Gettysburg, my next contention is that Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia never sustained defeat. Finally, it is true, succumbing to exhaustion, to the end they were not overthrown in fight. * * * How was the wholly unexpected outcome brought about? The simple answer is, the Confederacy collapsed from inanition. Suffering such occasional reverses and defeats as are incidental to all warfare, it was never crushed in battle or on the field until its strength was sapped away by want of food. It died of exhaustion—starving and gasping. * * *

"Lee was at the head of Washington College from October, 1865 to October, 1870—a very insufficient time in which to accomplish any considerable work. A man of fast advancing years, he also then had sufficient cause to feel a sense of lassitude. He showed no signs of it. On the contrary,

closely studied, those years, and Lee's bearing in them, were in certain respects the most remarkable as well as the most creditable of his life; they impressed unmistakably upon it the stamp of true greatness. His own means of subsistence having been swept away by war—the property of his wife as well as his own having been sequestered and confiscated in utter disregard not only of law but, I add it regretfully, of decency—a mere pittance, designated in courtesy 'salary,' under his prudent management was made to suffice for the needs of an establishment, the quiet dignity of which even exceeded its severe simplicity. Within five months after the downfall of the Confederacy, he addressed himself to his new vocation. Coming to it from crushing defeat, about him there was nothing suggestive of disappointment; and thereafter through public trials and private misfortunes—for it pleased Heaven to try him with afflictions—he bore himself with serene patience and a mingled firmness and sweetness of temper to which mere words fail to do justice."—Charles Francis Adams, at the Lee Centennial Celebration, Washington and Lee University.

"There is no need to dwell on General Lee's record as a soldier. The son of Light Horse Harry Lee, of the Revolution, he came naturally by his aptitude for arms and command. His campaigns put him in the foremost rank of the great captains of all time. But his signal valor and address in war are no more remarkable than the spirit in which he turned to the work of peace once the war was over. The circumstances were such that most men, even of high character, felt bitter and vindictive or depressed and spiritless, but General Lee's heroic temper was not warped nor his great soul cast down."—President Roosevelt's letter to the Lee Centennial Celebration, New Willard Hotel, Washington.

"The fierce light which beats upon the throne is as a rush-

light in comparison with the electric glare which our newspapers now focus upon the public man in Lee's position. His character has been subjected to that ordeal, and who can point to a spot upon it? His clear, sound judgment, personal courage, untiring activity, genius for war, absolute devotion to his State, mark him out as a public man, as a patriot to be forever remembered by all Americans. His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in pain or sorrow, his love for children, nice sense of personal honor, and general courtesy, endeared him to all his friends. I shall never forget his sweet smile, nor his clear, honest eyes that seemed to look into your heart while they searched your brain. I have met with many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mold and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as being apart and superior to all others in every way, a man with whom none I ever knew and few of whom I have read are worthy to be classed. When all the angry feelings aroused by secession are buried with those that existed when the Declaration of Independence was written; when Americans can review the history of their last great war with calm impartiality, I believe all will admit that General Lee towered far above all men on either side in that war. I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy but as the greatest American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen."—Lord Garnett Wolseley, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

"My own impression of the man, of course, has been obtained largely from what I've heard my father say of him. At Appomattox General Grant met him, not as an enemy but

as a noble-hearted, high-minded man, who has simply taken a different view on a very vital subject. That winning personality, which had charmed the whole South, appealed strongly to my father.

"General Lee was a beautiful, loving character; he was the best type of Christian gentleman. In his military character he lived up to his motto: 'In planning, all dangers should be seen; in action, none, unless very formidable.' He came of good stock. He was the son of 'Light Horse Harry,' and of a family that was richly endowed with the power to attract a following. Few men have been so human and at the same time held the confidence of military men."—General Frederick Dent Grant, Lee Centennial.

"Some may be surprised that I am here to eulogize Robert E. Lee. It is well known that I did not agree with him in his political views. Robert E. Lee is worthy of all praise. As a man he was peerless; as a soldier he had no equal and no superior; as a humane and Christian soldier he towers high in the political horizon.

"The name of Lee appeals at once and strongly to every true heart in this land, and throughout the world. Let political partizans, influenced by fanaticism and the hope of political plunder, find fault with and condemn us. They will be forgotten when the name of Lee will be resplendent with immortal glory."—Reverdy Johnson, October, 1870.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, was as fair a man as an intense partizan could be. In the latter years of his life he had opportunities for learning that his judgment of the Southern people has been unjust and on many occasions gave expression to his changed sentiment concerning them. For instance the following quotation:

"They have some qualities which I cannot claim in an equal degree for the people among whom I, myself, dwell.

They have an aptness for command which makes the Southern gentleman, wherever he goes, not a peer only but a prince. They have a love for home; they have, the best of them, and the most of them, inherited from the great race from which they came the sense of duty and the instinct of honor, as no other people on the face of the earth. They have above all, and giving value to all, that supreme and superb constancy which, without regard to personal ambition, and without yielding to the temptation of wealth, without getting tired, and without getting diverted, can pursue a great object, in and out, year after year, and generation after generation."

Hoar on Walthall: "If I were to select the man of all others with whom I have served in the Senate who seemed to me the most perfect example of the quality and character of the American Senator, I think it would be Edward C. Walthall, of Mississippi."

"Throughout the long period of their domination the Southern leaders guarded the Treasury with rigid and increasing vigilance against every attempt at extravagance and every form of corruption."—Twenty Years in Congress, by James G. Blaine.

The Macon Telegraph recalls an incident related by the late Dr. J. L. M. Curry, a member of the Confederate Congress, and before the war a member of the United States Congress. Dr. Curry, while in Washington, in the fall of 1865, called upon Elihu B. Washburne, then and for twelve years a member of Congress from Illinois, and afterwards Minister to France, and was cordially received. Said Dr. Curry: "Holding my hand, he said with warmth, 'I wish you fellows were back here again.' I responded, 'After the last four years' experience?' 'Yes,' he said, 'you gave us a great deal of trouble; but the fact is you wouldn't steal.'"

"The statue of Robert E. Lee, for which the State of Virginia will ask a place in the Memorial Hall of the Capitol at Washington, has been completed. In the near future Congress will be asked to accept the gift, and the strong hope and belief is that no individual or organization in the whole length or breadth of the North will so much as murmur against the intention to honor the memory of the great Confederate soldier.

"If it had been said in the days immediately following the Civil War that in time a memorial to Lee would have a place of honor in the nation's Capitol, there would have been few to admit that such a thing was possible. Time has brought its changes. Robert E. Lee is honored in the North only to a degree less than he has been honored in the South. He was an American who fought as he thought, and he was one of the greatest soldiers who ever went into battle."—From the Chicago Post.

"The day is not far distant when the statue of Lee, the most beloved of all Southern men, who stands in history today abreast with the few great soldiers of the nineteenth century, will grace the streets of our national capital along with that of Grant as a tribute of the nation to the greatness of American commanders, and I hope at an early date to see Virginia and Pennsylvania unite in placing on Seminary Hill at Gettysburg an equestrian statue of Lee, with the right conceded to the South to embellish that memorable field with statues of her heroic leaders."—From Colonel A. K. McClure's address at the Unveiling of the Monument to General Humphreys and the Pennsylvania troops, Fredericksburg National Cemetery, November 11, 1908.

"Carlyle said that long after Napoleon had been forgotten as a great general he would be remembered as a great lawgiver; and long after Lee is forgotten as the leader of a

valiant army, he will be remembered as one to whom posterity may point and say, 'This was a man.' "—Washington Post, January 19, 1909.

"Our miserable little handful was as good as captured at any time after the Confederate advance had reached the brow of the hill, and here is a marked refutation of the oft-repeated 'needless Rebel cruelty.' We were engaged in an open fight, and they could have wiped us off the face of the earth at any time after getting over the hill, for they were upon us. I was repeatedly ordered to halt after getting three or four hundred feet start, and could easily have been shot down before I reached the river; but I didn't have time to halt or obey orders. According to all the rules of war, they were perfectly justified in killing me when I failed to stop.

"This magnanimous trait is particularly conspicuous in the Southern soldier. He will fight day and night against superior odds, but, on the other hand, when the advantage is greatly in his favor he views the situation in altogether a different light. The spirit of magnanimity overcomes him. * * *

"That day a sergeant of the guard visited me. He conveyed the glad but weather-beaten tidings of exchange, not in the old stereotyped form, but with variations. This time it was 'tomorrow.' Blessing on him if alive; and if dead, may the earth lay lightly upon him!

"Just a word more about the cheerful and encouraging exchange Rebel falsifier. I cannot think of him other than a pure philanthropist and humanitarian. We had no medicine, and he had none to give us. We were his enemies, invading his country. There was war, 'grim-visaged war,' between us, and he could have done a thousand times worse than to say: 'You will be exchanged tomorrow.'

"Touching my treatment on the whole, I cannot recall a solitary instance during the fourteen months while I was a

prisoner of being insulted, brow-beaten, robbed, or maltreated in any manner by a Confederate officer or soldier.

"We were guarded by the Twenty-fifth Alabama Infantry, veteran troops, who knew how to treat prisoners. And I said then and have ever since said in speaking of our guards—the Twenty-fifth Alabama Infantry—that I never met the same number of men together who came much nearer to my standard of what I call gentlemen. They were respectful, humane, and soldierly."—A True Story of Andersonville Prison, by James M. Page, Lieutenant Co. A., Sixth Michigan Infantry.

And those old aristocrats had their virtues. One loves to hear the names still applied at Richmond, Montgomery, Macon and Charleston to the men of the old type, by other men of the old type. How often have I heard the terms a 'high man,' an 'incorruptible man.' Beautiful names! For there was a personal honor, a personal devotion to public duties among many of these ante-bellum slave-owners that made them indeed 'high men.' "—Ray Stannard Baker in American Magazine.

In viewing the magnificent spectacle of the Davis Monument (Richmond, June 3, 1907) the thought came into my mind: "Can it be possible that these splendid specimens of manhood who endured for four years unparalleled hardships and peril, who for ten years fought the harder battle of the Reconstruction, who for forty years, while paying vast tribute to a victorious people, have been patiently effacing the desolation of war, building up homes and sanctifying them to love, to liberty and to duty, and who now, in the matured and charitable judgment of the evening of their lives, return to the central point of the great conflict to ratify the act of their enthusiastic youth, made their dedication to an unworthy cause and vicious purpose?" I recalled that Judge

Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, whose favorite brother was killed fighting for the North, declared at the Lee Centennial Celebration of my Camp[1] that, while Lee was the greatest general the English-speaking people had produced, Lee, the man, was greater than Lee, the general. Was the crowning life work of Lee and the other great leaders, whose purity of character and loyalty to purpose are being recognized everywhere, given to what was bad?

And there was that great army of men whose individual services made no note in history; but whose lives were stainless, whose ideals were high, and with whom patriotism was the supreme passion. The record of one of these heroes seemed to me of peculiar import. The Rev. Matthew O'Keefe, a Catholic priest, who died last year at a very advanced age, came to this country after the illusions of youth had passed away. He had no inherited love for the Southland. He had no bias of feeling to direct his judgment. If he had any sentiment on slavery, it was probably one of opposition. He was a large man physically and mentally. He was possessed of a very considerable fortune, which was spent in church extension and the alleviation of human suffering, reserving to himself less than what comes to the humblest street beggar. He took a charge in Norfolk. In 1855, when that city was scourged by yellow fever and everything was demoralization and chaos, he was sleepless, tireless—nurse, priest, undertaker. Denied by his bishop, the saintly McGill, the privilege of taking up arms in defense of the land of his adoption, he became brigade chaplain under the fighting Mahone. On a hundred battlefields he fired the enthusiasm of the living, and gave the consolation of religion to the dying, soldier. He was a daily visitor to the dungeon of Mr. Davis, whose trusted adviser he had been during the four eventful years. In 1869 he received from Emperor

[1]No. 171, Washington, D. C.

Napoleon the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor for his attentions to a yellow fever stricken French man-of-war in Hampton Roads. Many years ago he was given his last charge, a country parish near Baltimore, which he maintained with the same devotion and self-abnegation that characterized his whole life. He died penniless, and his last illness was contracted in administering the sacred rites to the dying. In the most solemn manner ever vouchsafed to man, his mind undimmed by age, unclouded by disease, with full knowledge that in a few minutes his spirit would stand in judgment before its God, he sealed his faith in our cause by directing that his coffin should be draped in three Confederate flags. Judged by his every known act, it must be said of him, that to God, to country, to fellow-men, he gave all; to self, nothing.—Contributed by me to the Confederate Veteran, Nashville, September, 1907.

Was hate the mainspring of his thought? Was his life purpose bad?

Shortly after the introduction of a bill in Congress to pension Confederate soldiers, I wrote on Christmas Day, 1907, the following, which, published in the Baltimore Sun, brought many expressions of approval:

The George M. Emack Camp,[1] Confederate Veterans, is opposed to the idea of Federal pensions for Confederate soldiers. Confederate soldiers enlisted not for bounties or pay but for a cause. Of the more than a thousand battles they fought, nearly always against superior numbers, they gained many more than they lost. They captured more prisoners than did their adversaries; they fed, clothed and cared for their prisoners better than they fed, clothed and cared for themselves; they obeyed the laws of civilized warfare with more fidelity and more humanity than did any previous

[1]No. 1471, Hyattsville, Md., of which I am treasurer and historian.

armies recorded by history. When the end came they were penniless. With the same indomitable courage and fortitude they began the struggle against poverty and desolation and the unparalleled horrors of the Reconstruction. With the same loyalty to duty which prompted the supremest sacrifice they have been for forty years paying vast tribute to their victors, making green the waste places and helping to make the common flag respected the world over. These statements are very generally admitted, and we are willing to let it go at that.

I conclude this chapter with a few words from a speech made in the House of Representatives of the American Congress, by Mr. Lincoln, when he was a member of that body. It is given in the Congressional Globe, Thirtieth Congress, First Session, page 155:

Revolution: One of the most sacred of rights—the right which he believed was yet to emancipate the world; the right of a people, if they have a government they do not like, to rise up and shake it off.

CHAPTER XXXI

WOULD IT HAVE BEEN BETTER?

The purpose to set up a new Government in the South and to establish the Confederate States of America, failed by the fortunes of war. The appeal to reason had failed. The appeal to liberty-loving mankind had failed. The resistance to the armies of the United States, impossible for a month without the full measure of courage and sacrifice, had, after four years of carnage and devastation, ceased because the limit of human endurance had been reached.

Would it have been better had the issue of battle been different and the Confederate States of America acquired independence? At first thought this question will be answered almost unanimously in the negative. The abstract idea of Union is pleasing to the multitude. Applied to States it appeals to the noblest impulses of patriotism. A grand nation—two dangerous ideas are embraced in these words—appeals strongly to the unreflecting mind, and is not incompatible with some element of patriotism. The first thought—too frequently final—is not unerring in its judgments. Viewed without enmity or bias, there must come a doubt as to the right answer. Had the end of the war left two republics instead of one, two things would have been certain and in each the two republics would have been benefited—not equally, it is true, but still both. First, the South would have escaped the long dismal period of the Reconstruction, and the North would have been spared the memory of inflicting it. Second, the Southern people would have preserved in the old-time flavor and strength, unaffected by the

modern commercialism, the beautiful personal traits of a high sense of private and public honor, of hospitality, of adherence to traditions, of intense love of home, acknowledged even by enemies to be distinctive. Further, the two peoples would perhaps have been more friendly than now, or—to put it more correctly—the present condition of amity would have been reached at an earlier day, because neither side would have been the conqueror. The world-power idea, if it ever came, would have been delayed for generations. The perpetuation of peace might have been better guaranteed. Public and private extravagance would not have been stimulated and the inequalities in the results of individual effort would not have been so marked. An issue—a great one—would have been a thousand times better settled. It is not necessary to say which section is the more responsible for the existence of slavery in this country. The unbiased student of history can easily find the truth. The pious and learned Bishop Galloway says, in the Methodist Review of October, 1908: "It is a matter of pride with us that no Southern colony or State ever had a vessel engaged in the slave trade. And several of the Southern States were the first to pass stringent laws against the importation of African slaves." The slave-holders were jealous of their rights and of their moral standing. They defended, at all times, on all occasions, to the extent of their power under the law, their institution and their purpose, but always on higher ground than the consideration of property. They resented outside interference, and denied its sincerity and honesty. The great majority of them were opposed to slavery. Had the issue of the war been different slavery would have gradually disappeared through the uninfluenced action of the slave-holder.[1] This disposition would have been infinitely better for the

[1]General Lee manumitted his slaves before the emancipation proclamation; the slaves in General Grant's family were held until freed by the Constitutional Convention of Missouri, January 11, 1865.

slave. The relations, business and social, between the two races would have been incomparably better.

Again, would it have been better? Who knows?

This question may be of some interest, but it has no practical value. No Confederate ever asks it seriously. The fact is, the country is one, the Government is one. It is the first duty of every citizen to render his completest service to the one, and to give his best influence to keep the other in the path of justice. If the faults of the Government were, through the incompetency or dishonesty of its administrators, multiplied many times it would still be the best on earth.

Conceding that going behind the result for any purpose but harmless speculation is wrong and unpatriotic, another question naturally comes into mind: Was it better that the war between the States was fought? The preponderance of sentiment would undoubtedly give a negative answer.

General Sherman gave war a horrible name; it was not a true name, but he tried to make it true. See his official reports; his "Memoirs," pp. 124-5; 185, Vol. 2, pp. 223, 227-8, 287, 888; "First Days of the Reconstruction," by Carl Schurz; see particularly "The Story of the Great March, From the Diary of a Staff Officer," by George Ward Nichols, brevet major aid-de-camp to General Sherman, Harper Bros., 1865, pp. 40, 81, 112, 113, 114, 115, 151, 166, 170, 207, 222, 277, 289. General Sheridan tried to make it true. See "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," by the Northern historian, William Swinton, New York, 1866, p. 560. Unlike the preceding chronicler Swinton condemns the acts mentioned and cites the denunciation of eminent European authority on the law of nations. General David Hunter, the most brutal character that ever held a commission in any army, tried to make it true. See his official reports, histories of his war record, especially Munsey's Magazine, May, 1908, p. 179. General Thomas Ewing, brother-in-law to General Sherman, tried to make it true when it

issued order No. 11.[1] General John G. Foster tried to make it true.[2] Many of less note tried to make it true.

Yet war—prolonged war—is horrible enough. History does not tell of a country that paid a greater price in war than did the South. Mourning in every home, desolation and ruin all over the land, the penalty for the failure of four years of armed resistance and then thrice four years of oppression and degradation in the effort to make true the words of the poet,[3] "For its people's hopes are dead."

But the hopes of the people were not dead, the spirit of self-sacrifice was not discouraged, the devotion to duty was not diminished; indomitable courage was equal in victory, in defeat, in humiliation.

If war were the only cause of great suffering, or great loss in life and property, it might be regarded in no other light than as an ultimate resort, but it is only one of the instruments of a wise and merciful Providence. Without considering the contingency of same results obtained by peaceful legislation, or any of the lesser questions involved, I believe it better that the war was fought. Among the many reasons for that belief may be mentioned these, any one of which to this and future generations is well worth all the blood and treasure sacrificed in that event of history:

The record of the last eight years of the life of Robert E. Lee; the military record of the majority of the Confederate generals; the courage of the Confederate soldier;[4] the sacri-

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[1]See appendix W.
[2]See appendix X.
[3]Abram J. Ryan, the Poet Priest of the South; he was one of my professors at college.
[4]A good friend who commanded a brigade under Grant, and who, by the way, was born on a farm in Connecticut adjoining that of the father of General Lyon, whom our regiment killed at Wilson Creek, told me recently that the Confederate flag was flaunted in his face eighty-two times and that every time it caused a tremor and a quickening of the pulse, because he knew the men who stood beside it—American soldiers, he called them—were willing to die for it.

Henry Ward Beecher, who did so much to bring on the conflict, says: "Where shall we find such heroic self-denial, such upbearing under every physical discomfort, such patience in poverty, in distress, in absolute want, as we find in the Southern army? * * * They fight well and bear up under trouble nobly, they suffer and never complain, they go in rags and never rebel, they are in earnest for their liberty, they believe in it, and if they can, they mean to get it."—Acts of the Republican Party as seen by History, by C. Gardner, page 45.

fices of the Southern people, and especially of the women of the South; the patriotism of the Southern people after defeat; the courage of an element in the Northern States, small in number, but great in intellect and character, which braved obloquy, imprisonment and death in defence of their sentiment, as evidenced by a declaration made in Cincinnati by a man who had carried the flag of his country on foreign battlefields and who, later, had adorned the American Senate, "Abraham Lincoln can take my life but he cannot take my liberty;" the military record of the majority of the Federal generals; the courage of the Federal soldier; the classic oration of President Lincoln at Gettysburg; and finally it was the greatest war in the history of the world and, with a few regrettable exceptions, it was fought by both sides with more humanity than ever before shown in warfare, but more than all it made the people of the contending sections know each other, which they had never done before.

CHAPTER XXXII

"WE DONE OUR BEST"

In company with a delegation from George M. Emack Camp, No. 1471, United Confederate Veterans, I visited Richmond during the Reunion of June, 1907. On account of the business affairs of the greater part of the delegation, it was decided to forego all the functions except the unveiling of the Davis Monument, and then to spend a few hours in seeing the points of interest in that historic city. We arrived at noon Sunday, June 2nd, when we found that the arrangements had been made by the committee for us to be quartered at the boarding house of Miss C. S. Leftwich, South Third street, every hotel being filled. I felt compensated for the deprivation of hotel conveniences by the assurance that my children and their cousin from St. Louis, who had never before been South, would have an opportunity of seeing something of the home life of the people of Richmond, the most hospitable city in the world; and I was not mistaken. After a home dinner, such as could be had only in this latitude, we went out to see what was best to see in the time at our command. Richmond was decorated such as no other city on the American continent, or perhaps any other continent, had ever been decorated. Among other places we visited the Executive Mansion and from the brow of Shockhoe Hill I pointed out the site of Howard's Grove Hospital, where I had been stationed and where a footpath then ran down the hill, which I had used hundreds of times. A glance at the John Marshall House and we came to the Capitol.

Around the statues there were a number of squads of veterans in old faded gray uniforms with the Southern Cross

of Honor and Camp badges, and a few squads of other veterans in old faded blue uniforms graced with the army button and the different corps badges, having as much fun as anybody and showing by their behavior that they thought they had as much right to be there as anybody—and so they had. What added to the beauty of the picture were two or three squads of "half and half" and these were swapping experiences with as much real good nature as perhaps some of them did on the picket line during the respites from gun practice. I enjoyed these little bits of comedy and saw that my children were fully impressed with their meaning. We went into the Capitol and I told where President Davis stood when I first saw him and of the impression made by his gentle, dignified manner. In going out of the grounds by the west entrance, I said:

"Stop a minute."

My daughter asked: "What is to be seen here, Papa?"

"Nothing; but forty-three years ago, next October, I saw a very memorable sight here and my recollection of it is just as vivid as if it occurred yesterday. The Texas brigade"—my children were born in Texas; the other three not now living were born in Missouri—"the Texas brigade, three Texas and one Arkansas regiments—nearly five thousand men at first—saw a great deal of hard service and had more commanders killed at its head than any other brigade on either side during the war. At the Wilderness, on the 6th of May, their number had been reduced to fifteen hundred. At a very critical point in this battle the brigade refused to go in unless General Lee, who had ridden forward as if to lead it, would go back out of danger. As one man, they cried out: 'If you go back, general, we will go in,' and one impulsive soldier broke ranks, seized General Lee's bridle rein and turned his horse around. They did go in. They stayed in ten minutes; but in that ten minutes they broke the force of the Federal advance, saved the day and left eight hun-

dred of their comrades on the field. In an engagement on the New Market road, just below the city on the north side of the James, on the 9th of October—every gun of which I heard—its commander, General John Gregg, was killed. As an especial privilege, granted to no other command, General Lee allowed the brigade to come out of the trenches and escort the remains to Hollywood. I am sure that in witnessing the funeral march I stood within two feet of where I now stand. It was very pathetic to see four distinct regiments led by full quotas of officers, with each a band of music, and numbering in the aggregate scarcely more than six hundred men. They were ragged and dirty and long-haired, but every man was a soldier.

"Six feet from me stood John B. Clark, then a member of the Confederate Congress, but who was my brigadier in the Missouri State Guard at the first of the war, and whose son John B. Clark, Jr., was my major. He viewed the procession with much interest, commented on it in fitting terms to a companion whom I did not know and said: 'I received a letter last week from Captain Gaines, in Price's army. He tells me that of the six thousand Missourians who went from the State Guard into the Confederate army, January, 1862—the very cream of the State, every man a Bayard—only about six hundred are left and not one missing. All dead!' The old man's voice choked and tears rolled down his cheeks. Perhaps he was drawing the long bow a little. He could do that sometimes. He was a lawyer, a very eloquent speaker and could influence a jury as few men could. I am sure, however, he did not overestimate the character of the men who joined Price. When he was a brigadier under Price, he had a habit of saying, when anything especially hazardous was to be done: 'General, let my men do that; they are the boys for that work.' At Wilson's Creek the first intimation we had of the Federals being nearer than Springfield was a cannon ball that came crashing into our camp. The long roll

was beat and in a few minutes Generals Price, Parsons and Clark were mounted and giving orders. The woods were blue with Federals. General Clark, pointing to what was, after the battle, christened 'Bloody Hill,' said: 'General, here will be the brunt of the battle. My men can take and hold that hill. Let me occupy it.' 'Very well, General,' said General Price, 'take that position.' "

"Papa, did you hear General Clark say that?" asked Frank.

"Yes, I was within ten feet of the two generals."

"What did you think of things just then?"

"Well, in the high tension common to such an occasion a thousand thoughts rush through your mind in a moment and you seem to see the situation presented by each one clearly and to be able to reason out, in minute detail, every point involved. The question of personal safety always comes up, and its mental and physical effect varies greatly, according to circumstances, from nothing to an uncontrollable force. With me the most effective agents to neutralize fear were hunger and fatigue, and I had just finished a twenty-four hours' round of guard duty. When I heard General Clark's request and saw the heavy force coming down with step so steady I realized that we were going into a death trap. I remember very well how anxiously I scanned the faces and the bearing of our little regiment of undrilled men and how much I was assured. I said to myself, these men can be depended upon. What strengthened this feeling was the appearance of a number of deserters from the line of unarmed men who had been ordered to march two miles to the rear. These were eager to get into the fight and said they could soon get guns. I noticed one man with a stout hickory stick six feet long on which was fastened a bayonet. He boasted that if we came to close quarters he could teach the Yankees a trick or two. A man with his haversack filled with stones said thirty yards was his distance, and he would

guarantee to break more than one Yankee's nose. I had great confidence in our generals. General Parsons had been a captain, and General Price a colonel in the Mexican War, and both had distinguished themselves. When Governor Boggs called out the Militia, in 1838, to drive the Mormons out of Missouri, he gave the command to General Clark. Under General Parsons was Colonel Kelly's Irish regiment from St. Louis, a splendid body of men. Every battlefield in the Old World made famous by Irish valor flashed before me. These and many other things, analyzed and digested in one-tenth the time it takes me to tell it, made my state of mind almost as unconcerned as when I went into my first battle at the end of a furious march of ten days with next to nothing to eat. I felt that come what might we should not fail to give a good account of ourselves. There is one thing I wish you to understand and remember. The men who win the applause of the country for their behavior in battle, who lead the forlorn hope, who rush to the cannon's mouth or who stand for hours under the withering fire of musketry, are not the men of exceptional bravery or courage. They are everyday men; men and boys you see around you—yourself included, I hope. And more, the man who never heard the roar of the cannon, the music of flying bullets, the trumpet call or the long roll, or saw the things that make a battle the most magnificent spectacle on earth, but who in his daily round of labor does his duty because it is his duty and does not show the white feather when that duty leads to danger or to certain death, without thinking or caring whether the world may or may not recognize his sacrifice—this man is the real hero, and he and his deeds are about us today and every day. Don't ever forget that. Don't ever forget to do your duty in everything, great or trivial—especially trivial, because nothing else may ever come to you—and do this duty regardless of consequences. I hope your life may be peaceful, but if otherwise, don't

shirk anything. If the honor of this country ever requires a call to arms, remember your father periled his life for his country and that he wishes you to do likewise. We made good General Clark's promise. We did take the hill and hold it, but at a fearful cost. The loss in our regiment was the heaviest in the army. This was the bloodiest battle of the war.[1] Tom Hudson, who stood at my left, had his right leg shot off; Billy Wingfield, who stood at my right had his elbow shattered by a minie ball; a man named Shults, who stood behind me, I being in the front and he in the rear rank, got a bullet in his right groin and died. When Colonel Burbridge, severely wounded, fell from his horse, he was caught and carried off the field by Hack Stewart and Alton Mudd, my cousin. Ten minutes after they returned Hack Stewart got his death wound and Alton carried him off. Two minutes after Alton took his place in line he got an ugly wound and I carried him off. The ill luck stopped there, however, and out of my mess of eight men I was the only one to answer roll call next morning. When Bob Tanner, who tied with me for the honor of being the youngest boy in our company, got well from a wound received while standing three feet of me, his right leg was four inches shorter than his left. General Clark was shot in the leg, but he didn't mind that.

"He stayed with us until the loss of blood made him faint. More than half of our officers were killed and wounded. General Price, while about ten feet behind our company, had cut out by a minie ball a scar from a wound he received at the battle of Canada. Mexico, now New Mexico, fourteen

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[1]"Well might the historian say: 'Never before—considering the number engaged—had so bloody a battle been fought on American soil; seldom has a bloodier one been fought on any modern field.' "—Evans's Confederate Military History, Volume IX, page 62.

"It had lasted about six hours, and considering the number engaged, and the fact that a large proportion of them were armed with nothing but shotguns and hunting rifles, it was one of the bloodiest, as it was one of the most memorable, conflicts of modern times."—Missouri, a Bone of Contention, by Lucian Carr, page 332.

years before.[1] The afternoon of the next day, which was Sunday, the camp showing horribly the effects of the Federal cannonading—wrecked wagons and tents and dead horses everywhere—General Clark was sitting in front of his tent, talking to Colonel Casper W. Bell, his aide-de-camp, and both of them, I think, had been taking a little mint, the general broke off abruptly from the subject of the conversation and slapping with great force the knee of his unhurt leg, said:

" 'But didn't my men fight, though! Didn't they fight like devils!'

"I don't mean to say that General Clark ever drank to excess. He did not. He was a Kentucky aristocrat, resident nearly his whole life in Missouri and he had the traditional ideas of hospitality. Withal, for that day he was a very temperate man. Today he would have been practically an abstainer."

We then went to St. James Episcopal Church and I pointed out where I sat May 14, 1864, and heard the rector, Dr. Peterkin, read the solemn office of the dead over the remains of Major General J. E. B. Stuart, where General Matt. W. Ransom and five other generals were pall-bearers. We saw many other objects of interest and finished our round by going to the river where I pointed to where the Belle Isle military prison camp had been, and the Tredegar Foundry, where so many munitions of war had been fashioned.

That evening many of Miss Leftwich's guests whom I had not yet seen came in from the sightseeing, among them a patriarchal old gentleman from North Carolina. He was a man of intelligence and culture and his conversation and manner had that charm only to be found in the best types of the South. I had a delightful half hour with him. The next day after the parade and the ceremonies of the unveiling of the monument to Jeff. Davis, the children visited the new

[1]January 24, 1847.

Cathedral and the tomb of Davis in Hollywood, while I returned to Miss Leftwich's to rest and have everything in readiness by train time. Presently a young looking veteran came out of the parlor and passed out of sight down the hall. His modest, almost bashful, face and his easy carriage engaged my curiosity and I asked my patriarchal acquaintance of yesterday if he knew him.

"Yes, he was in my company nearly three years. He is a North Carolina sandhiller and lives within two miles of me."

"What is a sandhiller?"

"A sandhiller is a man who digs a living, or half a living, out of the poorest kind of a small farm."

"How do they who dig only half a living out of the farm get the other half?"

"Don't get it; they do without. John, there, digs out a good living."

"From his look I should say he was a good soldier."

"He was. His father was a very poor man and knew little except industry, honesty and truth. At the first call, he said, 'Boys, the country needs our services. Jim, you and me and Bill and Henry will go to town tomorrow and jine. John will do what he can on the farm and tend to mother and Sis.' John worked as he had never worked before. The second spring of the war, when he had just turned into his fifteenth year, he said: "Mother, I am ashamed to stay at home when all the boys have gone off to the war. I think I can do as well as any of them. The corn is clean and won't need much more hoeing and you and Sis can make out.' So he came to Richmond and joined my company, where were his father, his father's two brothers and his own three brothers. His experience was peculiarly sad. In his first battle, the bloody Seven Pines, the day after he enlisted, he saw his father killed. At Ellison's Mill he saw his oldest brother killed. At Frazier's Farm his brother, Bill, got a bullet in

the neck. It was thought for a long time that he would die, but he finally got well; that is, as well as he ever will be on earth. Since that time he has been an almost helpless paralytic. At Malvern Hill, Henry was shot through the heart and died with his head on John's knee. But John kept on. He was wounded two or three times during the war, but never severely enough to make him leave his place in line. He never missed a roll-call; he never missed a guard mount; he never missed a battle; he never missed a duty of any kind. When, for the first time after his enlistment, there was a call for volunteers for a desperate undertaking John stepped forward and in his quiet, timid way, said: 'I'll go if you let me.' Everybody was surprised when the captain chose him over the other volunteers, but when the work was done and done well, without any strutting or playing to the grandstand, and John had returned to his place as quietly as he had left it, we knew the captain had made no mistake. John never failed to volunteer on such occasions, and he got the detail oftener than anyone else; when he missed it he would generally say: 'Captain, I'd like to go, but I don't want to be hoggish.' At Gettysburg he was in the line that went farther than any Confederate except Pickett's men in their great charge, and right there his two uncles laid down their lives. He stood in the bloody angle at the Wilderness. He was with the men who, with the old time enthusiasm, made the Last Charge at Appomattox. Oh, I could tell you many things about him, but you'd never get them out of him. He never boasts of his army career, or anything else, in fact. He is a man of good sense, but of little education. He doesn't know grammar, but he knows the value of his word, he knows what belongs to him and what belongs to the other fellow, and he has never crossed the line a hair's breadth. When the surrender came every man in the company cried but John. I tell you, Comrade, I couldn't help it. Of course it was silly for grown men to boo-hoo like a lot of

women or children. The kids, as we called the boys in their teens, threw themselves on the ground and cried as if their hearts would break. The old men appeared to be momentarily deprived of the power of speech, but their tears fell freely. As for me—I was thirty then—the sun seemed to quit shining. What I wanted then was an order for our company to charge the whole Yankee Army. My pulses quicken now at the thought of how that order would have been obeyed. Cardigan's ride at Balaklava would have been ridiculous in comparison. The revelation was so sudden and so astounding. Why, before that moment a doubt of the success of the Confederacy never entered our minds. Our faith in the righteousness of our cause and in Lee was sublime. Defeat never weakened it and victory never strengthened it because it always stood at the limit of human capacity. It seems strange now that this confidence should have taken hold of our people as it did, but I think this was what made our men the best soldiers in the world. Comrade, you've read history, I know, but you never read of an army that endured so much in the way of hunger and nakedness and then held out for four years against greatly superior numbers. You never read of women making such sacrifices to keep their husbands and sons and fathers and brothers in the field as ours did. You know after the second year the supply of food and clothing tightened up mightily. I've seen colonels and captains and majors who never went out of camp except to go in battle or on the march, and if a lady would come in they'd run and hide unless they could grab up an army blanket to wrap around themselves. As for rations, if one of our soldiers had gotten a chance at a full meal, I don't think he would have eaten it for fear of bad luck. A full meal was contrary to precedent and our people were great sticklers for precedent. Well, as I was saying, John was the only man in the company who didn't cry. When the word came he was standing just in front of me, listening

to a yarn a soldier was telling. He had always been so unresponsive to outside influences that I was curious to know how he would take the news. The battle, the bivouac, the march, the guard beat, the burning sun, the rain, the snow, were all the same to him. When he realized the situation there was a scared look in his eyes: the dirty sallowness of his face gave way to a marble whiteness and for a moment he staggered. Then he was at himself and in his quiet, uncomplaining way he said: 'I never thought I'd have as sad a birthday as this; I am seventeen years old today.' As soon as he got his parole he made a bee-line for home. He took his hoe and it seemed as if he swung it day and night. It looked to me like a hopeless fight against fate, but John came out on top. He said afterwards that the one hope of his life was to go to school after the war. In the army he had associated with educated men and had realized the advantage that books could give him. But there were no schools, no money for tuition, and a mother broken in health, a sister and a helpless brother to support. When he got far enough ahead he married. He has reared a large family and given everyone of them a good education. It has been no easy task for him, but nothing ever daunted John. He swings that hoe just as nervily today as he did forty-six years ago. In the long, horrid nightmare of the Reconstruction, John did his duty to his people with the same unconcern for his own comfort or personal safety as he had done in Virginia, in Maryland and in Pennsylvania. He would dig in his patch all day and if need be he would consult and ride with the boys all night. I don't think he ever shirked a duty—private or public—in his life, and he has trained his boys to walk in the same path. John's not very talkative—at least not about himself—but everybody knows where he stands on every subject, and everybody knows that he can be depended on to do what is right. He never sought social distinction, but it looks as if his children might, and his grandchildren,

if he ever has any, will surely attain the highest in the county. He is, however, a living refutation of the old slander that the poor whites of the South never had any real interest in the institutions, the principles and the traditions of the land that gave them birth. Of course, the white feather is liable to crop out anywhere, but my observation, and it has been somewhat extensive, is that the sandhiller is just as patriotic as the aristocrat. The trouble is that when a sandhiller proves recreant to what our people have always conceived to be the highest duty, he is judged as a representative of his class, and yards of rot and nonsense are spun out by the man who thinks he is writing history and who considers misrepresentation of the people of the South the acme of ethics. I have a great admiration for sandhillers. They are a wonderful people in their way. I knew but little about them before the war; but during that period and afterwards by association with them I found out what was in them. At first, I wondered how it was that so many of these people with so little education, with so few opportunities, so circumscribed, had some of the finest characteristics, such as gentleness, courage and a high sense of honor. It must be that these traits came to them from a high-class ancestry generations back, and they are kept alive by an intense love of home. After all, Comrade, the love of home and the maintenance of its purity are the greatest safeguards of this or any other country."

A little later I had an opportunity for a few minutes' conversation with the sandhiller.

"How long have you been here, Comrade?"

"Ten days."

"I came at noon yesterday and I haven't seen you until now."

"I've been pretty busy. This is the first time I've been to Richmond since the war. I often thought I'd come next year, and then next year, but somehow I never got quite

ready. I attended all the sessions of the Reunion. It got to be a little tiresome to me at times, but for the sake of my children I sat it out. I wanted them to see all and to hear all that was to be seen and heard. I didn't march in the procession today. I'd have liked to be with the North Carolina boys and help to make a good showing for my State, but I wanted to show it to my children. I told them to remember it always to tell it to their children if they should live to have any, and to have their children to tell it to their children."

"I said the same to my children. The Maryland contingent, with which I marched, formed in front of Murphy's Hotel, went past the Jefferson and took position near the curb, where it could see almost the entire parade pass before the place assigned to us was reached. Immediately behind us were my son and daughter, my youngest two—all that survive out of five—and a cousin from St. Louis. I pointed out to them the remarkable features of the parade, which I think has never been equaled, and I doubt if it will ever be equaled. I am sure it cannot be if the occasion and the sentiment are considered."

"Yes, it was a grand affair. How could it have been greater? I wanted my children to get the full benefit of it. I sometimes feel real sad when I think that maybe the memory of what we did will pass out of the minds of those who come after us. The only thing I regret about the war is that I didn't go into it at the very first. I wanted to, but father said I was too young."

"Don't you regret the way it ended?"

"No; I couldn't help that. I always thought that if I had begged a little harder my father, who was the kindest and best man in the world, would have let me go. I'd have been so much better satisfied if I had served the whole war through. I went in the second year, May 30, the day before the battle of Seven Pines. Father was killed there. I

showed my children the very spot where he fell. I took them to Ellison's Mill, where my oldest brother was killed; to Malvern Hill, where my youngest brother was killed. He wasn't quite seventeen; he and I were great favorites with one another. He was a mighty good-tempered boy and everybody liked him. The captain told me that Henry was fully as good a soldier as Father and Jim and Bill. I am glad to know that he never shirked anything. It seems to me that I couldn't have stood it if I heard that either of them ever let down even a little bit. I also went down to Frazier's Farm, where Bill was wounded so bad I thought he would die before they got him off the field. He didn't die, but he's been paralyzed ever since. He's just able to shuffle a few feet at a time."

"Have you any other brothers?"

"I never had but three brothers and one sister. The war nearly exterminated our family. My father had only two brothers and both of them were killed at Gettysburg."

"North Carolina lost a great many soldiers."

"More than twice as many as any other State, they say."

"Missouri lost a great many good men, in comparison to the number she had in the field. It was hard, except at the very first, for Missourians to get into the Confederate army; but a great many did get through, and counting the nearly five hundred battles and skirmishes fought in the State by the Missouri State Guard and men enlisted by authorized Confederate officers, but who did not get their names on the regular roll, the loss was heavy."

"Well, nearly all the Southern States suffered a heavy loss of their best men; men whose places couldn't be filled."

"I know by my own observation and by what I have read that the North Carolina soldiers were among the very best."

"Yes, they were said to be good soldiers. But the Confederate soldiers were generally good men. In the first place, there were no hirelings in the Confederate army. Then,

every man knew what he was fighting for. Then again, every man had the greatest confidence in the generals. I tell you there were some great men among the Confederate generals. In the army there were some bad men and some cowards, but the percentage of either was small."

"Did you ever notice that there were men of all ages in the army?

"Yes, the old white-haired man and by his side the boy whose face hadn't yet thought of sprouting beard. The South gave all she had: Men, money and everything, and lost. Anyway,

"WE DONE OUR BEST."

APPENDIX

A

THE MISSOURI SENATORS

At the first election of United States Senators David Barton, who had been speaker of the Territorial House of Representatives and president of the convention to frame the State constitution, was unanimously chosen on the first ballot. He drew the short term of four years, at the end of which he was re-elected and served a full term. It required several days' balloting to elect Thomas Hart Benton over Judge John B. C. Lucas, Henry Elliott, John R. Jones and Nathaniel Cook. Benton served five full terms. Succeeding him are Henry S. Geyer, 1851-7; Trusten Polk, 1857-63, expelled for disloyalty January 10, 1862; John Brooks Henderson, appointed by Hamilton R. Gamble, de facto governor, elected by the legislature, 1863-9; Carl Schurz, 1869-75; Francis Marion Cockrell, 1875-1905; William Warner; two incumbents holding sixty years and five incumbents holding twenty-eight years. In the other line are David Barton, 1821-31; Alexander Buckner, 1831-7, died May, 1833; Dr. Lewis Fields Linn, appointed by Governor Daniel Dunklin, elected by the legislature, 1834-49; died October 3, 1843; David R. Atchison, appointed by Governor Thomas Reynolds, elected by the legislature, 1844-55; James Stephen Green, 1857-61; Waldo Porter Johnson, 1861-7, expelled for disloyalty January 10, 1862; Robert Wilson, appointed by Governor Gamble; Benjamin Gratz Brown, 1863-7; Charles Daniel Drake, 1867-73, resigned to accept the appointment of Chief Justice of the Court of Claims, 1870; Daniel T. Jewett, appointed by Governor Joseph W. McClurg; Francis Preston Blair, Jr., 1871-3; Lewis Vital Bogy, 1873-9, died September 20, 1877; David H. Armstrong, appointed by Governor John Smith Phelps; James Shields, 1879; George Graham Vest, 1879-1903; William Joel Stone. The list is a notable one. Barton, Benton, Linn, Green, Henderson, Brown, Blair and Vest were men of very great ability. Scarcely inferior to them were Buckner, Atchison, Drake and Schurz; of very respectable ability were Geyer, Polk, Johnson, Bogy and Shields. In ability and character the two incumbents are fully up to the

average of the Senate in its best days. Of the ex-Senators, John B. Henderson and General Cockrell are the only survivors. General Shields, who served six weeks of Senator Bogy's term, was Senator from Illinois, 1849-55, and from Minnesota, 1857-9. The village of Sainte Genevieve was at one time the home of one Senator and of four others who became Senators: Linn and Bogy of the above list, General Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin; his son, Augustus Caesar Dodge, and George W. Jones, of Iowa. Bogy and the younger Dodge were natives of Sainte Genevieve; Generals Dodge and Jones were natives of Vincennes, Indiana. The two Dodges and General Jones were members of the Senate at the same time. General Dodge was a member of the first constitutional convention of Missouri. He and Dr. Linn, a native of Louisville, Kentucky, were half brothers. The five were men of eminent ability and by their integrity and patriotism, adorned the American Senate. General Jones survived the others. At the funeral of Jefferson Davis he went from Iowa and served as active pall-bearer, he and Mr. Davis having been classmates at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, and colleagues in the United States Senate. Another man of eminent ability lived in Sainte Genevieve at the same time. John Scott, who served ten years in Congress, four years as the last Territorial Delegate and six years as the first and only Representative of the new State. He was born in Hanover County, Virginia, and came to Sainte Genevieve at the age of twenty-three. After retiring from politics he was, for nearly forty years, a most successful lawyer. According to a Missouri paper, "all his life he carried under his vest on his left side a beautifully carved dirk and on the other side a pistol." He died at the beginning of the war.

B

INHUMAN WARFARE

The following quotations from official reports and correspondence published by the United States Government illustrate the character of the warfare waged by some of the Missouri

State Militia in the Federal service, during the year 1862, which will apply equally as well to any other period of the war.

General Orders No. 2, issued by General Schofield, Wellsville, January 1, 1862, War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 8, page 478, says: "The practice of plundering and robbing peaceable citizens and of wantonly destroying private property has become so prevalent in some portion of this command as to require the most rigorous measures for its suppression."

Same, January 2, writing to General Halleck, same, page 503, says: "Upon my arrival at Warrenton I found a battalion of Reserve Corps Cavalry, under command of Major Holland, the only cavalry at my disposal. These men had preceded me only a few days, but they had already murdered one of the few Union men in that vicinity and committed numerous depredations upon the property of peaceful citizens. Since that time their conduct has been absolutely barbarous."

In writing from Montgomery City, January 3, 1862, to General Prentiss, at Palmyra, General Schofield, same, page 482, says: "The only cavalry force now at my disposal is a battalion of Germans, utterly worthless for this kind of service. If I trust them out of my sight for a moment they will plunder and rob friends and foes alike. I have arrested two of the officers and have five of the men in irons. I have asked General Halleck to recall this battalion and send me civilized human beings in their stead."

General Halleck, writing to General McClellan, January 14, same, page 502, says: "Indeed, strong Union men in Southwestern Missouri (and among them Colonel Phelps, a Member of Congress), have begged me not to permit General Sigel's command to return to that part of the country, as they robbed and plundered wherever they went, friends and enemies alike."

General E. A. Paine, February 8, directs Colonel Kellogg, commanding, Cape Girardeau: "Hang one of the rebel cavalry for each Union man murdered, and after this two for each. Continue to scout, capture and kill."

General Halleck, reading this order in the public press, issued General Orders No. 48, February 26, same, page 568,

in which is: "The major-general commanding takes the earliest opportunity to publish his disapproval of this order. It is contrary to the rules of civilized war, and if its spirit should be adopted the whole country would be covered with blood. Retaliation has its limits, and the innocent should not be made to suffer for the acts of others over whom they have no control." He further directs that official correspondence should be kept out of the public press, as its publication is "in violation of the Army Regulations and repeated general orders."

Lieutenant-Colonel D. R. Anthony, commanding First Kansas Cavalry, reports, Morristown, Mo., January 4, 1862, War of the Rebellion, Series 1, Volume 8, page 46: "Dayton having been used voluntarily by its inhabitants as a depot for recruiting and supplying rebels, and there being only one Union house in town, and all the Union men there desiring its destruction, it was burned, except the one belonging to the Union man. Although there were forty-six buildings in town, we found only two men to represent the whole population."

Dayton is in the southeastern part of Cass County, which adjoins Kansas. The same officer reports, January 13: "Captain Merriman, on the day of the attack on him, burned the town of Columbus [in the northern part of Johnson County], having learned that it was the rendezvous of Colonel Elliott, and the people of the town having decoyed him into the ambush. . . . Major Herrick also captured sixty head of horses, mules and cattle, and young stock belonging to men who fired upon Major Hough and those who were with Colonel Elliott, and brought them to camp."

General Halleck, St. Louis, January 18, writes to General Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General of the Army, Washington, same, page 507: "I inclose herewith a copy of a letter from Colonel Steele, commander at Sedalia, in relation to depredations committeed by Jennison's men in Western Missouri. Similar accounts are received of the conduct of the First Kansas Regiment along the Missouri River in the counties of Lafayette and Jackson.

"These men do not belong to the department, and have no business to come within the State. I have directed General Pope to drive them out, or if they resist, to disarm them and to hold them prisoners. They are no better than a band of

robbers; they cross the line, rob, steal, plunder, and burn whatever they can lay their hands upon. They disgrace the name and uniform of American soldiers and are driving good Union men into the ranks of the secession army. Their conduct within the last six months has caused a change of 20,000 votes in this State. If the Government countenances such acts by screening the perpetrators from justice and by rewarding with office their leaders and abettors it may resign all hopes of a pacification of Missouri. If Kansas troops are again permitted to come into this State to commit depredations, the State can be held only by the strong arm of military power. The bitter animosity created against these troops is naturally transferred to the Government which supports them and in whose name they pretend to act."

Colonel Steele's letter describes the burning of forty-two houses in the neighborhood of Rose Hill, the robbery of silverware, furs and other property, the driving off of stock, the murder of "Mr. Richards, a good Union man, without cause or provocation," etc.

Secretary Stanton, February 6, 1862, writes to Hons. Thomas L. Price and James S. Rollins, Members of Congress from Missouri, same, page 546: "I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt last evening of your letter of that date respecting the outrages alleged to have been committed against Union men in Missouri by a force under Colonel Jennison. Your communication will be submitted to the President without delay, and I beg you to be assured that no effort on the part of the Government will be spared to protect the Union men and loyal citizens of Missouri from all illegal force and lawless violence, come from what quarter it may."

The "disloyal" must look out for themselves. Well, some of them did.

General McClellan, Commanding the Army, writes to Secretary Stanton, February 11, submitting "the following extracts taken from the report of Major A. Baird, assistant inspector-general, U. S. Army, on the inspection of the Kansas troops.

"If the practice of seizing and confiscating the private property of rebels, which is now extensively carried on by the troops known as Lane's brigade, is to be continued, how may it be managed so as to prevent the troops being demoral-

ized and the Government defrauded? This has become so fixed and general that I am convinced that orders arresting it would not be obeyed, and that the only way of putting a stop to it would be to remove the Kansas troops to some other field of action."—Same, page 552.

From General Halleck's letter to General Hunter, February 13, same, page 554: "This possibly was the original intention of Lane's expedition, but I protested to Washington against any of his jayhawkers coming into this department, and saying positively that I would arrest and disarm every one I could catch."

A member of the Fifth Kansas writing from Houston, Mo., about the criticism of "S. W." in the Missouri Republican, concerning the hanging of Captain McCullough, and the burning of farm houses, says: "He certainly was hung, as he well deserved to be [being as stated elsewhere in the letter, 'a somewhat noted bushwhacker'] and S. W. is the only person who has censured it. There were from twenty to thirty houses burned during our stay there, but they were houses belonging to persons composing these guerrilla bands."—Missouri Democrat, June 15, 1862.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, *September 18, 1863.*

GENERAL FISK, Commanding:

A. J. Youngman reports outrageous excesses committed by a party of the Sixth Missouri Cavalry, near Sikeston. Jackson Whaley was murdered in his own house. Mr. Youngman's store was robbed. He was shot at and violence was otherwise offered. Citizens are in great fear of life and property. No officer was with them. I am convinced, general, that these men are a terror to the country. Many citizens are killed and robbed by them.

J. B. ROGERS,
Colonel Commanding.[1]

On the same day Colonel Rogers despatched to General Fisk:

The informant said Major Montgomery would protect them, but those hell-hounds threatened them with death if they told him. The major does all he can but no one helps

[1]War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 22, page 542.

him. Gillette will tell you how it goes. I have ordered Major Montgomery to arrest the robbers and murderers in his own interest, as well as that of the citizens. These men straggle and plunder whenever they are out without him. I dread the report when they come in from the Osceola trip.

On the same day he also wrote Major Montgomery:

Is Sergeant Kelly at your post now? If so, arrest him and find what was the name of the soldier who tried to shoot Mr. Youngman at Sikeston on the 15th. Also find who killed Mr. Whaley just before and who robbed the store of Mr. Youngman. Arrest all whom you find implicated in those murders and robberies. The citizens report terrible outrages by your men over there.

Part 2, Volume 34, Series I, of War of the Rebellion was published in 1891. The Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat sent to his paper the following as illustrating the humor of some of the campaigns. It is fair to presume that the person most interested saw no humor in the proceedings:

On the 4th of February, 1864, Colonel J. B. Rogers reported from Cape Girardeau that a detachment of his men had attacked the Bolin gang and killed seven and captured seven.

"Bolin is on the way, tied," the colonel telegraphed to General Clinton B. Fisk: "Shall I shoot him without trial or try him by drum-head court and muster him out?" The colonel added, apologetically: "The capture of Bolin was a mistake. No one knew the fiend until he was brought in and recognized by citizens."

The next day the following telegraphic correspondence passed between Colonel Rogers and General Fisk:

General Fisk: I regret to be compelled to report that at a late hour last night a large crowd of soldiers and citizens took the prisoner, John F. Bolin, from the custody of the guard and hung him. All was done by most of the officers that could be done to prevent it, but without success. No force could be used owing to the fact that no symptom of their intention was manifested until too late, and nearly all the available force was engaged in the act.

J. B. Rogers,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ST. LOUIS DISTRICT,
ST. LOUIS, *February 6th, 1864.*

COLONEL J. B. ROGERS: It will hardly be necessary to give Bolin a trial.

CLINTON B. FISK,
Brigadier General.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO., *February 6, 1864.*

GENERAL FISK: While I think the hanging of Bolin just, I still regret that it was done by violence, without trial. Your telegram to me will be misunderstood as winking at it. I apprehend further violence. I will be obliged if you will give me a reprimand or a hint to allow no more violence, so I may the better be able to restrain my men.

J. B. ROGERS,
Colonel Commanding.

HEADQUARTERS ST. LOUIS DISTRICT,
ST. LOUIS, *February 6, 1864.*

COLONEL J. B. ROGERS: I much regret that you failed to restrain your men from the unlawful proceedings resulting in the hanging of Bolin. Such acts of violence demoralize both soldiers and citizens. Take prompt and decisive steps to restrain further violence toward the prisoners yet in custody. I would prefer that no such villians be taken prisoners, but after they have been captured and imprisoned within our lines, law and order and the well-being of the community imperatively demand that they receive a proper trial and be punished for their crimes in the manner prescribed by law.

CLINTON B. FISK,
Brigadier General.

For specific outrages see report of Major Dale, commanding at Platte City, said to be done under orders of General Blunt, War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 13, page 388;

from citizens, page 389; from General Loan to General Schofield, same, page 392; from citizens to President Lincoln, same, page 618; from Willard P. Hall to General Curtis, same, pages 712-13-14; from Captain Wm. Meredith, same, volume 34, part 2, page 150; General Halleck to General Price, same, Volume 8, page 529; see also General Loan to General Schofield, same, Volume 13, page 387; General Halleck to General Hunter, same, Series II, Volume 1, page 162; General Halleck to General McClellan, same, Volume 8, page 818.

This list of quotations could be greatly extended.

C

THE ELECTION OF 1860

In my native county of Lincoln there were three votes cast for Lincoln in 1860: By John Holcombrink, at Auburn; George Sands, at Millwood, and Sylvester Millsap, at Truxton. Mr. Sands died in 1862 at an advanced age, leaving a large family; all of his children and grandchildren were intensely Southern in sentiment. Millsap was killed in 1863 in a skirmish in the western part of the county. The company of militia, commanded by Captain William Colbert, of which Millsap was a member, was in pursuit of some "bushwhackers" and followed them into a dense thicket, where Millsap was shot in the center of the forehead. No one else was injured and the bushwhackers escaped. The next morning, however, the militia captured a man named Davis, who lived near, and finding on him certain papers which were, to them, conclusive evidence of his connection with the bushwhackers, shot him.

At Montgomery City two votes were cast for Lincoln. David Fleet and Horatio Bobbs walked together up to the polls and announced to the crowd of bystanders that they were about to vote for Abraham Lincoln, and if anyone had anything to say about it then was the time to say it. Although they were jeered and hissed they were not otherwise molested.

D

SUPPRESSION OF THE STATE JOURNAL

On the 12th of July Colonel Harding, by orders from General Lyon, suppressed the State Journal, a secession daily paper in St. Louis, and caused its editor, J. W. Tucker, to be arraigned for treason. Colonel John McNeil, of the Home Guards, personally performed this duty and closed the office. The paper was published by M. Niedner, to whom the Jackson Legislature had given the contract for the publication of "legal notices." The suppression of the Journal was followed by the publication of the Missourian, The War Bulletin and the Extra Herald. These were all suppressed on the 14th of July.—Peckham's Life of Lyon.

E

GENERAL GREEN'S METHOD

Illustrating his views on the treatment of citizens by the military authorities, the following letter of Colonel, afterwards General Martin E. Green, Colonel Porter's superior officer, is given. Lieutenant Joe K. Rickey, of Keokuk, afterwards of Callaway County and a rather famous politician and lobbyist, was recruiting for the Federal army. He was captured July 27 and taken to Green, who kept him a few days and released him. Lieutenant-Colonel H. M. Woodyard, of the Northeast Missouri Home Guards, was concerned about Rickey and sent a letter through Judge Henderson Davis, to which Green replied:

CAMP MCREYNOLDS, *August 12, 1861.*

HENDERSON DAVIS:

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of a note of Colonel Woodyard addressed to you, which is the only reason why I address this to you. In that note Colonel Woodyard proposes to exchange prisoners, but on an entirely new theory. I have had several letters from Colonel Moore, and we have had

several exchanges of prisoners. We exchange according to roster; that is, according to rank. Such a thing as arresting citizens not under arms is a thing not permitted by me. My instructions to all my command are to let citizens alone. It would be little trouble for me to arrest citizens, but I hope I will never be guilty of such an act. I have publicly declared my intention not only to let citizens alone, but to protect them in all their rights, regardless of opinions. This I have scrupulously observed.

As regards Joe Rickey, he is in Palmyra, with liberty to go where he pleases. The condition then that he (Woodyard) lays down for the release of the prisoners in his charge are fully complied with so far as I am concerned. Mr. Rickey went to Palmyra at his request, and I do not think I ought to be requested to return him. I can say this much—he is fully released as far as I am concerned. I do not know anything further that I ought to do. I think when he reflects on what I have done, he will come to the conclusion that I was perfectly justifiable in all I have done. My actions I am willing shall be scrutinized upon the evidence of the prisoners.

Yours respectfully,

MARTIN E. GREEN,
Colonel Commanding Missouri State Guards.

The Home Guards were a Federal organization and the Missouri State Guards were practically a Confederate organization.

F

MY FIRST COMPANY

"Another notable accession to the Governor's force at this time was John Q. Burbridge and ten other men from Pike County, who came into camp bringing with them from that remote county about one hundred and fifty muskets, which they had taken by guile from a company of State Militia, mostly loyal Germans, and had brought by force to the Governor."—Snead's Fight for Missouri, page 217.

Colonel Burbridge took in a few more than ten men. When he was at Millwood, Lincoln County, June 15, gathering volunteers under the call of the governor, a number of us enrolled our names. I can only recall William T. Hammond, who returned at Fayette, my cousin, George A. Mudd, wounded at Wilson's Creek, and myself. The next morning, Sunday, after early service at St. Alphonsus' Church, we started in a farm wagon for Louisville, the next village, nine miles away, in the nothwestern corner of the county, where we were told a supply of arms would meet us. A number assembled to bid us good-bye and as the wagon was about to start Pat Murphy, a young orphan whom my uncle had taken from the asylum a few years before, rushed through the crowd and jumped into it. He proved to be a good soldier and was severely wounded at the bloody battle of Franklin, Tennessee. A number enrolled at Louisville. The leading merchant, Luke Paxton, threw open his large store, told us to make it our headquarters and that if there was anything in his stock that we needed to help ourselves to it. In a short time the muskets came in from Louisiana, Pike County, guarded by William F. Carter and Frederick Ferdinand Weed, members of the old time military company, of which Colonel Burbridge was one of the lieutenants and the drill master. Carter was afterwards promoted to be major and was killed at Franklin. He was a very capable officer. Weed was a handsome young fellow and the most accomplished braggart I ever met. We inexperienced boys thought braggart and coward were synonymous terms. If so, Weed was an exception. He was as brave as he was vain, and made good all his boasts. He would amuse the boys very much by the display of a derringer with a barrel not three inches long. "What are you going to do with the gun, Weed?" "Kill Yankees."

I have forgotten the particulars of the process by which the muskets were abstracted from the armory of the military company—taken by guile, Colonel Snead says—but the word that best expresses it is—theft. We felt no scruples on that point, however. There were few, if any Germans in Louisiana at that date, and it is doubtful if one was a member of the company. Be that as it may have been, Burbridge, Carter and Weed were about the only members who were not

"loyal," and the other members were deeply chagrined at the loss of the guns.

Before we left Louisville the next day the well mounted companies of Captains Archie Bankhead and Edward B. Hull, from either side of the line of Lincoln and Pike Counties, in the neighborhood of Prairieville, came in. With them was Wes Penny, a member of Bankhead's company, afterwards our captain, under Porter. I made his acquaintance that day and it was the beginning of a friendship that ended with his death. Hull and Bankhead had married sisters, intellectual and educated women, daughters of Chambers, the editor of the Missouri Republican, who, seventy-five years ago, stood in the front rank of great newspaper writers.

We started with about five hundred men, mostly on foot. Our march through Callaway was an ovation. Everywhere on the roadside there were swarms of pretty girls, dressed in white, distributing bushels of gingerbread and gallons of fresh, rich butter-milk. This county, almost from its formation, has been known as the Kingdom of Callaway. It was a queendom that day.

About three miles from Fayette, Howard County, we came up with a strong company from Fulton, commanded by Captain D. H. McIntyre, afterwards attorney-general of the State. It was clad in gray uniforms and armed with Enfield rifles. It was drawn up in line, awaiting an expected attack from a Federal force in Fayette. In an hour scouts came in with the information that the enemy had gone in a different direction. We had now more than a thousand men, mostly unarmed. After a consultation, it was deemed best that all or nearly all the unarmed men should return home and wait for a more favorable opportunity. About three hundred were prevailed upon to return. We crossed the Missouri River at Glasgow and went westward to Fairview, Saline County, where we stayed two days. Colonel Burbridge came to our squad and said "that he had decided to take a single wagon loaded with the muskets and about fifty shotguns and rifles and make a forced march with about twelve men, and he had selected us as part of the twelve. The other eight hundred would return home and join the army when General Price should retrace his steps to Jefferson City, which,

all felt certain, would be done in a few weeks." It was impossible to reduce the number below seventeen or eighteen. Besides those already mentioned I remember from the Louisville neighborhood in Lincoln County, David Hackley Stewart, mortally wounded at Wilson Creek, and John Davis; from Montgomery County, Morgan Show; from St. Louis County, William G. Sterling, severely wounded at Wilson's Creek; from Hannibal, D. H. Shields and Thomas Lally; from an unremembered locality a cross-eyed tailor, who surprised us by making a good record on the march and in battle; from some part of Pike County, a boy in his teens, six feet four inches high, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, whose name was known only to himself and the orderly sergeant. Everybody else knew him as "Babe;" he was severely wounded at Wilson's Creek. After reaching the army our company was organized with twenty-five other men from the southern part of Lincoln County. It is very probable that Dr. Shields and myself are the only survivors of this company.

G

HORSE STEALING

The severest penalties of the law were inflicted at every opportunity upon the Confederate soldier who impressed a horse for military service. The following from the local columns of the Missouri Democrat of August 16, 1862, describes the "punishment" of three Union men who were charged with stealing a horse from a Southern sympathizer. "Some days ago we published the arrest of J. M. McQuerry, C. A. Connor and W. T. Connor, charged with having stolen a horse from James Green, of Johnson County. The cases yesterday came up for examination before the Recorder, who ordered the defendants to be delivered over to the military authorities for trial. We presume that some peculiarity in the affair had caused a requisition for such delivery. The examination came off yesterday afternoon, before Major McConnell, Assistant Provost Marshal General of the District.

It appeared that the defendants had sold a horse for $90 to Mr. John Fenn. Green swore that the horse was his and stolen from him. Defendants denied his testimony, and insisted that Green acted through malice as a rebel, they being Union men; also, that, having taken the oath of allegiance, and being still a rebel, his oath and testimony could not longer be respected as valid. In his interrogatories of Green, Major McConnell led him to confess anti-Union sentiments. The defendants were released, the money restored to them, and Green was committed to the Gratiot street prison for alleged and avowed disloyalty." Note the expression, "Some peculiarity in the affair." In those days there was nothing "peculiar" about a Southern sympathizer being landed in prison for attempting to recover his property.

H

TWO LINCOLN COUNTY UNION MEN

Captain Richard Wommack, of Company G, Third Cavalry, Missouri State Militia, resigned April 24, 1862. However disappointed were his friends that he chose the Union side, none ever questioned his sincerity or his unselfish patriotism. Of all the public men in Lincoln County he was the most popular. He was a just and honorable man and to the day of his death was respected and esteemed by all good men. He was one of my best friends.

John Brooks Henderson, like Captain Wommack, was a native of Virginia. He was born November 16, 1826, and came to Lincoln County, Missouri, in 1832, where both of his parents died before he was ten years old. He represented Pike County in the Legislature in 1848 and again in 1856. He shaped the railroad and banking laws of 1857; was a presidential elector in 1856 and 1860. He was the author of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and was among the original agitators of the suffrage provision embodied in the Fifteenth Amendment. He was one of the seven Republican Senators who voted for acquittal in the impeachment of President Johnson. In thus

voting he terminated his political career, rather than violate his conviction of right. His honesty has never been questioned.

I

A MUSTER ROLL

Comrade W. C. Harrison, of Fulton, Callaway County, kindly loaned me three muster rolls of his company printed and written on the brown paper used by the Confederate Government. The figures after each name indicate the age at time of enlistment.

Muster Roll of Captain D. W. Craig's company, enlisted for one year and enrolled in Callaway County, July 1, 1862, by Colonel Porter:

D. W. Craig, 44, captain; G. R. Brooks, 22, first lieutenant; W. W. Craig, 29, second lieutenant; P. Wilkerson, 34, junior second lieutenant; John W. Pace, 28, first sergeant; James S. Hart, 21, second sergeant; Thompson Fry, 24, third sergeant; William Mounce, 20, fourth sergeant; L. D. Brooks, 20, fifth sergeant; Craig Gaines, 40, first corporal; S. I. Smith, 28, second corporal; J. W. Davis, 21, third corporal; J. W. Creed, 22, fourth corporal; W. H. Albertson, 22; Garret Adair, 20; D. Adams, 20; E. R. Adams, 16; S. P. Brooks, 25; Charles Boyle, 19; C. W. Baynham, 20; Samuel Burt 18; J. W. Boulware, 27; Moses Beaven, 27; J. M. Brown, 21; James Blue, 22; J. W. Bull, 19; J. R. Collier, 28; L. G. Clopton, 22; George Craghead, 20; John Calicoat, 17; S. N. Clark, 28; H. Chick, 21; S. S. Craghead, 21; Jule Crushon, 37; W. S. Crews, 22; R. A. Crews, 20; J. H. Crowson, 24; J. R. Craghead, 24; J. H. Craghead, 28; G. D. Cason, 17; H. G. Carlton, 28; William Douglas, 30; George Dunlap, 22; A. Dickerson, 17; J. T. Davis, 21; W. B. Dickson, 18; Thomas Ford, 23; M. A. Faubion, 20; J. P. Ferree, 38; William S. Gilbert, 24; R. R. Goff, 35; J. D. Griffin, 23; A. Glasscock, 25; William Glasscock, 27; George Gregg, 18; Ben Griggs, 25; William Gass, 20; J. W. D. Hudson, 45; William Harding, 22; M. Hereford, 20; John H. Holland, 20, James Hays, 19; Bent Hays, 22; J.

T. Houseman, 25; W. C. Harrison, 25; James Humphreys, 21; James Jones, 23; D. G. Kemper, 21; A. J. Keeling, 17; H. I. Liter, 22; J. O. Leake, 26; John Malony, 22; William McCowen, 17; J. T. McDonald, 20; J. F. Moran, 28; James McMurtry, 17; R. S. McKinney, 17; F. M. McGrew, 24; P. J. Meadows, 18; W. R. Nevins, 17; Berryman Nichols, 20; Joseph Orno, 46; J. L. Pierce, 33; James Pugh, 27; James Rupert, 19; Joseph Ringo, 25; John W. Ridgway, 28; John Rodgers, 30; J. H. Snedecor, 16; George Smith, 17; F. M. Stephens, 21; E. M. Sitton, 19; Henry Spatswell, 21; William Sallee, 19; J. W. Stokes, 20; H. H. Stokes, 28; J. H. Stewart, 17; Drury Treadway, 34; Irwin Treadway, 19; R. E. Thomas, 16; W. R. Terry, 25; William Utt, 24; Thomas Utt. 22; A. R. Vanhorn, 21; Sam Womack, 17; Edward Walton, 22; James Wright, 16; Ben Wood, 23; W. F. Wadley, 21; D. I. Wainscot, 20; A. C. White, 16; F. M. Wilkerson, 24; Thomas Wadley, 18; H. C. Young, 17; E. G. Young, 27.

The commissioned officers were elected and non-commissioned officers were appointed November 9, 1862.

G. R. Brooks,
Captain, Co. E, 9th Mo. Infty.

Nov. 9, 1863.—(Place not given.)

On margin below the certificate is the memorandum: A true copy of original at organization of company.

In the roll of August 30, 1863, at Little Rock, Arkansas, as Company H, of the Ninth Regiment, Missouri Volunteer Infantry, Colonel John B. Clark, Jr., commanding, S. I. Smith is put down as fourth sergeant instead of William Mounce; W. C. Harrison as fifth sergeant instead of L. B. Brooks; John McDonald as second corporal instead of S. I. Smith, and John Creed as third corporal instead of J. W. Davis.

The names not on former muster roll are: E. S. Creed, W. H. McKelvey, Sam Matier, James Simco and J. D. Treadway.

Discipline, instruction, military appearance, arms, accoutrements are marked as good; clothing inferior. The officers and men number sixty-one.

At Camp Kirby Smith, from February 29, 1864, to June

30, 1864, Colonel R. H. Musser, George R. Brooks is given as captain; W. W. Craig, first lieutenant; James S. Hart, second lieutenant; John W. Pace, junior second lieutenant; Thompson Fry, first sergeant; S. I. Smith, second sergeant; W. C. Harrison, third sergeant; John T. McDonald, fourth sergeant; William P. Gass, fifth sergeant; John W. Creed, first corporal; John Malony, second corporal; Samuel S. Craghead, third corporal; H. G. Carlton, fourth corporal. James S. Hart was acting adjutant to the regiment. W. H. Albertson detailed as clerk in adjutant's office, brigade headquarters. L. D. Brooks sick in hospital at Little Rock. C. W. Baynham wounded at Pleasant Hill, La., April 9, 1863, still near that place. J. W. Boulware, wounded same time and place, sent to hospital at Shreveport. James Blue and G. D. Cason, sick in hospital, Little Rock. S. N. Clark, taken prisoner at Pleasant Hill, La., April 9, 1863, since exchanged and now sick near Pleasant Hill. William S. Gilbert, detailed as courier June 15, 1863, by order of General Frost, to report to same. J. L. Pierce, left sick on the march from Little Rock. J. H. Snedecor, wounded at Jenkins Ferry, Arkansas, April 30, 1864, since furloughed for sixty days. George Smith, detailed at (illegible) by order of Colonel Clark, report to same. Henry Spatswell, left sick in hospital at Little Rock. J. W. Simco, wounded at Pleasant Hill, La., April 9, 1863, now in hospital in Kingston. Garrett Adair, died August 8, 1863. A. R. Vanhorn, left sick near Mansfield, April 14, 1864. John Callicoat, killed in the action at Jenkins Ferry, Arkansas, April 30, 1864. J. D. Griffin, died from wound received in action at Jenkins Ferry, May 10, 1864. Fifty-one officers and men.

Record of events: This company has been engaged twice since last muster. At Pleasant Hill, on the 9th of April, 1864, there were thirteen men wounded, none killed. At Jenkins Ferry, 30th of April, 1864, one man killed in the action, one died from wounds received there, and seven were wounded. Traveled the distance of seven hundred miles since the 20th of March, 1864.

Discipline, instruction, arms and accoutrements good; military appearance fair and would be good if the men were clothed; clothing wretched.

J

THE LAST GUNS

There were many Missourians on each side in the battle of Blakeley. After it had been in progress some time the Confederate commander received information of the surrender of Joe Johnston. He immediately ordered the white flag hoisted. Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas M. Carter, of my native county of Lincoln, who died last year (1908), commanded a Confederate regiment. He ordered his men not to look at the flag and not to cease firing without his orders. He then hid himself. It was nearly an hour before he was found. When he was compelled to give the order to cease firing he cried like a child. Thus it was that the last guns of the war were fired by Lincoln County Confederate soldiers.

In the Trans-Mississippi Department, after the surrender of Lee and Johnston, the Missouri officers, Generals Price and Shelby, and Colonels Lewis and Musser, with the enthusiastic endorsement of their troops, endeavored to arrange matters for a concentration in Texas and a resistance until the last Missourian had laid down his life. (See Shelby and His Men, by Edwards.) But the movement failed. The wail of Shelby in his last address indexed the sentiment of every Missouri Confederate:

Soldiers of Shelby's Division! The crisis of a nation's fate is upon you. I come to you in this hour of peril and of gloom, as I have often come when your exultant shouts of victory were loud on the breezes of Missouri, relying upon your patriotism, your devotion, your heroic fortitude and endurance. By the memory of our past efforts, our brilliant reputation, our immortal dead, our wrecked and riven hearthstones, our banished and insulted women, our kindred fate and kindred ruin, our wrongs unrighted and unavenged, I conjure you to stand shoulder to shoulder and bide the tempest out. I promise to remain with you until the end. To share your dangers, your trials, your exile, your destiny, and your lot shall be my lot, and your fate shall be my fate, and come what may, poverty, misery, exile, degradation. Oh! never let your spotless banner be tarnished by dishonor.

If there be any among you who wish to go from our midst when the dark hour comes, and the bright visions of liberty are paling beyond the sunset shore, let him bid farewell to the comrades whom no danger can appal and no disaster deter, for the curse of the sleepless eye and the festering heart will be his reward, as the women of Missouri, the Peris of a ruined Paradise, shall tell how Missouri braves fought until the Confederate Flag "by inches was torn from the mast."

Stand by the ship, boys, as long as there is one plank upon another. All your hopes and fears are there. All that life holds nearest and dearest is there. Your bleeding mother-land, pure and stainless as an angel-guarded child, is there. The proud, imperial South, the nurse of your boyhood and the priestess of your faith is there, and calls upon you, her children, her best and bravest, in the pride and purity of your blood, to rally round her altar's shrine, the blue skies and green fields of your nativity, and send your scornful challenge forth, "The Saxon breasts are equal to the Norman steel."

If Johnston follows Lee, and Beauregard and Maury and Forrest all go; if the Cis-Mississippi Department surrender its arms and quit the contest, let us never surrender. For four long years we have taught each other to forget that word, and it is too late to learn it now. Let us meet as we have met in many dark hours before, with the hearts of men who have drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard, and resolve with the deep, eternal, irrevocable resolution of freemen, that we will never surrender.

This Missouri Division Surrender? My God! Soldiers, it is more terrible than death.

K

THE BLACKFOOT RANGERS

Captain Harvey McKinney organized this company at Everetts, Boone County and when he was promoted to colonel Lieutenant L. M. Frost was elected captain and later on John Bowles was made first lieutenant. Their first battle was at Moore's Mill. Judge C. C. Turner sends thirty-nine

other names as members of this company, these being all he can remember: Ben Ashcorn, William Barrett, Henry Batterton, Rance Batterton, Nathan Bowles, Richard Bowles, James Brown, Harrison Brown, Perry Brown, Riley Brown, William Brown, Daniel Davenport, Harrison Davenport, John Davenport, Milton Davenport, Mat. Evans, W. R. Frost, John Hendricks, John Jeffries, Washington Jones, John McKenzie, Frank Patton, John Patton, Henry Pigg, Tuck Powell, George Rowland, Marion Rowland, Abe Rumans, James Rumans, John Rumans, William Smith, Ben Stephens, James Taylor, Arch Turner, A. C. Turner, C. C. Turner, T. B. Wade, Sam Wheeler and Frank White.

L

THE BURNING OF JOINER'S HOME

Shortly after the battle of Moore's Mill Comrade Joiner's home was burned by a detail of Company I, Second Missouri State Militia, under Lieutenant William J. Holliday. "Old Robert Joiner, living several miles northwest of Shelbyville, in the edge of Tiger Fork township, was accused of 'keeping a rendezvous for guerrillas and murdering bushwhackers,'" according to the History of Shelby County, page 737, and his was one of the houses—"* * * the houses of certain Confederates in Shelby were burned by order of the military authorities, Generals McNeil and Merrill." Continuing, the account says: "Dinner was cooking when the burning party arrived. The orders were, 'You have half an hour to get out your things.' The soldiers assisted the family in removing everything to a place of safety. There was but one man about the premises, a Mr. Cochrane, a son-in-law of Joiner's, who made his home here. His wife was very ill and was borne out of doors on the lounge whereon she was lying. Harry Latimer's wife, a daughter of Joiner's, was then living at her father's with her children, while her husband was out with Porter. A few days later he was captured and executed. Mr. Joiner himself was a prisoner in Shelbyville at the time. His three sons were in the Confederate service.

"Not only was Joiner's house burned, but his barn and all the out-buildings. A new sled was drawn out of the barn before the building was fired. When the fire had swept away everything the family found homes among the neighbors. Not long afterwards Joiner was released on oath and bond, and returned to his family. But he had contracted a severe cold in prison, and his health and spirits were broken. The next spring he died. Both Joiner and Holliday were old pioneers together, and among the very first settlers. But the war made enemies everywhere and among all classes.

"Captain A. G. Priest, of Company I, was sent into Jefferson township to burn some houses down there—'bushwhackers' nests' the militia called them. The dwellings of Carter Baker and John Maupin, below Clarence, were burned. Carter Baker had been wounded in one of the skirmishes of Porter's raid, and was lying in a bed stiff and sore when he was borne on his couch into the yard, with his 'Lares and Penates.' He cursed at the harsh policy of burning the houses of wounded men and swore at the Federals generally. 'Hush,' said Captain Priest, impressively, 'you may be thankful that your life is spared. There are men here who would kill you gladly and throw your body into the fire while your house is burning, and I can hardly restrain them.' "

M

DR. W. W. MACFARLANE

MACON CITY, MO., *September 2, 1862.*

MAJOR CALDWELL:

You will dispose of the prisoners as below directed in each case. The execution will be by shooting to death and I desire that it may be done publicly and with due form and solemnity, inasmuch as I wish the necessary effect produced without being compelled again to order an execution:

1st. John Gastemee, to be shot to death on Friday, the 5th of September, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 3 o'clock p. m., at Mexico, Mo.

LEWIS MERRILL,

Brigadier-General, Comdg. Northeast Missouri Division.

2d. William W. McFarland, to be shot to death on Friday, the 5th of September, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 3 o'clock p. m., at Mexico, Mo.

LEWIS MERRILL,
Brigadier-General, Comdg. Northeast Missouri Division.

To be taken to the execution ground and the following order then read to him:

In consideration of the noble stand taken for the right by your brother, Captain McFarland, of the Ninth Missouri State Militia, the commanding general is pleased to order that your life be spared and your sentence commuted to confinement during the war. This is a tribute to the patriotism and sense of duty of your brother, and not out of consideration for a man who has not only committed the crime of unlawfully, and in violation of all the rules of civilized war, taking up arms against his Government, but who has added to that crime the fearful offense of blackening with perjury a soul already stained with crimes which no right-minded man can view except with horror and disgust. Let the awful example before you teach you the lesson you evidently so much need, and show by your earnest repentance of your crimes that you are again worthy to be called brother by an honest man.

LEWIS MERRILL,
Brigadier-General, Comdg. Northeast Missouri Division.

3d. Solomon Donaldson, to be shot to death on Friday, the 5th of September, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 3 o'clock p. m., at Mexico, Mo.

LEWIS MERRILL,
Brigadier-General, Comdg. Northeast Missouri Division.

Dr. Macfarlane, now practicing medicine in Mexico, Missouri, the only unwounded prisoner captured at Moore's Mill, his capture being due to partial color blindness, writes: After my commutation from shooting to imprisonment I was sent to Gratiot street prison, St. Louis, September 20,

1862, where I remained until January 7, 1863. I was then sent to the prison at Alton, where I remained to the end of that year. I worked in the two prisons for fifteen months. I do not know that my brother had anything to do with my commutation of sentence. Two old friends of my father went to see General Merrill and secured a change of sentence. After a few days' confinement Gastamee was unconditionally discharged and he returned to his home in Kentucky. The last I ever heard of Donaldson he was in Alton prison.

N

COLONEL OATES, OF ALABAMA

About the middle of August, 1864, Colonel William C. Oates, of the Forty-eighth Alabama regiment of infantry, was brought into Howard's Grove hospital, Richmond, Va., with his right arm amputated very near the shoulder. The wound was healing favorably and without suppuration, but the following from his book, "The War Between the Union and the Confederacy," page 380, tells of a nearly fatal hemorrhage: "Just three weeks after I was wounded, one night when all the doctors except Joseph A. Mudd were down in the city at a ball or some entertainment, the ligature sloughed off the sub-clavian artery and the blood poured out of me in a sluice. I sank very rapidly. Doctor Mudd got to me, seized my shoulder, and stopped it. My bed was flooded with blood. I saw death close at hand. My whole life passed rapidly before me in panorama, and while I felt a regret that I had not been a better man, yet I was not afraid to die, but preferred to live. It was a very consoling thought that I had never committed any great crime. I scarcely had a hope of living through the night." I happened to be the officer of the day, on which account I had to sleep in the office. Had I not been a very light sleeper, always awakened by the slightest unusual noise, Colonel Oates would never have sat in the Federal Congress or been governor of Alabama.

O

A REBEL LETTER CARRIER

3820 Windsor Place, St. Louis,
January 14, 1908.

Sir: While in Troy, Missouri, last week, during my trial for killing Joe Hines, I had the pleasure of meeting your brother, Mr. A. H. Mudd, one of the jury which in a short time vindicated my action in the case. He called my attention to your notice in the Free Press asking the names of any old Confederates who knew Colonel Joe Porter. I not only had the pleasure of knowing him, but also the honor of being in the same command under General Price, and we were in many long marches and battles together; notably, Shelbina, Lexington, Pea Ridge or Elkhorn. I was quite near him when he received a wound in the head at Lexington. He and Colonel Martin E. Green captured the steamer Sunshine, with Federal troops on board, at Glasgow and transferred several thousand troops from the north side of the Missouri River and all joined General Price at Lexington. I was pilot on the Sunshine after her capture and I took her up to Lexington. After the army was reorganized and the State Guard was turned over to the Confederate States I lost track of Colonel Porter. He was an honorable man and a brave soldier. Yours,

Ab. C. Grimes.

The Missouri Democrat of September 6, 1862, tells of the capture of the rebel letter carrier, Abner Grimes, and prints a number of letters found in his bag, including several from young ladies in North Missouri to their lovers in the Confederate army. One from a father to his son is worth preserving:

Fulton, Mo., *August 27th, 1862.*

My Dear Son: Your letter of the 10th August is at hand. In answer to which I would say we are all in good health, and have good crops and the neighbors are generally well.

The Feds have played hell here since you left. None of them are in town now. The brush is full of rebels in every

direction. Will probably get up a considerable army when they concentrate.

We have some damn big fights, within hearing of our house every day. A very severe engagement took place at Moore's Mill on the St. Louis road about two weeks since—they gave the Federals particular hell, killing some nineteen and wounding three times that number. They have had me in limbo twice—the first time for general disloyalty, the second time for hailing my old friend, Milt. Davis, who the Federals mistook for Jeff. of Mississippi. They kept me about one month and I ate so damn much they had to release me as a matter of economy to the Government. Bill Walton and all the boys are in camp, ready for any emergency. The draft in the State, if attempted, will drive the entire population (with the exception of a few dead heads) into the brush, women, children and negroes not excepted.

Tell old Price, for God's sake come on; if he delays much longer the Feds will utterly desolate the country. Boys, I want you to fight like hell until this matter is settled.

Your father,

JOHN L. TAYLOR.

P

TOO BAD EVEN FOR HURLBURT

The Sixteenth Illinois Regiment in its short stays in Northeast Missouri earned so unsavory a reputation for all manner of cruel and indecent outrages that General S. A. Hurlburt, commanding at Quincy, who was not a man of the finest or tenderest feeling, issued, July 14, 1861, to Colonel John M. Palmer, of the Fourteenth Illinois, who was afterwards governor of Illinois, United States Senator, and who, in 1896, with the Confederate General, Simon B. Buckner, was the Gold Democratic candidate for President, the following order:

SIR: Your regiment is ordered back tomorrow to be joined by Colonel Grant's, who will bring you detailed orders and meet you at Palmyra. I regret to learn that disorder and depredations have marked the Sixteenth Regiment in Mis-

souri. As senior colonel you will repress this at all hazards. No violence or robbery, no insults to women and children, no wanton destruction of property will be tolerated. License must be repressed by the sharpest remedies and any officer who permits or encourages it will lose his commission.

Yours,

S. A. HURLBURT,
Brigadier-General, U. S. Vols.

On the same day he wrote an emphatic order to Colonel Smith of the Sixteenth, and two days later issued General Order No. 2, on same subject.

Q

A MISFIT OFFICER

Colonel Lipscomb's military record was not a very glorious one. He was more successful in applying rude and abusive language and epithets to Mrs. Porter while a defenseless prisoner than he was in fighting her husband. With a force superior in numbers by ten to one he allowed Colonel Porter to get away with less loss than he himself received. The History of Lewis County, page 115, thus tells of it: Hearing of the invasion of this portion of the territory over which they claimed absolute control, the Federals at once set about to drive out the presumptuous Confederates. Colonel Henry S. Lipscomb and Majors Benjamin and Rogers, with some companies of the Eleventh Missouri State Militia, set out at once, struck the trail and followed it to Colony. Here they were joined by Major Pledge with a detachment of the Second Missouri State Militia, and the united forces pressed rapidly on, marching night and day, until the 26th of June, when they overtook Porter at Cherry Grove in the northeastern part of Schuyler County, near the Iowa line, where, with a superior force, they attacked and defeated him, routing his forces and driving them southward. The loss in this fight was inconsiderable on either side, but among the Federals killed were Captain Horace E. York, of Lipscomb's regiment,

and Porter lost Connell R. Bashore, of Palmyra. Porter at the head of the main body of his command retreated rapidly, followed by Lipscomb, who moved very leisurely, and did not seem at all anxious to overtake his enemy. For what was considered his mismanagement of the affair at Cherry Grove, and his inefficency in pursuit, Colonel Lipscomb was subsequently removed from command.

He was discharged July 18, 1862.

R

THE PALMYRA COURIER'S ACCOUNT OF THE CAPTURE OF PALMYRA

The Courier of September 12, 1862, says:

After working off about 200 of our edition last night for the early mails, we retired to rest, the town being unusually quiet.

This (Friday) morning, about 6 o'clock, as we awoke, we arose and stepped to the window to close an open blind. Five armed men at that moment filed up before the front of our residence. They were dressed in citizen's clothes, and the first thought was that they were Enrolled Militia. The truth at the next instant flashed upon us. They were veritable bushwhackers, and the house was undoubtedly surrounded. Brief time for escape was left. How that time was improved it is not worth while to relate. The house was within two minutes thoroughly searched by armed rebels, with huge navy revolvers cocked and thrust forward as if anticipating a formidable foe. But the search for the editor was vain. The bird had flown.

We relate these incidents as illustrative of the manner in which the town was entered; for although pickets were stationed upon all the principal avenues leading into the town, not a shot was fired, not an alarm was given, not a drum beat a single tap, until fifteen minutes after our residence and that of Colonel Lipscomb had been surrounded, and the Colonel himself taken prisoner. The occurrences took place within one square (diagonally) of the court-house;

yet all was so quietly done that the town seemed sunk in the deepest slumber.

The rebels were not long after this discovered at "quarters," when the drums at the court-house and Louthan's store beat the alarm, arousing the slumbering soldiers and citizens to a sense of their critical position.

It appears that the rebels, about three hundred and fifty or four hundred strong, stealthily approached the city from the west, hitching their horses in the woods a half or three-quarters of a mile west of the limits of the city. They then came through the fields by Mr. Berkley Summers's residence, thence through Sloan's Addition, north of the residence of Mrs. Mahan, and thence east as far as Main Street. They surrounded the residence of Colonel Lipscomb a few moments before they did our own. A servant opening the door of his dwelling, without warning to his family, three young ruffians rushed instantly into his bedroom and presenting close to his breast, in the presence of his wife, three double-barreled shotguns, ready cocked, cried out: "Surrender! surrender! surrender!" He demanded to know who they were. Their only reply was: "Surrender!" After marching him one and a half miles west of town he was permitted to return to his family, who occupied an exposed point, on condition that he would take no part in the fight then progressing, but remain in his house ready to answer the demand of Porter at its close. It seems that they left in too much haste to make the demand.

The main body of their forces was stationed in companies upon Olive, Church and Hamilton streets, between Dickinson and Spring streets, and along Spring street. Some of them ventured up to Main street on Olive, but most of them kept one square west of Main. A company in command (it is thought) of John N. Hicks, was stationed on Olive, south of and behind the residence of Dr. Lafon. Others entered the Methodist Church and cutting out slats from the north window blinds, brought their guns to bear upon the court-house, a square distant. Some approached to Main street and sheltered themselves at Shepherd's corner from the fire of our boys at Louthan's store, one square north and across the street. Another company was stationed near the Presbyterian Church, and west of Mr. Lipscomb's residence. An-

other company still was a street farther south. Other companies or detachments went to the Hannibal and St. Joe depot, stopping the up train, and taking prisoner Mr. Alex. Leighton, belonging to the Palmyra company, Enrolled Militia. They soon released him on parole.

Meantime, little or no fighting had occurred. Our forces were as follows: Thirty of Captain Dubach's Hannibal company (E), stationed at the court-house; twenty-two of the same company at the jail, (one square west of the court-house) a part of the Palmyra and West Ely companies, Enrolled Militia, (numbering perhaps thirty) at Louthan's two-story brick store, corner of Main and Lafayette streets; a few citizens—perhaps six or eight—also gathered there.

The rebels, passing through the alley leading from Olive to Lafayette streets, between Main and Dickinson, got into the drinking saloon of Thomas Reed, and also into the room of Thompson's store, immediately south of the court-house. They also got into the brick residence of Mrs. Willock, just south of the jail, from which they commanded the court-house. They soon opened fire from these various places, at tolerably long range, upon the court-house. This was replied to with so much spirit by our troops that the rebels were not much inclined to follow it up.

In the jail were nearly fifty rebel prisoners. They have been guarded by twelve men: but at the first alarm Captain Dubach sent ten more to their support. These, in the brick part of the jail, were deemed sufficient to hold it against almost any number. One of the principal designs of the rebels seem to be to release these prisoners. The firing had not been long in progress when the officer in command of the jail, Sergeant E. C. Davis, it is charged, contrary to the unanimous desire of his command, displayed a white flag. Lieutenant Daulton at once hauled it down. It was displayed again, and again indignantly hauled down. It is said that the sergeant for the third time displayed the flag, and that it was even then torn away by the brave soldier.

By this time the rebels, availing themselves of the confusion caused by these acts among the defenders of the jail, had so surrounded it, and taken such positions, that resistance would have been madness, and they were compelled to surrender. Two or three of our troops threw down their guns,

and escaped through the rebels. The rest were taken to their camp, west of town, and there paroled. The soldiers at the jail are very indignant at the conduct of Sergeant Davis, and consider it disgraceful in the extreme. What he may have to say for himself we do not know.

Meantime, scattering shots were exchanged between our forces and the rebels, who took good care to keep well out of range of our Enfield rifles.

One citizen, a German Union man, Mr. J. B. Liborius, unarmed, in front of his store, east of Main street (nearly opposite the court-house), was shot in the head by the rebels and almost instantly killed. He was an industrious, good citizen. The same shot struck a soldier of the 11th M. S. M., who was standing just behind Mr. Liborius, and entering at the nose, caused a dangerous if not a mortal wound. His name is Phillips.

In the court-house two of our men were wounded. One was Thomas Arnold, of Company E, Hannibal Enrolled Militia, wounded severely, but not dangerously, in the right thigh. The other was a soldier named Ryland, belonging to Company B, 2nd Regiment, M. S. M. He was wounded in the breast—it is feared mortally.

Sergeant Silas Renick, of Lieutenant R. B. Laird's recruiting party (stationed here), belonging to the 11th Regiment, Missouri Volunteers, U. S. A., was shot three times by the rebels as he was returning from Louthan's store to the recruiting office, a block and a half south, nearly opposite the National Hotel. He had, against the remonstrances of Lieutenant Laird, gone down to Louthan's store at the first alarm. After being there some moments he thought it a false alarm, and began to return. Meantime, a party of rebels had gathered together at Shepherd's three-story brick building, on the south side, and were peering around the corner. He seeing them, and mistaking them for militia, began to cross diagonally to meet them. They called upon him to halt, which he did. He then stepped forward, when they fired a whole volley upon him. He fell, but rising, struggled on, when he was again fired upon. He finally reached the west side of the pavement and crawled into the recess made by the closed front doors of Shepherd's store. There he bled profusely and suffered intensely.

We have here to record an act of courage of the noblest sort upon the part of a lady. Mrs. A. B. Lansing, seeing the wounded man from her residence on the east side of Main street, asked permission to cross the street to attend him. The rebels replied that she would do so at her peril. She did not hesitate a moment, but, taking a pitcher of water, crossed the street, going directly across the line of the firing between the rebels at the corner and our men at Louthan's store, and furnished water to the stricken man, now tortured by raging thirst. How grateful the draught of water! How noble the act! No pen can fully paint the true and unselfish heroism of that one incident. Renick, though dreadfully wounded in his arm and body, finally managed to arise and walk across the street to Mrs. Muldrow's, where he was kindly treated by ladies. It is hoped that the wounds are not mortal. These embrace all the casualities we have heard on our side. They include one killed, three dangerously and one severely wounded.

The rebel loss, as far as ascertained, was one killed and one dangerously wounded. The one killed was McLaughlin, a resident, we believe, of this county. He was shot through the head while in Reed's saloon; was taken to the Methodist Church, where he soon died, and was left a ghastly spectacle. Henry Bowles was shot while standing close by Lafon's house, by a ball from the court-house. He was carried away by his comrades—placed in a carriage and taken off. It is supposed he was dangerously wounded in the breast or stomach. Reports were circulated that eight or ten rebels were seen lying out west of the railroad, but they are not well authenticated.

After about two hours' stay in the place, the rebels left as suddenly as they appeared. They returned to their horses, and, it is reported, took a northerly direction. They carried off with them as prisoners Mr. Andrew Allsman, an old and well known citizen of this place; also Mr. Chas. Maddock, of this county.

They entered the gun shop of Mr. Fred Milstead by breaking in the back door, and completely riddling it of its contents. They took a large number of rifles, muskets and shotguns placed there by our military for repairs; also all the private arms and stock owned by Mr. M. They smashed in his show

cases, shivering the glass to atoms, and doing a great deal of wanton and needless injury. Indeed, they left the interior of his shop pretty much a wreck. He places his loss at $1,500.

They entered no other store or shop that we know of. From Dr. Hinde and Colonel Lipscomb they took each a horse. From private houses we have not heard that they took anything. In their behavior toward our own family we must do them the justice to say they behaved very gentlemanly. They disturbed nothing in or about the premises. The peaches suffered more than anything else. We hope they did not kill any of our cats when they amused themselves with firing into the thick tomato vines and other vegetable shelters in the garden. If they did we forgive them.

About 8 o'clock the town was once more clear, and citizens began to show themselves again upon the street. Dispatches were sent to Hannibal and Quincy for reinforcements. About 11 o'clock a. m. Colonel Hayward came from Hannibal with Company D, E. M., and with several other companies. Other and heavy reinforcements are looked for from Quincy or elsewhere—that is, if the authorities take any interest in the matter. If they don't we suppose the town will go to—grass.

By a comparison of the views of various observing parties, we place the number of rebels actually in town at between three hundred and fifty and four hundred. That they had a considerable reserve force at no very great distance, we are satisfied.

All the rebel chieftains in this part of the country were here. They were: Jo Porter, Jim Porter, "Crockett" Davis, Snyder (the same who figured at Ashley), John N. Hicks, Morris Gibbons and Dave Davenport. All these persons were seen and recognized, beyond the slightest doubt, by parties personally acquainted with them. Colonel Lipscomb himself, while a prisoner, saw and conversed with both the Porters, Davenport, Davis and Gibbons. As he has long known them personally there can be no mistake in the matter.

We cannot close this hastily drawn sketch without saying that Captain Dubach and all his company showed the true grit, and would never have surrendered. The West Ely and Palmyra boys were also full of fight, and ready to give the bushwhackers "particular fits" wherever there was a chance.

S

THE PALMYRA MASSACRE

Almost immediately after the tragedy McNeil left Palmyra and, taking a boat at Hannibal, reached St. Louis Sunday morning. The next day the Missouri Democrat said editorially: "General McNeil, who has so distinguished himself as commander of the military forces in Northeast Missouri, arrived in St. Louis yesterday from Palmyra. The general reports things very quiet in his district.

"On Saturday last he caused ten of the rebel prisoners to be shot, a very extreme and harsh measure, and a very trying duty, yet one which he could not, under any circumstances, avoid. It appears that when Porter took Palmyra among the prisoners was an inoffensive old man named Allsman, for whom the guerrillas, for some unexplained reason, entertained a great dislike. All other prisoners captured by Porter were released but him, and nothing having been heard of him it was supposed he was murdered by the outlaws. Soon after his capture, General McNeil issued an order, which was published in the papers, to the effect that if Mr. Allsman was not released in ten days or his absence satisfactorily accounted for,[1] he should cause ten of the prisoners in his custody to be shot. No response having been made, he selected ten who had already forfeited their lives by violation of parole, and caused them, as we have stated, to be shot on Saturday last.

"The proceeding caused much feeling in Palmyra, but it was clearly a case in which there was no alternative, and there is no doubt the example will have a restraining and salutary influence upon the guerrillas who still skulk in the woods of that district."

This and the following from the St. Joseph Herald are fair samples of the temper of the rabid press:

"We wish we had a thousand McNeils in the land. If Jeff. Davis wishes to shoot ten Federal officers let him begin the work. Guerrillas are sent into this State to shoot Union

[1]There was no such provision in the order; the only terms named or intimated were that the "said Andrew Allsman is returned unharmed to his family within ten days from date."

men in the back as they pass along the highways attending to their business. General McNeil ordered ten of them to be shot. We wish the number had been greater. It is high time that Missouri was rid of bushwhackers and bushwhacking sympathizers. General McNeil has fearlessly done his duty. Let the Government stand by him, and let Union men everywhere put their feet on men who sympathize with Jeff. Davis in his attempts to prevent the punishment of guerrillas."

Two days after the shooting of the ten prisoners Strachan was relieved of the office of Provost Marshal:

SPECIAL ORDERS NO. 13.
HEADQUARTERS N. E. MISSOURI DISTRICT,
MACON CITY, MO., *Oct. 20, 1862.*

The appointment of a Judge Advocate on the staff of the General commanding makes the appointment of a Provost Marshal General no longer necessary in this District.

Colonel W. R. Strachan is accordingly relieved from duty as Provost Marshal General, and all reports and returns heretofore required to be sent to his office will be sent to these Headquarters, addressed to "Judge Advocate, N. E. District."

In relieving Colonel Strachan from his duties the General takes occasion to thank him publicly for his zeal and the success which has attended the discharge of his duties. His services have been invaluable and cheerfully and efficiently rendered; and his thorough Unionism and sagacious discharge of his duty have done much toward the success which has attended the handling of rebels in this district.

By order of Brigadier General Lewis Merrill.

GEO. M. HOUSTON, *Major and A. A. G.*

Under the heading of "The Missouri Execution," an editorial in the New York Times of December 1, 1862, says:

"We are not surprised to find our foreign exchanges unanimous in their execrations of the act of General McNeil, of Missouri, in shooting ten rebel prisoners in alleged retaliation for the disappearance of one Union man when the rebels took possession of the town of Palmyra. The Times, the Herald, the Post, and other open and avowed advocates of the rebel cause, denounce the act with all the venom which their

hatred of the Union cause naturally engenders. But the censure of the Star and other friendly journals are all the more weighty, because less unmeasured in their language and prompted by a real zeal for the honor of the American name. The Star, while it 'will not admit even a momentary supposition that the Federal Government can lose an instant in washing its hands of the stain of this bloody business,' declares that 'if sanctioned or even tolerated, it will justly call down upon its abettors the reprobation of the civilized world.'

"The Star will be glad to learn that McNeil, the actor in this horrid tragedy, is not an officer of the National Army, nor has he any connection with the Government of the United States. He belongs to the "Home Guard" of the State of Missouri, an organization which exists solely under State authority for local defense against lawless marauders in the rebel service, and is outside the control of the National Government. The whole transaction had no legitimate connection with the war between the United States and the rebel Confederacy. It was an affair between lawless, unorganized and unauthorized parties on both sides. The rebel Porter, who commanded the force suspected of having murdered Allsman, was chief of a guerrilla band and McNeil commanded a body of men very similar in its organization and in the object it was intended to accomplish.

"It suits the purposes of our foreign enemies to represent this transaction as the first instance of such lawless butchery during the war, and to throw the entire odium which justly attaches to so flagrant a disregard of the ordinary dictates of Christian civilization upon the Union cause. But it is perfectly notorious that throughout the rebel States for months past men have been hung without even the formalities of military execution, for no crime whatever, but simply for adhering to the Union cause. In Tennessee, in Arkansas, and in Texas we have authentic report of hundreds of such cases; and scores of refugees are now in Northern States who have been guilty of no other offense; and who have saved their lives only by flying from their own States, and by leaving their wives, their children, their property, and everything dear to them, to such protection as their rebel authorities may give them. None of these atrocities attract the slightest attention or comment from the foreign secession press, and

yet they are precisely the same in character, though with even less show of justification than this solitary instance of a similar outrage on the Union side.

"All these circumstances, weighty as they ought to be against the comments of our foreign enemies, do not affect in the least the essential character of the transaction. There can be no possible justification for such a butchery; and our Government owes it to itself, to the country, and to the sentiment of the civilized world, to mark by some prompt and distinct action its reprobation of it. Whether it has any such jurisdiction over General McNeil or quasi the military organization with which he is connected as will enable it to punish as it deserves this most barbarous and inhuman act, we cannot say, but whatever power it has in the case, direct or indirect, should be promptly exercised, not only to prevent the threatened retaliation of the rebel President, but to remove from the Union cause the damning stigma which such acts are calculated to impress upon it.

"We reprint in another column the report of the execution of the ten rebel prisoners, which is copied by the English press from the Palmyra Courier, together with a portion of the comments of the London Star. What the English supporters of the rebellion have to say of the matter is of little consequence; but the Star's opinion is entitled to weight because it is that of a staunch and energetic friend of the Union cause."

In its issue of Thursday, December 4, 1862, the Times says:

"We find the following paragraph in the Troy Daily Times of Friday last:

"'THE CASE OF GENERAL MCNEIL.

"'We perceive that some of our metropolitan contemporaries are squeamish about General McNeil's action in shooting ten men in Missouri, in retaliation for the supposed murder of a Union guide. They seem to regard it as of a piece with that sort of retaliation which Jeff. Davis proposes. This would, perhaps, be a fair criticism if the persons executed were regular soldiers of the Confederacy. Such was not the case. They were guerrillas—land pirates and outlaws of the

basest sort. They were not fighting in regular modes of warfare, but in entire opposition to them—murdering helpless, unarmed men, ravishing women, burning houses, and plundering everything upon which they could lay their hands. By common usage among nations, their lives were forfeited; General McNeil would have been justified in having them shot, even had the outrage for which they suffered never been perpetrated. Our cause is not likely to suffer from too much severity toward the enemy, but from the contrary weakness.'

"'Severity toward the enemy' is one thing—and the lawless, unregulated killing of individuals of the enemy who fall into our hands is another, is quite another. We are in favor of 'severity' toward the rebels—and we agree with our Troy namesake in the opinion that our cause is likely to suffer, as it has already suffered, from the 'contrary weakness.' But military severity has its laws, and it is of the utmost importance to those who resort to it that these laws should be carefully observed. There are certain practices in warfare which the whole world is agreed in considering as infamous. No matter what the character of the war may be, nor how righteous the cause, no belligerent can kill the wounded, slaughter the enemies who have surrendered, or butcher prisoners, without calling down upon his head the lasting execration of the civilized world.

"It is quite possible that the men shot by General McNeil were precisely what the Troy times describes them—'guerrillas, land pirates and outlaws of the basest sort,' and that as such they deserved death. But it is very certain that it was not for these crimes that they were shot. Neither their character nor their infamous deeds had anything to do with their execution. If Allsman had been produced within the specified ten days, they would have lived—in spite of their crimes; and so far as appears they would have died for his non-appearance, if their characters had been perfectly spotless.

"Their execution, if it had any military character at all, was an act of professed retaliation, and as such we are bound to judge it. Nor should we permit our righteous animosity against the rebels to swerve us from a just and candid judgment. If it was not an act of retaliation, it was simply a killing, without trial, without even an accusation of crime,

of ten unarmed prisoners. And as an act of retaliation we do not believe it can be justified by any recognized rules of war, or by any precedent which friends of the Union cause would not be ashamed to quote. There was no proof, in the first place, that Allsman had been murdered—he had simply disappeared. No communication, however, was had with the rebel general who was responsible for his fate; no demand was made upon him for his return, nor is there the slightest evidence that he ever knew of the menaced retaliation. It is impossible to admit for a moment that retaliation of any sort can be practiced with such an absence of the forms and safeguards requisite to distinguish it from simple murder.

"We beg the Troy Times and other friends of the Government not to fall into the mistake of supposing that it needs such support as General McNeil was giving it when he shot those men, or that it can afford to adopt the practice of the rebels as the law of its own action. It holds, as they do not, a place among the civilized and Christian nations of the earth, and is thus amenable, both in peace and war, to the laws and usages which have their sanction. It is in no such peril as will warrant it in throwing aside all such restraints, or in disregarding, as of no moment, the just censure of the Christian world."

The statement of the London Star, referred to and copied by the New York Times, is:

"The Federal Government, the patriots of the Northern States, and all true friends of the cause for which those States are now in arms, have cause to execrate the name of the Federal soldier, General McNeil. That officer has just committed an act of cold-blooded and monstrous cruelty, scarcely equaled by any of the deeds which even the exaggerations of partizanship has attributed to Tilly, to Claverhouse, or to Haynau. The story of this terrible act of blood will form probably the most painful episode upon which the mind of an American can hereafter dwell when reviewing the incidents of the war. . . . What comment is needed upon a crime like this? Its stupidity is as astounding as its ferocity is terrible. It is as great a blunder as it is a crime. Were General McNeil a greater soldier by far than has appeared on either side since this war began, his services to

any cause would be obliterated by such an act. We will not acknowledge that it inflicts any dishonor on the cause of the North, for we would not admit even a temporary supposition that the Federal Government can lose an instant in washing its hands of the stain of this bloody business. Not the worst enemies of that Government, which, as it has dared great deeds has of course aroused bitter hatreds, could attribute to it even a momentary participation in the guilt of such a butchery. The military authorities of the North will, no doubt, take steps to signify in an exemplary manner their horror and disgust at conduct, which, if sanctioned, or even tolerated, would justly call down upon its abettors the reprobation of the civilized world. It has been the misfortune of many a great cause, long before this war of abolition, to be flung into a momentary shame by the brutality of some follower, who substituted for zeal the frenzied passion of his own savage nature. No human foresight, no strenuousness of authority, exercised by the chiefs prevent such outrages. All that the Federal Government can do is to mark its stern condemnation of such a crime, and to take every step that lies within its power to prevent anything like the scene we have described from being ever exhibited again to the eyes of an astounded civilization.

"Unfortunately, let the Northern Government do its best, the consequences of such crimes cannot be wholly arrested. The Confederates have not thus far conducted their part of the warfare in the most generous or chivalrous spirit. The passion which inflames so many Southern minds is rather that of mere fury than that of determined but honorable antagonism. How will the character of the Southern warfare be affected by the news of General McNeil's hideous exploit? How much of unthinking and remorseless ferocity will it not let loose to palliate on the Confederate side? How many revolting acts of barbarous reprisal may we not have to report on the part of the Southerners before the memory of McNeil's crime can even be subdued? How many an argument, how many an appeal for a new Navarino will not be founded on this isolated and unparalleled deed of one solitary butcher? Will it not be vehemently urged by the enemies of the North that the causes which were made the pretext for intervention in the instance

of the Greek Revolution have been supplied and set in full motion by the example of General McNeil? Of late the American struggle had been remarkable for the lenient and generous arrangement made on both sides to facilitate the free exchange and release of prisoners. Such an event as this we have described may, perhaps, in the passionate hearts of Southern partisans seem some excuse for an Agincourt massacre of their war captives. To degrade or punish the instigator to such excesses will be an easy task. To suppress with his power the calamitous results of his extravagant abuse of it is a task scarcely within the reach of the Federal Government. All that it can do will surely be done, and we doubt not that Northern generals will show in the future an additional magnanimity and mercy in order to clear themselves of any possible suspicion of participation in the acts which fling a temporary odium on the cause they sustain. But the effect which General McNeil's conduct may have in furnishing a pretext for the excesses of Southern passion is, perhaps, destined to imprint his name forever on the most sanguinary page of the history of modern war."

Strachan, relieved of office by its abolishment October 20, had gone to his home in Shelby County, and was in November elected a member of the State legislature. Smarting under the terrible arraignment of the London Star and the New York Times he wrote the latter the following letter. Under the caption of "Vindication of General McNeil" it is printed in War of the Rebellion, Series I, Volume 22, part 1, page 861.

VINDICATION OF GENERAL MCNEIL.

HEADQUARTERS PROVOST-MARSHAL,
PALMYRA, MO., *December 10, 1862.*

To the Editor of the New York Times:

SIR: Noticing in your issue of December 1 an extended extract from foreign papers, accompanied by an editorial upon the execution of ten rebels at this place, which extract and editorial appear based upon an entire misconstruction of the facts of the case, and thereby casting grave censure upon a meritorious officer, I am led (having by position at the time an opportunity of knowing everything connected with the

transaction), out of regard to the truth of history, and to do justice to General McNeil, to address you upon the subject. It is very difficult for men removed thousands of miles from the scene of action—men who are placed in a locality where law and order prevail, where loyalty is universal—to begin even to appreciate slightly the deep malice, the enormous crimes, the treacheries, the assassinations, the perjuries that invariably have characterized those, especially in Missouri, who have taken up arms avowedly to destroy their Government.

Now, Mr. Editor, here in Missouri our Government commenced by extending toward the rebels in our midst every kindness, and a degree of clemency that soon caused it to be much safer, in every part of our State, to be a rebel than to be a Union man. Every neighborhood was covered, whilst the Government was maintaining within the State a large force, at no time less than fifty thousand men, and often largely overrunning those figures. Still treason continued rampant, traitors publicly held forth on the clemency with which they were treated, regarding it as a proof and confession of the weakness of the Government, that she does not hurt anyone. Union men and their families were forced to leave their homes and their all and fly for protection and for life to the loyal States. I have seen hundreds of wagons on their way to Illiniois and other States—families who have lived in independent circumstances forced to live on corn-meal and water and beg their way along. The Union troops, by their kindness, were absolutely offering a premium to treason and to crime. Their presence, under the orders they were forced to act on, became, instead of protection, absolutely a terrible evil. Union men dared not give the troops information; assassination was sure to follow. Things went on from bad to worse. Soon the scoundrels began the innocent pastime of shooting into the passengers-cars, or burning railroad bridges, not as a military necessity, but for the sole purpose of murder. Hundreds of non-combatants were crippled and murdered—wives made insane by the enormous outrages they committed. Some of the men perpetrating these hideous crimes were caught. I participated in the action of the commission appointed to try them. They were proved guilty and sentenced to be shot; the sentence approved by General Halleck,

commanding Department of the Mississippi; that sentence delayed in its execution, and not carried out to this day, some of the miscreants have been turned loose once more. Such clemency proved to be the most horrid cruelty. The unfortunates of our State, who held that loyalty to their Government was a sacred duty and holy duty that they could not cast aside, began to look at one another in surprise and horror. Will our Government never understand our situation? Will it continue to strengthen the cause of the robbers and murderers? What is to become of us? Stout-hearted men, whose families would not permit of leaving, sat down in the midst of their household goods and shed tears of hopeless agony. Midnight parties had come round and absolutely disarmed every man of even half-way loyalty. Their horses and wagons, their only available means of transit, were stolen from them. During this time our troops would take prisoner after prisoner. I, myself, acting as provost-marshal-general of the District of Northeastern Missouri, administered the oath of allegiance to several thousand traitors, and took bonds for observance of the oath to the amount of over $1,000,000; still no stop to the outrages of the rebels. Finally, General Schofield, whom all who know must admit to be a gentleman of remarkable kindness of heart, began to come up to the exigency of the times, and issued General Orders No. 18, an extract of which appears hereinafter. That order, has, I believe, never been countermanded, and is in force to this day.

As a specimen of the situation, let me inform you that an old Baptist preacher, named Wheat, was murdered by a rebel gang within five or six miles of Palmyra, his body mutilated and his person robbed of some $800; that a farmer named Carter, living in an adjoining county, suspected of having given information which led to the arrest of a notorious bridge-burner and railroad destroyer, was shot in his own door-yard and in the presence of his wife and children; that a Mr. Preston, living but a few miles from the same neighborhood, was taken off by a gang of these men, whom you seem desirous of recognizing as honorable belligerents, and murdered, leaving an amiable wife and four very interesting children to cry for vengeance upon the assassins of their father. A Mr. Pratt, living a few miles north of Palmyra, a very intelligent farmer, unfortunately an emigrant from

Massachusetts, and a man of the very highest moral character, but guilty of being an unswerving Union man, was murdered, leaving a widow and six children to mourn his loss. A Mr. Spires, an aged man, over seventy years, one of the oldest citizens of Shelby County, (adjoining the county of which Palmyra is the shire town), was taken from his house and hung, and his body mutilated. Other citizens of that county, and those of the highest standing, were taken out and hung until life was nearly extinct. A man named Spaight was taken out, stripped, and brutally whipped. A large body of these rebels went into the town of Canton, in Lewis County, a town not garrisoned, and murdered William Carnegy, a leading merchant and universally respected, but tainted with the leprosy of loyalty. Porter, at the head of several thousand of these guerrillas, went into Memphis, also not garrisoned, seized a Dr. Aylward, the prominent Union man of that locality, and hung him, with a halter made of hickory bark, until he was dead.

I could give you a long list of crimes, the most horrid committed by these scoundrels, that would make even fiends in hell shudder. Their robberies and devastations you, in New York, cannot ever conceive of: but when I say there were thousands upon thousands of these men: that they had no money; that they subsisted wholly by robbery, you may approximate toward an estimate; and all this in a State that refused to secede from the Union, hundreds of miles inside of the Federal lines. General McNeil with a small force was pursuing them, not like the advance of a force in all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," but at the rate of forty-five miles per day, often camping at 10 p. m., and breaking camp at 2 a. m. Finally, he caught them at Kirksville, and effectually crushed them, the guerrillas losing over seven hundred men, killed and wounded. The next day fifteen men, caught with arms in their hands, murder in their hearts, and the oath of allegiance to the United States Government in their pockets, were tried and shot. In the particular case of Andrew Allsman, he was a man upward of sixty years of age, taken from his family and murdered. Of the ten men executed, one of them was one of the party who murdered Mr. Pratt, above alluded to. The other nine men were all caught with arms, and all of them had been once pardoned

for their former treason by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States, and had deliberately perjured themselves by going out again—the very oath they took expressly stipulating that "death would be the penalty for a violation of this their solemn oath and parole of honor." Now, sir; are such men entitled to the consideration of honorable warfare (as you seem to think in your criticism), or are they not rather to be treated as outlaws and beyond the pale of civilization, and, sir, living as we do in Missouri, in times of red revolution, assassination, rapine, in violation of all laws, both human and divine, acts of justice necessarily assume the garb of severity, and the more severe to the criminal the more merciful to the community. And now, in view of the facts I have alluded to, publishing as you do a loyal paper in a loyal State, a thousand miles removed from the scenes of these outrages, can you unthinking join in the howl raised by the full-fledged and semi-traitors in our midst against such or any other acts that insure the punishment of treasons and traitors?

Had one-half the severity practiced by the rebels on the Union men of Tennessee, Arkansas, and Missouri been meted out in return to them, every trace of treason would ere this have been abolished from our land. Good cause have the rebels to grumble at that which blasts at once every prospect they might have had for ultimate success. What is war? Is it anything but retaliation? Must we allow our enemies, the enemies of liberty and republicanism, to outrage all the laws of war, and not take some steps to show them the propriety of adhering to those laws? Emissaries from the rebellious States have come into our midst, forming several associations, swearing citizens of a State that would not secede from the Union not to respect any oath or obligation made to the Federal Government. Men enjoying the disgrace of a commission from the rebel government have traveled through our land, hundreds of miles inside of the Federal lines, swearing men, singly and in squads, by stealth and in secret, into the Confederate service, with instructions to go home and wait until called on. These men, thus sworn in, continued day by day to pass themselves on us as loyal citizens, while by night they turned out and harassed their Union neighbors.

Suppose officers from the Confederate Army should go through New York recruiting in the same manner, or suppose

Federal officers in disguise should visit Georgia and commence raising bodies of men, ostensibly for Government service, but in reality to create disturbance in the community—to rob, murder, and destroy, what treatment would they receive? Would shooting them or hanging them be considered such a butchery? Was Washington, when he signed the order for the execution of Major Andre, to be considered the original Haynau?

Mr. Editor, if you have been a witness to many scenes that attended General McNeil's visits to the various posts of his district, made but two weeks since, when he traversed the whole country on horseback, attended by but two orderlies, when old men would come out of their farm houses, shake hands with the general, call down blessings upon him, ask him to delay so that their wives could come out and thank him for executing justice, which had enabled them to come back once more to their homes, instead of indulging in editorials so harshly condemnatory of that which you do not understand, I think you would have fancied you had just perceived the principle which must prevail to crush this rebellion, and bring us back to our fast wasting prosperity. We here, in the West, have been forced to realize the horrors of revolution. They have been forced on the loyal men of Missouri against their desires and in spite of the efforts of the Federal Government. In addition, we think we are fighting a battle for the world, for humanity, for civilization, for religion, for the honor of our forefathers, for republics, a battle in which the welfare of the myriads of sons of men who are to come after us in every age and country is at stake.

General McNeil has even in the early part of this terrible war been censured from headquarters for being too lenient toward the rebels. Time and experience proved to him that in order to save bloodshed it was necessary to show some examples of severe punishment, and the result in giving security to persons and property of loyal men in our section has amply justified the steps taken by him. Do you suppose that a rebellion that in this late day has ventured to employ the scalping knife of the savage in its service, that commenced in fraud, that has sustained itself from the commencement by robbery, that has practiced extermination and banishment and confiscation toward citizens that ventured to remain true to

their original allegiance, can be put down without somebody being hurt? Let me ask of you to do justice to a kind and brave officer, who has simply dared to do his duty and in doing so has obtained the thanks and deepest feelings of gratitude from every loyal man in Northern Missouri. Suppose foreign journals dub him the American Haynau. Let the Government, out of regard for the feelings of a grateful people, emulate the example of Austria, who created Haynau a marshal of the Empire, and give to General McNeil a division with permission to go down into Dixie and bid Jefferson Davis come and take him. Take my word for it, thousands upon thousands of the hardy sons of the West will flock to his standard, and treason upon the sunny plains of the South will find at last the scourge of God which it so well merits.

This rebellion and its settlement belong exclusively to the American people. Governments that are based upon political principles opposed to our own cannot have the right of interference that disinterestedness would give. The roarings of the British lion, his criticisms and his opinions, are, therefore, alike immaterial. Nations in their political decisions and efforts are rarely governed by anything but their self-interest, no matter how loud they mouth about their virtues. And such articles as those in the London Times, Star and other English papers come with a bad grace from a Government that justified the lashing of Sepoys to the cannon's mouth and blowing their mangled bodies in fragments through the air—the outrages committed by those Sepoys not being one iota greater than those committed by the rebels in our land, with this difference: That the one was the work of ignorance and a religious fanaticism, performed by an enslaved and half-civilized race, while our rebels and murderers have claimed to be our brothers, are enlightened, enjoy the same rights and privileges that we have enjoyed, and in a day could, as it were, reinstate themselves and our whole country in the possession and enjoyment not only of peace and harmony, but of all the rights, privileges, and independence that freemen can or should enjoy. These terrible "butcheries" (i. e., the just punishing of guerrillas, assassins, and violators of parole) have finally restored safety here. Since the public execution of the ten men at Palmyra not a murder nor a single personal outrage to a Union man has been committed

in Northeastern Missouri, or since the rebels learned what would be the price of a Union man's life, three months ago, for it is that time since official notice was served on them of what would be done if Allsman was not returned to his home, and that the decimal system would be carried out for each loyal non-combatant that should subsequently be murdered by them, so long as guerrillas could be found in the district. "Verily a tree shall be known by its fruits." A wise punishment has once more enabled the dove of peace to hover over our households, unterrified. Guerrillas in this district found their vocation gone. Traitors began at last to recognize that the oath of loyalty meant something. They scattered for security through Illinois, and even there could not cease their career of crime. It was but yesterday that I delivered to the authorities of Pike County, Illinois, three young men raised in this county, and of very respectable (so far as wealth and intelligence goes), but not loyal, families, sworn members of Porter's guerrillas, who had been with him in every action. When a proposition is made to them to murder an aged farmer who had generously extended to them the hospitalities of his house, they never shudder, show no indignation, but coolly proceed to commit a murder that for atrocity and horror cannot be exceeded throughout the annals of crime. You will, in the paper publishing this, see the confession of one of these three specimens of Southern chivalry. If the authorities of Illinois proceed to execute these three murderers, in retaliation for the murder of Mr. Pearson, a ratio of three to one, will it be cause for an indignant editorial against those authorities? Say not, Mr. Editor, that the last case will be one of the civil law, for it occurs in Illinois. In Missouri those scoundrels that you object to having punished had by their conduct destroyed the last vestige of civil law. Martial law was the only protection citizens had, and by that law those men were publicly and lawfully executed. For martial law in Missouri, see General Orders of this department. Read also the following:

GENERAL ORDERS No. 2,
HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
ST. LOUIS, *March 3, 1862.*

III. Evidence has been received at these headquarters that Maj. Gen. Sterling Price has issued commissions or

licenses to certain bandits in this State, authorizing them to raise guerrilla forces for the purpose of plunder and marauding. General Price ought to know that such a course is contrary to the rules of civilized warfare, and that every man who enlists in such an organization forfeits his life, and becomes an outlaw. All persons are hereby warned that if they join any guerrilla band, they will not, if captured, be treated as prisoners of war, but will be hung as robbers and murderers. Their lives shall atone for the barbarity of their general.

By command of Major General Halleck:

N. H. McLean,
Assistant Adjutant General.

Also see General Orders, Nos. 13 and 32, issued by General Halleck, and General Schofield, of which the following is an extract:

The Government is willing and can afford to be magnanimous in its treatment of those who are tired of the rebellion, and desire to become loyal citizens and to aid in the restoration of peace and prosperity of the country; but it will not tolerate these who still persist in their wicked efforts to prevent the restoration of peace, where they have failed to maintain legitimate war. The time is passed when insurrection and rebellion in Missouri can cloak itself under the guise of honorable warfare. The utmost vigilance and energy are enjoined upon all the troops of the State in hunting down and destroying these robbers and assassins. When caught in arms, engaged in this unlawful warfare, they will be shot down upon the spot.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, if you are correct in your denunciations of what you term a "butchery," do not waste your anathemas upon General McNeil alone because he saw proper to teach traitors that the life of an unarmed noncombatant Union man, a loyal citizen of the United States, was a sacred thing—that murderers should not take it with impunity—but bestow some of it upon equally gallant and meritorious officers like General Merrill, who executed ten of those perjured scoundrels at Macon City, and General Schofield, who issued Orders No. 18, or General Halleck,

whose orders touching bridge burners and guerrillas I had supposed until now even the editor of the Times approved of.

WM. R. STRACHAN,
Provost-Marshal, Palmyra.

The Confederates of North Missouri were, as a class, remarkable for their indifference to danger, their fidelity to principle, to which life and property were esteemed only secondary, and their determination to give their all to the support of that principle in the face of apparently insurmountable difficulties, but if half of what Strachan said about them terrifying a majority of the population, protected by fifty thousand, or more, valiant, vigilant Federal soldiers, is true, the Confederates everywhere in that country, every day and hour, did deeds of reckless bravery of which no Mameluke or Janizary, in the zenith of his power and the intensity of his religious fanaticism ever dreamed. The falsification of current political history was the least of Strachan's crimes. His like only comes on the earth at intervals of centuries.

The following memorial, though couched in more moderate language, is no less a studied falsification of history. It was said to have originated at the suggestion of McNeil himself, and it was also said and commonly believed that many of the signers put their names to it very much against their own will. How much truth there is in either statement I do not know. I have made every possible effort to get a list of the signers. For this purpose I wrote the following letter:

HYATTSVILLE, MD., *May 25, 1908.*

THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL,
War Department.

SIR: My letter asking for a copy of the paper transmitted by General John McNeil, approving his execution of ten prisoners at Palmyra, Missouri, October 18, 1862, is returned to me with the endorsement that the paper is printed in Official Records, Series I, Volume 22, part 2, pages 3 to 5. I find that it was directed to President Lincoln, January 1, 1863, and at the end the note: "Numerously signed by citizens of Marion, Lewis and Shelby Counties." I should very much like to have a copy of these signatures, for legiti-

mate historical purposes—having now a work in preparation. If inconvenient for your clerical force to make desired copy, I ask the privilege of making a copy myself. Colonel Kniffen, of the Pension Bureau has allowed a similar privilege on two recent occasions.

Respectfully,
JOSEPH A. MUDD.

This letter was returned with the following endorsement:

Respectfully returned to Mr. Joseph A. Mudd, Hyattsville, Maryland.

Some years ago requests such as that made within for information from the records for historical purposes became so numerous as to seriously interfere with the current work of the Department. On that account and for other reasons as well, the Secretary of War was compelled to adopt a strict rule that all such requests be denied. Under the rules of the Department therefore, the request made within for a copy of the record desired cannot be complied with. Nor can it be permitted to anyone who is not an employee of the Department and subject to its control to have access to the official records.

F. C. AINSWORTH,
The Adjutant General.

I made many efforts by correspondence to learn some of the names written under this memorial, but obtained only one. This was given me by Hon. James T. Lloyd, Member of Congress from the First District if Missouri. This signer died a few days ago. He was the son of one of the most eminent and influential men in North Missouri, a resident of Palmyra, who served two terms in Congress before the war between the States and who was more responsible, perhaps, than any one man for the strong secession sentiment in the State. The son inherited the intellect and the graces of mind and person of the father, but all his attempts to obtain political office ended in mortifying failure. Some years after the war he tried for the endorsement of Marion County for nomination for the office of circuit judge, for which he was eminently fitted. His competitors were a member of my first company in the Confederate army, (the successful aspirant),

and a capable lawyer of Southern sentiment. The signer failed to receive in his own precinct, or anywhere else, enough votes to give him a delegate in the county convention. The only reason was that his name was on the memorial that slandered his own people. I feel sure that his name was put there for reasons of personal safety.

NORTHERN MISSOURI, *January 1, 1863.*

HIS EXCELLENCY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

President of the United States:

Your memorialists, loyal citizens of the United States and of the State of Missouri, respectfully represent that since the outbreak of the present rebellion Northern Missouri, in common with the southern part of the State, has been infested by hordes of lawless depredators, popularly known as guerrillas, though styling themselves as "Confederate soldiers," led by desperate and unprincipled men, having not even the form of official commissions from the authorities of the so-called Confederate States, and whose modes of warfare have been only those resorted to and practiced by highway robbers, thieves, murderers and assassins. Not having from any source a recognition as belligerents, they have, nevertheless, not scrupled to wage relentless war against the Government of the United States and of the State of Missouri, and against the peace, safety, and happiness of the loyal citizens of this State. In thus doing they have causelessly murdered non-combatants by hanging, by shooting, by cutting their throats, and by divers other cruel, inhuman and outrageous methods. They have fired into railroad trains, killing and maiming soldiers and citizens, and placing in imminent peril the lives of women and children. They have burned and destroyed railroad bridges, thereby causing trains filled with non-combatants to be precipitated into streams, killing, drowning, and wounding many persons, including women and children. They have, in the darkness of the night, summoned citizens to the doors of their dwellings and there shot them dead. They have deliberately, and without provocation, fired into dwellings, placing in extreme jeopardy the lives of innocent and helpless persons therein. They have abducted citizens from their dwellings and families and murdered them

secretly and by methods unknown to the community at large. They have practiced inhuman and diabolical cruelties upon persons in their hands by brutally whipping them and hanging them until nearly dead. And all this has been done for no other reason than that the parties thus murdered and outraged were, and had been, true and faithful in their allegiance to the United States. More than this, they have robbed the loyal citizens of Northern Missouri of hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property, taking in numerous instances the only horse from a needy and dependent family. They have stripped thousands of families of clothing, money, grain, cattle, wagons, arms, and ammunition, and, in short, of everything which their cupidity could lead them to covet or their wants to desire. Nor have these operations been confined to a few or remote localities. Every county, every community, has thus been scourged, until scarcely a loyal family has remained untouched. Thus these desperadoes desolated the whole land, establishing a reign of terror. Under this scourge many loyal citizens have fled from the State to preserve their lives: many have been forced to abandon their families and take refuge in the Federal army, and for weeks and months thousands have been nightly driven to the woods and fields to find shelter from the fury of these prowling fiends.

Your excellency will not, however, understand that all this time the United States and State Governments have been inactive in their efforts to crush out rebellion in this section of the State. Many thousand troops have occupied and held the various important points in Northern Missouri, and at no time have these guerrillas been able to withstand, in open conflict, by any combination of their forces, the regularly organized troops of the Government. But the character of their warfare and their intimacy with the topography of the country have been such that eighteen months' experience has demonstrated that organized troops, in however large bodies, simply holding isolated points, with ample power to control any given point, but governed only by the rules and methods of ordinary and regular warfare, could not check the outrages referred to, nor assure peace and safety to the loyal people. Experience long since convinced the military authorities of this department that something more was necessary than the

mere occupancy of the country by Federal troops and the dispersion of aggregated bands of marauders. Hence the orders of General Halleck and Schofield, the point of which was that all guerrillas taken in arms should be shot. Had these orders in every instance been strictly carried out, it cannot be doubted that the effect would have been most happy. But too many such persons fell into the hands of our military authorities, who lacked the nerve to administer the required penalty. The result was thousands of these desperadoes were released on parole and bond: the country was again overrun by them, and their riterated acts of brigandism were none the less violent or atrocious that they involved the additional crime of perjury. Oaths and bonds imposed no restraint upon such persons, whose demoniac passions now burned with a new and doubly-heated flame.

It was in these dark days, when this whole section was in terror and dismay at the unchecked and apparently uncontrollable outrages of these men, that Brig. Gen. John McNeil, Missouri State Militia, commanding the Division of Northeastern Missouri, caused ten of these persons, all of whom had been, and at the time of their capture were, participants in the outrages of the general nature recited, to be publicly executed at Palmyra, in this State. The immediate occasion for this execution was the abduction and undoubted murder by these men, or their associates in crime, of one Andrew Allsman, a loyal citizen of Palmyra, a non-combatant, a man respectable in character and advanced in years. It was not, however, simply to avenge his death that ten criminals were executed. It was, additionally, to vindicate the power and authority of the law and of the Government: to strike terror into the hearts of those whom no sentiments of right, honor, or justice could reach. It was to give safety and peace to this distracted country, and to assure the now almost incredulous people that the Government was not utterly powerless for their protection. It was a stroke absolutely essential to teach traitors that they could not, and should not, with impunity, outrage the rights and sacrifice the happiness and safety of whole communities. The act has achieved its desired purpose. The law and the supremacy of our Government are vindicated. Citizens return in peace and safety to their homes. They are no longer assassinated at pleasure by lawless ruffians. They feel that in truth they have a Gov-

ernment, and that that Government is, indeed, able and willing to cover them with its protecting shield.

Your memorialists have observed with many apprehensions the demand made by Jefferson Davis, President of the so-called Confederate States, for the delivery of General McNeil to the Confederate authorities. We therefore adopt this method and take this occasion of laying before you a representation of the condition and experience of Missouri during the progress of this rebellion, believing this only necessary to convince Your Excellency that the act of General McNeil in the premises was not only in accordance with the spirit of the General Orders then and now in force in this department, but that it was the only measure which could restore peace and assure safety to the loyal citizens of Northern Missouri. In view of all the facts, therefore, your memorialists most heartily approve of the act of General McNeil as specified, and do hereby earnestly entreat the Government of the United States not to surrender that officer to those demanding him, but to approve and sustain his act in the premises, believing that in so doing he not only had in view and subserved the high and sacred interests of our whole country, but also showed himself to be a good soldier and a true and humane patriot.

Expressing the highest confidence in your administration, and the sincerest wish that the blessings of Heaven may attend your efforts to restore our country to a condition of perfect unity, peace and prosperity, and assuring you that all our influence is given you in your endeavors to achieve such a glorious consummation, we remain, your loyal fellow-citizens.

(Numerously Signed by citizens of Clarke, Lewis and Shelby Counties.)

T

AFFAIR AT PORTLAND, MO.

Report of Surg. John E. Bruere, First Battalion Missouri Cavalry (Militia).

FULTON, MO., *October 17, 1862.*

SIR: Although I suppose you have already received information in regard to the crossing of Porter's rebel gang at

Portland by the officers on board the steamboat Emilie, I think it my duty to notify you myself of it directly, as I had been trusted with the command of that portion of our battalion (one hundred and twenty men), which succeeded at least in preventing him from making his second trip across.

We had started here at 5 o'clock yesterday morning in search of a camp on the Auxvasse, but after four hours' diligent traveling and brushing, I was convinced that no gang of any size was on this creek any more, but that they had all gone in the direction of Portland. Their tracks became so thick on every road and by-road that I had no doubt in my mind that they had passed in the direction of Portland in very large numbers. I therefore followed them as fast as possible, examining as I went along every brush very carefully. People living along the road had all seen them or heard of them going down constantly for the last eighteen hours, and the closer we got to Portland the larger would they estimate their number. About seven miles this side of Portland, near Jackson's Mill, on the Fulton and Portland road, we first met their pickets, watching the road. They had seen us before we saw them, but we shot one of them from his horse, while the balance went at full speed in several directions, one part of them going toward Portland, others fleeing to the left. I divided my men, following both parties. Those on the left were chased by me for at least two miles, when I lost them in the thicket. Those going toward the river were pursued by seventy-five of our men, but got to town far ahead of us. The officer in command did not know if I was still willing to follow them up, and awaited my arrival one mile this side of the town. I only caught up with them after the lapse of half an hour and pushed right off. A loyal farmer, living near, had seen them all pass by, and warned me not to go on, as I had too small a force to accomplish anything, they being, as he said, four hundred to four hundred and fifty strong. I hurried on, however, but unfortunately arrived just soon enough to see the boat on the other side. In town I met thirty-five or forty whom I attacked and drove up the river, killing four of them; the rest escaped.

Later reports by my men increase the dead to seven. I only saw three myself; the rest were reported to me. I could not follow them up very far, and would not do it, because I wanted to make sure of the boat. After she got through

unloading, which was about half an hour after our arrival, I saw her go down the channel. I went after her right off, because she had been on her way up the river, and I therefore distrusted her and hoped to stop her in the bend below. Just as I reached the lower edge of the town I met ten bushwhackers coming leisurely toward me, and one of them told me they wanted to give themselves up. I was intending to take them, when all at once they turned toward the brush, only one of them falling in our hands. I pursued them, but very soon lost their tracks in the brush, as I could not trace them, on account of the abundance of foot-prints in every direction.

On reaching the river I saw the boat on the opposite side again just trying to come toward town. I therefore returned to town, waiting for her to come up. Captain Labarge addressed me, asking me not to shoot, as there were no armed men aboard. On examining into the case I found that he had been forced to stop by a squad of rebels lying in ambush behind a wool-pile, he having landed to set two passengers out. They made him unload his deck freight and put one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy-five horses on, and then he had to go across with an equal number of men. From the testimony given by the passengers, among whom is the adjutant of the Eighteenth Wisconsin Volunteers, I had no reason to suppose that the captain had a previous understanding with Porter, but only blame him for crossing these last ten back again, as he had force enough in deck hands on his boat to resist them even with their arms. After he had come to this side he could have come to us, for he must have known that we were Federals and would protect him if he was innocent. From what I heard those on the boat say, these ten whom we met were sent across to reconnoiter and try to find their own men, so as to bring them down to the boat in order to cross below. They even mistook us for friends, and did not see their mistake until they had come within gun-shot range; but just where we saw them the road makes a turn around a house, whereby they were protected from our guns and made good their escape. If the captain did not know of Porter's intentions before he certainly cannot have had very great objections to helping them over. I therefore ordered him to report to you forthwith on his arrival at Jefferson City, and charged said adjutant also

to give you a minute statement of the occurrence. I did not make any arrests on the boat, because I thought you would do so if you thought proper, and the boat herself is bond enough that he will obey my orders, which I suppose he has already done by this time.

Porter himself has probably not crossed yet. The force he had left on this side at Portland scattered for the time being, but has since probably collected again, for the Mexico mail-carrier reports a force of about two hundred going northward, whom he met near Concord. We did not get through about Portland until near dark, and could therefore do nothing more. I had strict orders to be back the same evening, and therefore marched back here, which made nearly fifty-five miles traveled during the day, without taking time to feed. I had to give the horses rest today, and as the colonel is sick, and being unable to ride for a day or two on account of a fall from my horse. I cannot tell how soon we will be able to go after them again.

I judge that Porter had about three hundred or three hundred and fifty men in Portland ready to cross. One hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy-five did cross; the rest are on this side yet. Those who went over, I am told, intended to tear up the railroad track and cut the telegraph wires, so as to keep you from getting on them quick.

Hoping that you will be able yet to follow those who have crossed, I remain, respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN E. BRUERE,
Surgeon, First Battalion of Cavalry, Missouri State Militia.
GENERAL LOAN,
Commanding, Jefferson City, Mo.

U

SKIRMISH AT CALIFORNIA HOUSE, MO.

Report of Col. Albert Sigel, Thirteenth Missouri Cavalry (Militia).

WAYNESVILLE, MO., *Oct. 18, 1862.*

COLONEL: In compliance with your dispatch, received last evening, that two hundred rebels had crossed the Missouri at Portland the night before and tried to make their way south, I thought it best to let them come near our post, so as to be able to intercept them whenever they tried to cross our

line. I therefore ordered Captain Murphy, after midnight, with portions of four companies, numbering seventy-five men, toward the Gasconade, while I had another force of about one hundred men ready to throw on them whenever I could get information where they intended to cross.

At about 10 o'clock this morning I received a report that Captain Murphy had not only found their trace, but was in hot pursuit of them. It was also reported that they had turned southwest, and it was now certain to me that they would cross our line seven miles west from here, near the California House. I immediately started there with the force already mentioned, and we were scarcely ten minutes near the California House when they drove in our advance guard, under Lieutenant Muller, of Company A, who fell back and brought them into the line of Lieutenant Brown, of Company F, whose men were dismounted. We now pitched into them from all sides and in a few minutes they ran for their lives. Captain Murphy was also nearly up at that time, and drove a portion of them before him, scattering them in all directions.

The estimate of the rebels killed is twenty, among them Lieutenant Tipton, and as many are wounded. We captured a secesh flag, two roll-books, some horses, and some shot-guns and Austrian rifles; made three prisoners, and liberated two Union men, whom they had prisoners. We had only one man slightly wounded. I ordered the secesh population of the neighborhood to bury the dead and to care for the wounded rebels.

The rebels were well armed and equipped, two hundred and fifty to three hundred strong. They were commanded by Captain Ely, Captain Brooks, and two captains, both with the name of Creggs, and were a part of Colonel Porter's command, who did not cross the Missouri with them, but promised to follow them with a larger force.

All our officers and men behaved well. Captain Smith (Company H) has not yet, at 8:30 p. m., come back from pursuing the rebels.

I remain, colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ALBERT SIGEL,

Colonel, Comdg. Thirteenth Regiment Cavalry, Mo. S. M.

COLONEL GLOVER,

Commanding District, Rolla, Mo.

V

THE BURNING OF HOUSES

General Merrill was not a very tender-hearted man, yet he felt constrained to issue the following "Circular letter to all Commanding Officers:

"HEADQUARTERS NORTHEAST MISSOURI DISTRICT.
"MACON CITY, MO., *September 27, 1862.*

"GENTLEMEN: The general has learned with surprise and regret of many instances in which houses have been burned and other property wantonly destroyed by the troops in this division. This is not only entirely unauthorized, but has been over and over again positively prohibited. In at least several of the cases reported the grossest injustice was committed upon innocent persons, and several poor families have been left houseless and dependent, when a very slight investigation would have shown that there was no possible ground for doing the burning. The laws of war, as well as common humanity, forbid the devastation of a country except in extreme cases; and the necessity for an act for which the commanding general is held responsible cannot be left to the discretion of any subordinate who may think such a measure necessary.

"In some few instances in which this has been done it was not only necessary but right that it should have been done, but the practice is becoming common to burn and destroy without limitation or common discretion, and it must be promptly stopped.

"If it is necessary that a house which is the resort and protection of guerrilla bands should be destroyed, a report of the facts will be made to these headquarters, and if the necessity really exists it may be done by proper authority, and the troops not disgraced by the excesses which on several occasions have marked such conduct.

"Your attention is again and for the last time called to the unauthorized taking of private property by officers and soldiers of this command. In many cases private houses have been entered by soldiers not acting under authority of an officer and articles taken for which there was no shadow of authority. Besides the gross outrage thus committed, the

effect upon the troops has been the worst possible. It demoralizes them and entirely destroys discipline. Such conduct is the direct result of officers permitting a violation of the order against straggling and entering private houses.

"This order must be strictly enforced. No officer or soldier can be allowed on the march to leave his ranks or colors without the direct permission of the commanding officer of the column, and then only on the most urgent necessity. In camp the men and officers must remain in their camp, except expressly permitted by the commanding officer to leave it. Under no circumstances will a soldier be permitted to enter a private house except upon duty and by order of the officer or non-commissioned officer in charge of the party, who will be held to a strict responsibility for any impropriety committed.

"I am, gentlemen, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"GEO. M. HOUSTON,

"Major and Assistant Adjutant-General."

W

A LOOK BACK

Joseph A. Mudd, of Hyattsville, Md., wrote a letter to the Sun on February 24, which appeared in that paper on March 17, and which is not devoid of interest to artists or to politicians. It is about the late George C. Bingham, a painter, a soldier, and a statesman, and at one time a celebrity. Mr. Mudd correctly says that Bingham was born in Virginia on March 20, 1811, went to Missouri in 1819, began the study of art without special intention and attained a distinction for products of his brush which was not confined to his own country. Of some of his paintings the engraved reproduction had wider circulation than in like form was given to those of any of his contemporaries. Among them were, "The Jolly Flatboatman," "Stump Speaking," "Country Election," "News of the War," from Mexico, "Results of the Election," etc. As an artist he was received with honor in London, Paris and Berlin, but not thinking that his preparation was

ever complete he devoted some years to study of the best methods of Dusseldorf.

The letter of Mr. Mudd further narrates that Mr. Bingham, in the war between the States, took the side of the North. He entered the Union army at the beginning of the struggle and did good service till he was appointed treasurer of Missouri by Governor Gamble, whose administration, as well as the interests and claims of national authority, he ably assisted. It is at this point in Mr. Mudd's letter that an interesting statement occurs. It is to the effect that General Bingham painted perhaps his most famous picture, entitled, "Order No. 11," during the war. That was the number of an order issued August 25, 1863, by the late General Thomas Ewing. The intention was by it to clear a series of counties in Missouri, bordering on Kansas, of all inhabitants whatever, not concentrating them, as the military habit now is, elsewhere, but compelling all the inhabitants to seek habitation where they pleased, or as they might, outside of the proclaimed counties. Those counties were the scene of guerrilla hostilities, and worse, both by Federal and Confederate ruffians, and Ewing's plan comprehended their absolute depopulation, with the destruction and desolation which that involved. While the order was in process of execution it was countermanded from Washington, but during the process of its execution the misery it inflicted so outraged the soul of Artist Bingham that he painted a large picture descriptive of it, which Missouri subsequently purchased for the State capitol, where it is now, we believe, suspended, engravings of it being bought in great numbers, alike by art lovers and war partisans throughout the country. General Bingham was subsequently adjutant-general of Missouri and died at an advanced age in Kansas City a few years ago.

Mr. Mudd, for want of knowledge, was unable to complete the political history, so to speak, of the picture known as "Order No. 11." The culmination of it was reached in the Democratic national convention, which began its session in Tammany Hall on July 4, 1868. The military order, which the picture pilloried to an immortality of reproach, was as drastic and absolute in its wording as the picture itself was in its terrific realism. At that convention Thomas Ewing, who had become a Democrat, and whose residence was Ohio, was

slated for nomination for Vice President, and had secured enough delegates to command the nomination. But when on Horatio Seymour was precipitated an unwilling nomination for the first place, the convention adjourned from noon until 3 p. m. to bring pressure on him to make him recall his refusal to accept the nomination.

In that interim Montgomery Blair, who wanted the nomination for his brother, Frank P. Blair, Jr., on the instigation of a New York newspaper man, who was born in Missouri, got a job printer. in Ann Street. to strike off a large number of copies of "Order No. 11," signed "Thomas Ewing," and had them distributed by boys to the delegates to the convention on its reassembling in Tammany Hall. The result was the immediate destruction of Ewing's chances for the second place, and General Frank P. Blair, Jr., was made the nominee of the convention for Vice President. More sudden and more effective work of demolition before or since in politics can hardly be found.

General Bingham was well known by representative Brooklynites through visits which he made here to his brother-in-law, the late Dr. Joseph C. Hutchinson. He was a man of reserve, integrity, courtesy and scholarship, as well as of esthetic culture and genius, a statesman and a soldier, as well as an artist, an earnest patriot and lover of the Union as well as a man of devotion to the welfare of Missouri, a man of sympathy with humanity, who held the abuses of arbitrary power in mental abhorrence. The engravings of his earlier pictures had a world-wide diffusion and his hold on the affection and admiration of Missouri is still almost as great as that of Thomas H. Benton or James S. Rollins, both of whom were his admirers and friends.—Brooklyn Eagle, March 19, 1901, edited by St. Clair McKelway, a native of Columbia, Missouri.

X

THE IMMORTAL SIX HUNDRED

General Foster confined six hundred Confederate officers for several months in Charleston Harbor under Confederate fire. He was ordered to do it by higher authority, and it

may be that the doling out of starvation rations, of such quality that only a starving man would eat, was done by order given him, but he mercilessly, and with infinite gusto carried out the program. Major McDowell Carrington, of my camp, was one of the six hundred. The Missourians were Captains Peter Ake, Ironton; M. J. Bradford, Rolla; J. G. Kelly, St. Louis; S. Love, Independence; Lieutenants A. M. Bedford, Savannah; Peter J. Benson, Cassville; William Halliburton, Salem, and George C. Brand, Boonville.

For a history of this affair and the names of the officers so confined see "The Immortal Six Hundred," by Major J. Ogden Murray.

General W. C. Oates, in his book, "The War Between the Union and the Confederacy," page 398, makes a peculiar reference to General Foster in connection with the Confederate General, D. H. Hill.

Y

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

Many of the portraits illustrating this volume are reproduced from photographs or tintypes taken from forty-five to fifty-five years ago. The tintype of Captain Penny was made in 1854; that of Mrs. Cox and her daughter, Virginia, in 1861. The group of five of the six survivors of Captain Penny's company has the date when each photograph was made. Mine was done in Richmond by Vannerson, at that time considered the best artist in the Confederate Capital. I paid sixty dollars for three copies, card size, and, like all vain youths, kept the poorest. The sixth survivor, Thomas Martin Robey, with whom I could not get into communication, was recently living at Senath, Dunklin County, Missouri. The group of four, Minor, Lovelace, Johnson and Wrenn, is from a picture made in 1863. Sam Minor is still living. James Lovelace died several years ago. Nicholas Johnson was a member of Captain Penn's company when it captured a steamboat at Clarksville on the Mississippi River; he was shortly afterwards captured, taken to Ashley and shot. Charles Wrenn was killed in the battle of Corinth, Mississippi. Johnson and Wrenn were from Lincoln County, in the

neighborhood of Louisville. The portraits of Colonel McCullough and Captain Porter are from poor photographs, made in the woods in the early part of 1862. Colonel McCullough's is a poor likeness; Captain Porter's a fair likeness. Miss Lucy Young's portrait is from a photograph taken in 1873, eleven years after she and Miss Sue Johnson ran into the hail of bullets to cheer us at Florida; that of Mrs. White is from a recent photograph, and it closely resembles her father, Colonel Porter, as I remember him. Davis. Whiteside's picture is from a negative taken a few years before the war.

The group of five officers of Merrill Horse is from photographs taken from 1861 to 1863. Colonel Merrill was graduated at West Point in 1855, standing number twenty in his class. He was commissioned colonel of the Second Missouri Cavalry Regiment August 23, 1861; promoted to brigadier general in the Missouri enrolled militia, but after a few months rejoined his regiment. He was made brigadier of United States Volunteers March 13, 1865; major in the regular army November 27, 1868; lieutenant-colonel January 9, 1886; brevet brigadier-general February 27, 1890. He was born at New Berlin, Pennsylvania, October 24, 1834; died at Philadelphia February 27, 1896. In the early part of 1863 Lieutenant-Colonel Shaffer had a difficulty with Colonel Merrill and challenged him. No duel was fought; Shaffer resigned and Clopper was promoted. Major Hunt then resigned and went home to Cincinnati. The next year there was a difficulty between Merrill and Clopper and the latter resigned; thereupon Hunt rejoined the regiment as lieutenant-colonel. Merrill and Hunt were very competent officers. Lieutenant George H. Rowell was promoted to the captaincy October 15, 1863. His record in the army was a very creditable one. Lieutenant Gregory, an excellent man and a good officer, was so severely wounded in our first battle with his battalion that his physical efficiency has ever since been impaired.

The portraits of Colonel Guitar and Major Caldwell are from steel engravings. Odon Guitar was a good soldier and a very estimable man. He was born in Richmond, Kentucky, in 1825, and came with his father to Columbia, Missouri, in 1829. He was a private in Doniphan's famous regiment during the war with Mexico. He recruited the Ninth Mis-

souri Cavalry and became its colonel. For his service in the field in the summer of 1862 he was commissioned, June 27, 1863, brigadier-general by Governor Gamble. He believed in honorable warfare. He was a Whig before the war, but as a protest against the inhuman manner in which the war was generally waged in Missouri, he became the Democratic nominee for Congress in 1864, resigning his commission August 31, of that year. Few being then allowed to vote, he was defeated by Colonel George W. Anderson, of Pike County. After the war he married the youngest daughter of Abiel Leonard, of Howard County, one of the most eminent lawyers in the history of Missouri. General Guitar died in 1907.

Major Henry Clay Caldwell was born in Marshall County, Virginia—now West Virginia—December 4, 1832, and was brought to Iowa by his father in 1836. He represented Van Buren County in the legislature of Iowa in 1860. He took a prominent position and had for his principal opponent on the floor Thomas W. Clagett, one of the brightest men in the State in that day, a native of the county in which I now reside, and whose grandson is my near neighbor. Major Caldwell entered the Third Iowa Cavalry in 1861. He was soon promoted to be major and later to lieutenant-colonel. For efficient service he was about to be made brigadier-general, but was appointed June 20, 1864, judge of the United States District Court of Arkansas. In 1890 he was appointed United States judge for the Eighth Circuit. He resigned in 1903 and now lives at Los Angeles, California. There have been great judges and good judges. Judge Caldwell was both. There have been many greater men than he on the bench, but there never was a better one. "Do right" was his rule of conduct and from it he never deviated.

Z

ADDITIONAL NAMES

Comrade John Martindale, Clyde, Nodaway County, sends names of all his company that he can remember. Captain Bill Dunn, First Lieutenant Jack Baxter, Second Lieutenants

Nels Maupin and Kiah Smallwood, Third Lieutenant Thomas Green, Privates Ike Smoot, George Smoot, Bill Standifer, Henry Martin, J. W. Seamster, Steve Seamster, Frank Peak, Murphy Peak, George Foglesang, Joe Downing, H. Jarvis, Mike McCullough, Joe McCullough, Kemp George, H. Lile, Frank Hays, Bud Carson, Jim Pirtle, Ellis Pickering, Mark Phillips, Frank Neely, Zack Baxter, Jim Crawford, Bill Crawford, H. Marlow, Bob Bowen, Joe Moore, Jim Cox, Ed. Cox, Sevier Tadlock, H. Tadlock, Erve Varner, John Martindale, Wm. Martindale, Luke Piper, Joe Webster, Billy Johnson, Bill Protsman, Bob Dingle, Tom Cleton, Bill Witten, Curt Cleton, L. Sallee, Wm. Meek, Tom Hulen, E. Lake, Jay Hobbs, Ed. Jones, Owen Williams, Jack Roberts, Bill Fawsett, Dick Harris, Wm. Dawkins, Bill Matthews, Billy Reed, Bill Gibson, Hi Colvin.

Comrade A. J. Austin, Goss, Monroe County, sends names of Porter's men: Isaac Greening and Joseph Smith, Florida; Joseph Adams and Reuben Tillett, Paris; Robert Bush, Santa Fe; James Adams, Holliday, Thomas Tewell, Clapper, all of Monroe County; Henry Priest, New London, Ralls County; Jack Higgins, Barry, Illinois; T. B. Shearman, Fresno, California; James Tillett, John Tillett and Thomas Woodson, addresses unknown, and the following, deceased: Captain Worden Wills, First Lieutenant David Davenport, Second Lieutenant R. H. M. Austin; Privates R. D. W. Austin, killed at Newark; William Adams, William Ashby, Thomas Burnett, William Burnett, John Bush, Hart Carroll, Robert Freeman, William Freeman, Cliff Gosney, Nace Gosney, James Greening, Alexander Smith, Henry Smith and David Steele.

Joseph Lee Bomar, Vinita, Oklahoma, says his father, of near Moore's Mill, served under Porter.

James B. McIntosh, of Stephenville, Texas, formerly of Lincoln County, Missouri, who entered the six months' State service and re-enlisted in the Confederate army, but was discharged on account of health, says his cousin John H. McIntosh, of Lincoln County, served under Porter and was in all the battles in North Missouri, acting frequently as a confidential scout. He died near Dallas, Texas, several years ago.

The History of Shelby County, in addition to the names

of Porter's men mentioned in extracts credited to it, gives as from that county George W. Boyce, Lentner; Captain Robert T. Sparks, his brother, Samuel A. Sparks, and William T. Dobyns, of Shelbina; Captain Marion H. Marmaduke, of Shelbyville, who fired the first gun at Kirksville; John B. Settle, of Shelbina, who "reared on the farmed, remained at home until the second year of the war, when he joined Colonel Porter's regiment in the Southern service. He was a cripple when he went into the service and had been for a long time before, having a white swelling on his knee as large as a half-gallon measure, which had been pronounced by the physicians as incurable. Remarkable to say, however, the hardships and exposures to which he was subjected in the service, for everybody knows Porter's men were in the saddle almost day and night, instead of aggravating his malady, seemed to remove it, for he became sound and well in a short time and has never been troubled with it since." After Kirksville he served under the Kentucky generals Morgan and Williams until the close of the war. "He was at Columbia, South Carolina, when Sherman took possession of that place and was a personal witness to the burning of General Wade Hampton's residence by Sherman's soldiers."

Mrs. H. T. Anderson, Vinita, Oklahoma, says her brother, Henry McDale, who died May, 1906, at Colony, Knox County, Missouri, served under Porter and managed Moore's Mill for supplies while in our possession.

Mrs. James A. McAtee, Hunnewell, Shelby County, whose husband is a younger brother of one of the survivors of Captain Penny's company, says her two brothers, Raymond and Thomas Shearer, of Monroe County, were with Porter and that Raymond was killed at Newark.

Comrade W. B. Callis says that W. S. Overfelt, of Duncan's Bridge; G. P. Grimes, I. N. Turner, Sr., J. R. Curry and himself, of Madison, all of Monroe County, served under Porter.

Comrade B. O. Wood writes that J. R. Carrico, D. M. Ely, J. Nelson Harris, Joseph Hayes, R. F. Parsons, Thomas J. Yates, and himself, of Monroe City; S. J. Armstrong, of Paris; Thomas B. Broughton, Jennings, Louisiana; Marion Lewallen, West Plains, Howell County; A. G. Lyle, Warren, Marion County; John Lyon, Stoutsville, Monroe County;

James E. McLoud, Hannibal; H. S. Pike, Anabel, Macon County; F. B. Shearman, Fresno, California, and Charles S. Wood, Shelbyville, served under Porter; that they all loved Colonel Joe, and that he has a very distinct recollection of his looks and general appearance to this day.

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The survivors of Porter's men here named have given me valuable information used in the preparation of this narrative: Hugh Thomas Anderson, Vinita, Oklahoma; A. J. Austin, Goss, Monroe County; Jerry Baker, Fresno, California; J. R. Baker, Clarence, Shelby County, George Madison Botkins, Madison, Monroe County; William M. Cadwell, Shelbyville; Charles A. Crump, Santa Fe, Monroe County; J. D. Dowell, Paris, Monroe County; W. S. Dowell, Moline, Audrain County; W. A. Evermann, Greenville, Mississippi; J. R. Ford, Butler, Bates County; Albert O. Gerry, Lakenan, Shelby County; H. M. Goss, Florida, Monroe County; Ben Green, Santa Fe, Monroe County; Isaac Greening, Florida, Monroe County; W. S. Griffith, Butler, Bates County; Joseph N. Haley, Jakin, Georgia; C. H. Hance, Los Angeles, California; W. C. Harrison, Fulton, Callaway County, S. J. Helm, Guthrie, Callaway County; Perry Jackson, Clarence, Shelby County; S. F. Jett, Edgewood, Pike County, Andrew Lichliter, Cherry Box, Shelby County; W. H. McAllister, Nelson, Saline County; Frank X. McAtee, Portland, Oregon; Dr. W. W. Macfarlane, Mexico, Audrain County; Ezekiel Bryan McGee, Paris, Monroe County; James B. McIntosh, Stephenville, Texas; John Martindale, Clyde, Nodaway County; J. H. Maupin, Maud, Shelby County; Samuel O. Minor, Eolia, Pike County; E. P. Noel, Clarence, Shelby County; R. F. Parsons, Monroe City; T. J. Pettitt, Perry, Ralls County; Captain R. K. Phillips, Perry, Ralls County; A. W. Rogers, Urich, Henry County; Benjamin See, Kirksville, Adair County; J. Sexton, Ames, Iowa; S. L. Sisson, Frankford, Pike County; S. C. Smoot, Bethel, Shelby

County; James R. South, High Hill, Montgomery County; E. L. Stone, Kirksville, Adair County; J. B. Threlheld, Shelbina, Shelby County; C. C. Turner, presiding justice, Boone County Court; J. F. Wallace, Oakland, California; J. R. Wine, Townsend, Montana; J. W. Young, Stoutsville, Monroe County.

Comrade Sexton, who was the first to answer my notice in the Confederate Veteran, joined Porter the day after Moore's Mill battle as a member of Captain Ely's company, and he says Enoch Dennis was first lieutenant; was at Newark, Kirksville, Chariton River and several skirmishes and afterwards as a member of company H, Fifth Missouri, was at Champion Hill, Big Black and Vicksburg.

Comrade Goss sends picture of house where Mark Twain was born, in the village of Florida, and notes direction and distance from our position in the engagement.

Comrade Perry Jackson says he is as strong a rebel as ever. Well, every Missouri Confederate has kept the faith, especially those who, as Comrade Joseph A. Edmonds, of Lexington, puts it, "followed grand old Joe Porter." Comrade Edmonds did efficient work as organizer and drillmaster.

Comrade Pettitt joined a few days after the Moore's Mill battle, crossed the Missouri River with Colonel Porter and after his death served in Colonel Caleb Dorsey's regiment.

Comrade Smoot attended Colonel Porter when dying of his wounds. His father taught school nine miles north of Palmyra, where Colonel Porter and Captain Porter were pupils.

Of those who fought us, Captain George H. Rowell and Lieutenant Jasper L. Gregory, Battle Creek, Michigan; Captain James E. Mason, Athens, Michigan; Sergeant William Bouton, St. Louis; D. G. Harrington, Bennett, Colorado, and J. R. Baker, of Merrill Horse; Captain B. F. Crail, Fairfield, Iowa, of Third Iowa Cavalry, gave valuable information, some of them writing repeatedly and endeavoring with great care to straighten out the kinks in our recollections, and many others of Merrill Horse, each giving a corroboration of some incident and regretting that his memory could go no further.

I am particularly indebted to the Confederate soldiers of other commands and non-combatants here named: Mrs.

Mary Love Porter Myers, Newark, sister of Colonel Porter; Mrs. O. M. White, Palmyra, Colonel Porter's daughter; Mrs. James W. Porter, DeWitt, Arkansas, widow of Major Porter; Mrs. A. B. Glasscock, Vandalia, niece of Colonel Porter; Mrs. J. W. Moore, LaBelle, sister of Lieutenant-Colonel Frisby H. McCullough; Mrs. Martha W. Summers, Stronghurst, Illinois, and Mrs. Mary Wright, Eolia, Missouri, sisters of Captain Penny; Colonel Celsus Price, St. Louis, lately deceased; Colonel Elijah Gates, St. Joseph; Captain Joseph Boyce, St. Louis; Captain Abner C. Grimes, St. Louis; Governor Robert A. Campbell, Bowling Green; Hon. James T. Lloyd, Shelbyville; Hon. Edward McCabe, Palmyra; Mrs. Zack. T. Work, Livingston, Montana, and her sister, Miss Virginia B. Cox, St. Louis; Miss Lizzie Young, Florida; Miss Vene A. Riddle, Huntington; Mrs. Annie Gibbs Edwards, Dameron; Mrs. Arthur W. Clayton, Foley; Miss Louisa H. A. Minor, Eolia; Miss Sallie Kneisley, Columbia; Miss Minnie Organ, assistant librarian State Historical Society, Columbia; Mrs. Rose Thiehoff, Hunnewell; Mrs. T. J. Oliver, El Monte, California; Mr. Clarence A. Cannon, Troy; Mr. L. P. Roberts, editor Democrat, Memphis; Mr. A. P. Patterson, Memphis; Mr. R. L. Bower, St. Louis; Mr. R. M. Wallace, Dolgeville, California; Mr. W. T. Phillips, Memphis, Tennessee; Mr. P. H. Smith, Auxvasse; Rev. Robert S. Duncan, Montgomery City, lately deceased; Mr. L. Dorsey Mudd, Montgomery City; Mr. A. C. Quisenberry, Hyattsville, Maryland; Mr. Percival G. Melbourne, Hyattsville; Mr. Samuel Riggs, Rockville, Maryland; Mr. Magnus Thompson, Washington; Judge J. Lee Bullock, Washington; Miss Kathryn Mudd, my niece, St. Louis.